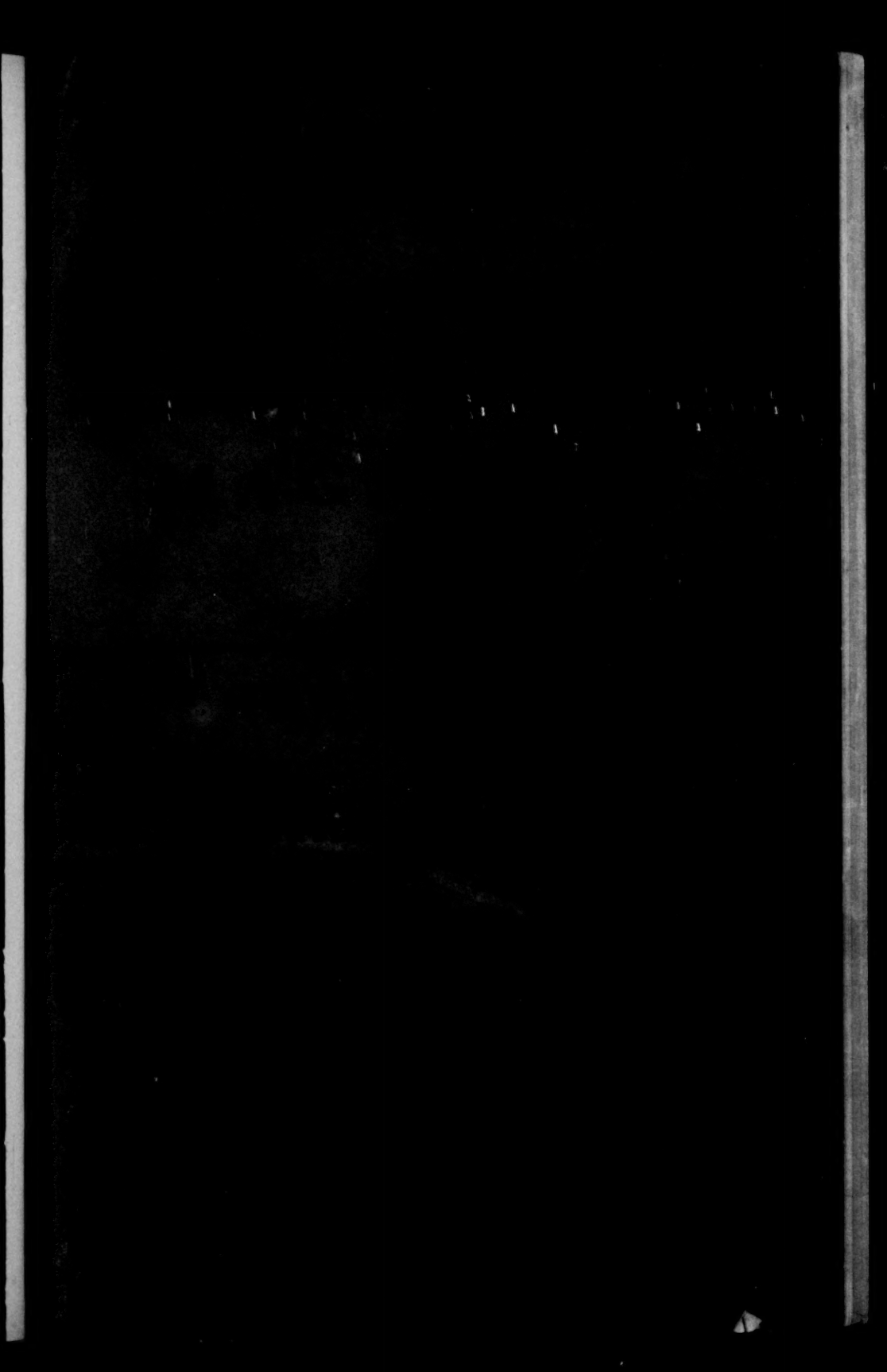
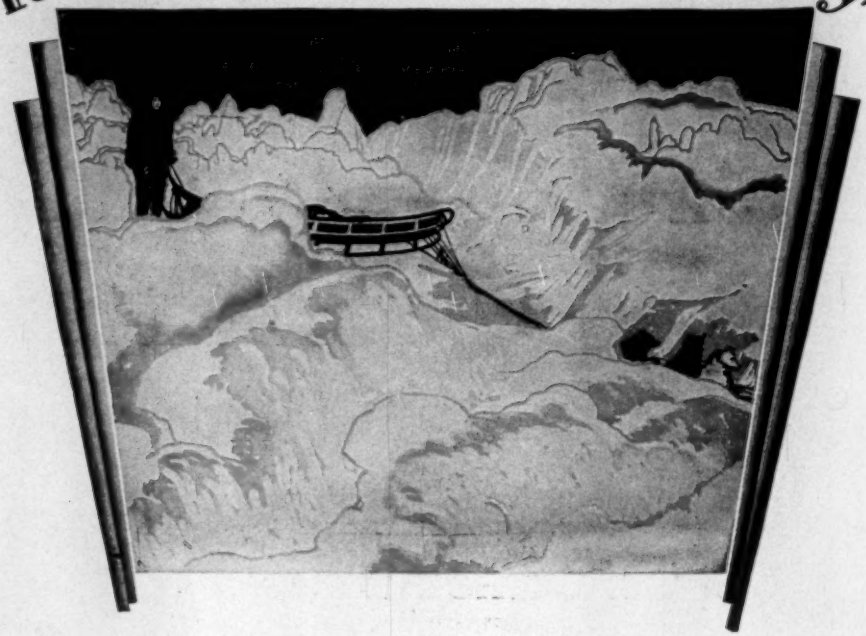


It's rough country to survey-



and it's the farthest point south that TYCOS barometers, altimeters and thermometers have yet reached. The job of surveying and mapping country like Commander Byrd is exploring today demands instruments that are accurate and precise to the Nth degree. There can be no compromise on the point of quality in the equipment of an expedition such as this.

That is why we feel highly gratified that TYCOS instruments were chosen to do part of his work away down in Antarctica. We take it as a worth while testimonial to their quality.

In these northern climes TYCOS instruments are widely known and recognized as being vital to the success of many highly important industries. TYCOS indicating, recording and controlling instruments are known and used in hundreds of the nation's biggest industrial enterprises. Thousands of dollars are often at stake on their accuracy and reliability.

In homes everywhere TYCOS thermometers and barometers are put to many uses; Physicians rely for blood pressure tests on TYCOS sphygmomanometers and on TYCOS thermometers for accurate fever indication; Aviators fly their planes with the help of TYCOS altimeters.

If you have any special requirements concerning the uses of temperature instruments let us help you. We have a large staff of trained specialists with unexcelled laboratory equipment. These men can help you make your processes involving temperature more efficient.

A request for information or suggestions costs nothing and does not obligate you. Write us.

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NEW YORK

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Harper's Magazine

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Four weeks' advance notice, and the old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.

When a woman looks at a man

WHAT a way these women have of taking one in at a glance! . . . She had thrown you only one fleeting look, a trifle haughty, but very obviously interested . . . and her smart, little, erect figure had swept quickly past. But somehow you had a feeling that those sparkling eyes had seen directly through you . . . had appraised every article you were wearing. Your shoes were shined. Your cravat was straight. You were wearing your newest Stetson. So . . . why worry! • It's comforting to wear a Stetson hat. Its smart lines, the slightly jaunty flare to it, its comfortable feeling of "belonging" . . . all are so characteristically Stetson that no other reminders are necessary of the well-known Stetson traditions. You know, and so does everyone else, that Stetsons have style. Their quality is in a class by itself. With a Stetson you feel confident of passing the inspection of even the most critical eyes . . . male OR female!

• • •

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, leghorns, panamas, silk top hats, opera hats and caps.

Stetson Hats

Jane Loring's Shopping Service

THE same amusing animals that decorated the candle snuffers, so popular at Xmas, are now serving as handles and ornaments on these novel pewter ash trays. They are brand new and we believe they will be in great demand. They are all double-deckers, and you may empty the top into the bottom, when it gets full, or use them as two separate trays to begin with. With elephants, roosters, bunnies, cats, ducks, $2.25 each. Postpaid.

POM Tongs are something which are so immediately practical one wonders why they weren't invented long ago, and how one has possibly managed without them. Of stainless steel and chromium plate, in three sizes, their saving of burnt hands is inestimable, their uses legion. For removing baked potatoes from a hot oven, for lifting an ear of corn or a boiled egg from boiling water — you can add to the list indefinitely. Sizes 6", 9" and 12", 3 in a set, $2.25. Postpaid.

A VIENNESE artist has designed these very unique cordial glasses. With a slim woman's body forming the stems, they are made entirely of nickel, and are most distinctive, and how wonderfully practical! $36.00 a dozen. Postpaid.

AN unusual lamp is one with both base and shade of hand-beaten copper, with an antique finish. The base is attractively low and round, with a handle, and the low-slung copper shade throws the light down, making it particularly practical for a writing light. 12" high, shade 9" in diameter, the price is $8.25, wired for electricity. Express charges collect.

HERE'S a new gift suggestion for traveller, invalid or hostess — the Bath Package, containing 3 imported bath preparations: a box of dusting powder, box of 12 cakes of hand soap, bowl of large cake of bath soap. All beautifully done up in gold and blue boxes and tied with gold ribbon, this modern vanity package is priced at $10.00. Postage extra outside New York City.

OUR favorite Italian leather importer has a new type of book cover which makes it a carrier for your book as well. The cover clasps firmly across the book and there is a back strap — wonderful for the traveller, the commuter, for anyone, in fact, who always wants a book along. Of the finest quality leather, all hand-tooled, and lined with silk moiré. Dark and medium brown, green, red or blue, $5.50. Postpaid.

WE have shown these Japanese lacquer finger bowls before, but now the importer has plates to match, so we cannot resist showing them again. You may order either separately if you prefer; both plates and bowls come in black or red, with gold inside and with flower, bird or fish designs. The plates are 7" in diameter, the bowls 5", and both are priced at $2.50 each. Postpaid. This ware is impervious to liquids you know, which makes it practical as weil as beautiful.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

Where To Shop

March, Winter giving way to Spring, and all the shops filled with tantalizing new Spring stock. Just that "in between" season when one feels the need of something new as a gesture to Spring, new clothes for oneself, new furnishings for the house, new plants for the garden . . .

Jane Loring is ready to serve your every need during these busy days, and wherever you are you may shop on "The Avenue" by availing yourself of her services. A note, a wire, a telephone call, or a personal visit, — all will receive her personal and prompt attention.

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SINGLE DOZENS OR ENCASED IN MAHOGANY

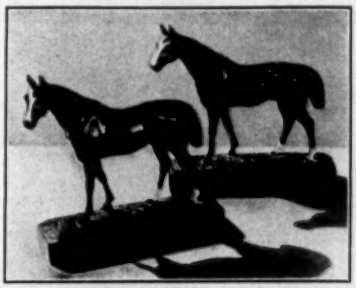
Special photographs mailed of Services — if some idea be given as to price limit to be observed

Wedding Invitations and Announcements

Samples mailed, showing the now fashionable styles of Engraving — Bailey Text and Bailey Roman

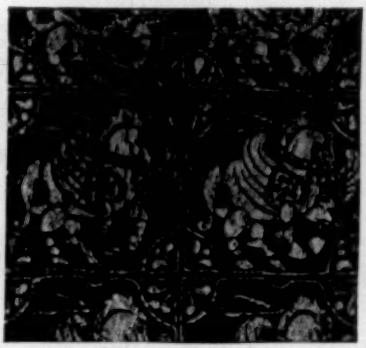
House Furnishing Suggestions

AN old engraving of an unusual view of George Washington's Mansion at Mount Vernon has been reproduced, and makes an interesting and good looking adornment for your wall. Simply and appropriately framed, it measures 16″ by 12″ and is priced at $5.00. Postpaid.

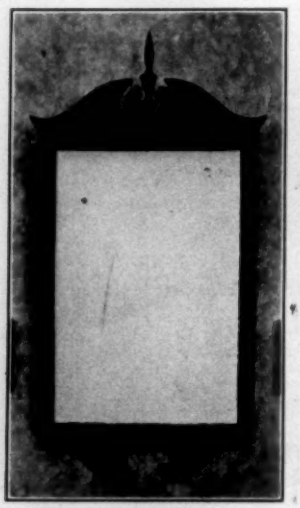


ANYONE who likes horses would be delighted with these book-ends, and even if your tastes aren't actively equestrian you would find this pair of thoroughbreds an artistic addition to your room, and most practical as well, being well weighted. They are of metal, and may be had in black or brown, priced at $14.00 a pair. Postpaid.

ENTERING the shop of one of our favorite decorators, our eye was immediately caught by this print hung over a screen. It was in delft blue on a natural ground, and upon closer examination proved to be a striking design of a Coptic horse, repeated in large squares. We found that it was an original design, hand-blocked on cotton by a certain craftsman, who will make it up in any desired color. We thought this quite a find, and hasten to pass it on to you. It is most decorative and distinctive, and the craftsman will match any color submitted and guarantee the color to be fast. The print is done always in just one color on a natural tone ground, is 36″ wide and priced at $4.50 a yard. Postpaid.



WHETHER you are furnishing a new house or re-furnishing an old one; whether you are "doing over" the dining room or adding a sun porch; converting the storeroom into a guest room or the back cellar into a play room, Jane Loring will be glad to help you. Or perhaps you merely want new curtains here or a bit of pottery there, just something new as a gesture to Spring; again Jane Loring will welcome the opportunity to shop for you or suggest shops to you. Just write her at Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City.



MIRRORS so well combine the elements of decoration and utility that one seldom can have too many. Here is a splendid reproduction of an old mirror of the type known as the *broken arch*, a Sheraton design, with the characteristic urn and flame motif. It is of solid mahogany, hand-rubbed to a soft, old wood finish, and is of generous proportions, 32″ x 17″ overall, with ⅛″ plate glass, measuring 20″ x 14″. Altogether charming, and destined to lend itself to many uses. It comes to you packed in a strong wood box, express charges prepaid, for the moderate price of $13.50. A wonderful value, we feel.

A MAGAZINE rack, to our mind, should be inconspicuously nice looking, should go with any type of furnishings, should be sturdy, but not too large. And we have found one that meets all these requirements. Solidly constructed and simple in design, with two compartments and a center handle for carrying, this one is nicely finished in either English mahogany or antique maple. 18″ high by 14½″ wide by 8″ deep, it is moderately priced at $5.50. Express charges collect.

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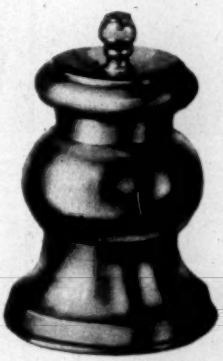

A reproduction of a George II Peppermill. $30.00

A reproduction of a George III Peppermill. $30.00

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Copper That Glows

with the flame's rich coloring. Fashioned this time into an attractive box, for cigarettes, or any sort of small things. All hand wrought, with design hammered in low relief. Size 4½" x 3¼" x 1¼". $4.50 postpaid.

J. W. BRAUNECK

Interior Decorator and Designer

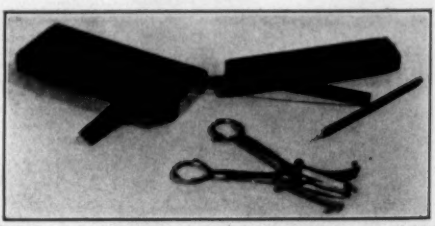
231 East 60th Street New York City

How Does Your Garden Grow?

THE Orient sends us these delightful frogs and bunnies to be used as garden ornaments. Of bronze, with a verde finish, they are especially charming about a fountain; in fact the frogs may be used as fountain spouts, if you wish. The bunny is 13" long x 9" high and is priced at $35.00; the frogs measure 5" and 4" high and are priced at $18.00 and $12.00 respectively. Express charges collect.

A FLOWER pot of pewter, with saucer to match — so plain as to be positively striking. The pewter is of fine quality and the pots would be stunning, either singly or in pairs, with almost any flowers or plants you chose to put in them. 5" high x 5" across, $4.00 each, including the saucer.

Of the same unadorned pewter is the round cocktail tray, with its practical rim to keep the glasses in place. We have rather a weakness for trays, but this did seem pleasantly different, very good-looking and certainly most serviceable. 12" diameter, $4.00. Postpaid.



THE best plant labels we have seen are these of celluloid, coated with a dark green composition, on which you write with a stylus. It writes white and is indelible, which is naturally of prime importance. Box of 100 labels to tie on, with the copper wires and stylus, $2.60; box of 100 labels to stick in potted plants, with stylus, $3.60. Both postpaid.

These flower gathering scissors of stainless steel will cut *and hold* even heavy stemmed flowers such as roses — a great boon to the flower gatherer. $4.00. Postpaid.

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Girl Bank $1.65 postpaid Pad Girl $1.65 postpaid

RENA ROSENTHAL

520 Madison Avenue New York City

Antiques and Reproductions in Brass, Copper, Pewter and Iron

No. PC520 — Sprays can be charmingly arranged in this pewter jar. It is 8" high and 7" in diameter. It will also make a suitable lamp base. Express collect. **$8.00**

Mail orders receive prompt attention

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"The House of Metal Ware"

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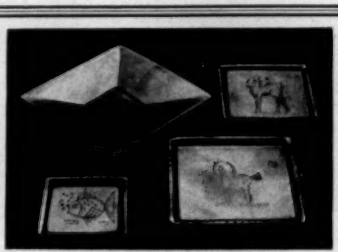
Send for catalog P8



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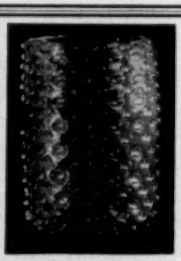
FOR flowers, nothing could be more attractive than this replica of an old hob-nail Flip Glass in clear crystal. About 7" high. **$3.00**



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Copy of an Early American Fruit Dish

in clear crystal glass; 12" long, 6" high; hollow standard, really very good. **$5.00**

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	with Crystal Base	15
Brush Tumbler	with Silver Base	35
	with Crystal Base	15
Lotion Bottle	with Silver Base, Silver Stopper	36
	with Crystal Base, Silver Stopper	24
	with Crystal Base, Crystal Stopper	18

Other pieces in this fascinating style include Water Glasses $10 and $15; also Large Bath Salt and Cotton Bottles $32, $42 and $52. Lotion Bottles are inscribed with names of toilet preparations. Every piece exclusive with Brand-Chatillon and made to your individual order.

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Queen Anne period Lowboy. Cabriole legs, acorn pendant and fan ornament. Solid brass pulls — antique finish in Maple or Mahogany. Size, 36" long, 20" wide and 30" high. $20.00 deposit with order, balance when merchandise is delivered. Freight allowed to all points in U. S. Safe arrival of Winthrop Furniture is assured. Illustrated folder of Winthrop Reproductions or Upholstered Furniture will be sent on request. Kindly address Dept. P, stating what type is of particular interest.

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Our «Special» Tip for March

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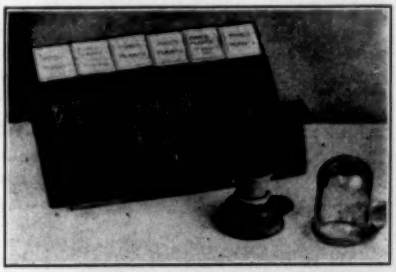
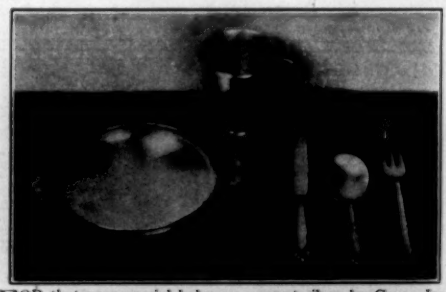
LOETITIA TOMASINI
353 Fifth Avenue New York City

For Children

HERE'S the latest addition to the list of Gift Baskets — The Mayfair Traveller's Pastime Basket — doesn't it sound intriguing? A soft, woven basket that will prove useful long after it is emptied, filled with all sorts of delightful things to pass the time pleasantly — the latest book, a new game, a puzzle, stationery, diary, memorandum pad, box of pencils — you can imagine the sort of thing Mayfair would supply. The contents will be varied to suit the age (any age, child or adult), and the purpose, Bon Voyage, convalescent, or any gift occasion. $10.00 and $15.00.



WE have never outgrown our fondness for *Pixie Plants* — do you remember them? — and we should think any child, however modern, would love tending and watching them grow. The set consists of 6 tiny flower pots, each containing earth and seeds, a diminutive watering can and a glass bell-jar to put over the flower pot. The plants should be watered 3 times a day and each one grows in 48 hours. And all this glory comes neatly boxed for the modest price of $1.00, plus 25 cents for postage outside New York City.



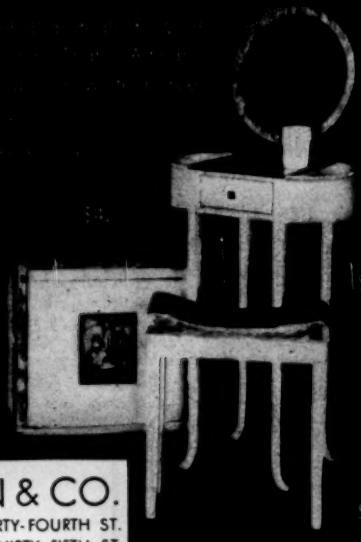
FOR that very special baby we suggest silver by Georg Jensen, handmade, of course, and exquisite in design — destined to be passed down through generations of babies. The porringer is priced at $40.00, the mug at $35.00, the knife at $6.50, the fork at $5.00 and the spoon at $3.25. All postpaid. Any one piece or the entire set would make a distinctive gift.

Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau

BATH-ROOM FURNITURE
WITH A GUARANTEE

$37.50

$45.00



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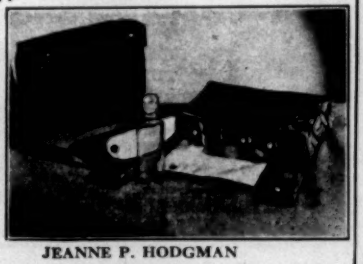
Godey Print Cigarette Box, with 2 drawers, one for a box of cigarettes; one containing 4 individual Godey match boxes. Blue, pink, green or yellow. $1.65, postpaid. May also be had in map design in red.

MADOLIN MAPELSDEN'S SHOP
130 East 57th Street **New York City**

J.P.H. FOR TRAVEL COMFORT



Bottle Case, of moiré in blue, rose, green or black, rubber lined and containing in separate partitions five *non-leakable* glass bottles with glass stoppers and nickel tops. Fastens firmly and folds flat for packing. 6" x 7". $7.25. Postpaid.

JEANNE P. HODGMAN
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MAYFAIR TRAVELER'S PASTIME BASKETS

A new idea in gift baskets for travelers

MAYFAIR Pastime Baskets are filled with the newest games, entertainment devices, playthings, puzzles, playing cards, stationery, a popular book, . . . in fact, everything to make the trip a pleasant one.

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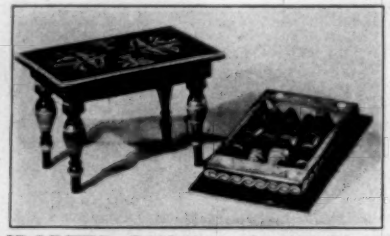

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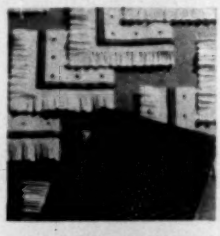

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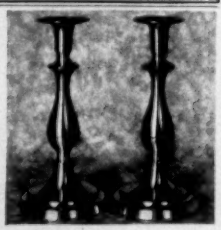

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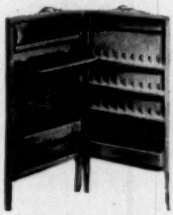

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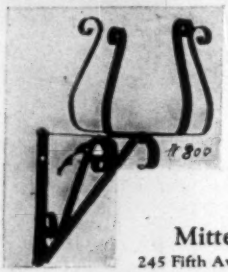

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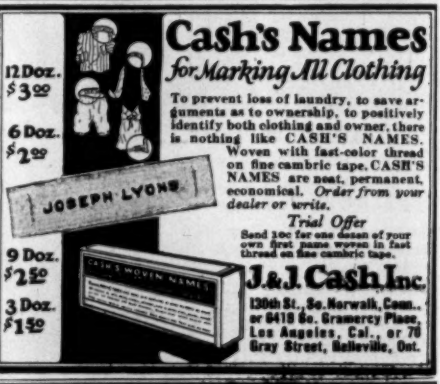

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

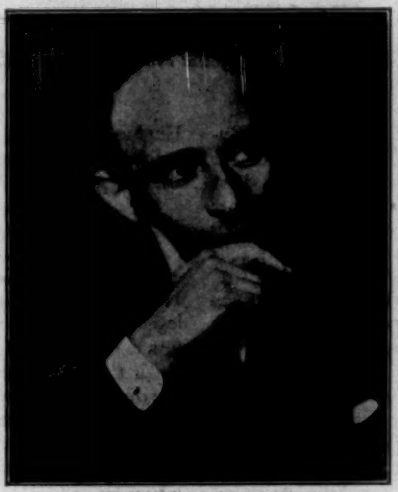
THE third volume of Rupert Hughes's *George Washington* has just been published; it bears the subtitle *The Savior of the States*, and tells how Washington won freedom for the thirteen colonies against immense odds, most of which were contributed by mutinous and disheartened troops, disloyal generals, a fractious Congress, and difficulties in getting food, clothing, and money to the men. (Wm. Morrow & Co.) This book, I am confident, will be regarded as much more sensational than the two preceding, for the reason that Hughes wastes neither time nor patience in declaring that innumerable stories built up around Washington have no foundation; that there is nothing to prove that he ever prayed at Valley Forge; that he was not a pious man and, aside from conventional bows to religion, did not express himself pro or con; that the so-called "Washington's Prayer" is partly a forgery; that Washington never waited for communion after church; that Betsy Ross deserves no renown as the maker of the flag, and that no suggestion was taken from Washington's coat-of-arms—in fact, that it is improbable that the Stars and Stripes were ever carried in the Revolutionary War; that Virginia deserves no credit for Washington, inasmuch as John Adams of Massachusetts made him commander-in-chief without her help, and so on. Here is enough contradiction of many popular beliefs to make the book the focus for innumerable controversies, especially on the part of churchmen, who have made much of Washington's religious views. Many of Mr. Hughes's assertions have been known to historians, although not credited by the public which grew up on legend. I regard him as doing a courageous deed in thus presenting Washington as he no doubt was, but I cannot help regretting the absence of an air of judicial inquiry in this book, which leads Mr. Hughes to approach every well-meaning legend with a chip on his shoulder. He has found so many tales out of relation to the truth that he doubts all, and is apt to take the disparaging view without adducing much evidence. His detailed story of the treachery of Benedict Arnold throws on Washington the burden of hanging Major André; and although the author agrees that not much else could have been done under the circumstances, he makes much of the fact that this hanging gave Great Britain a martyr and a saint, when by a generous gesture Washington might have pardoned André, or at least have had him shot instead of hanged. The British have always stressed the fact that André approached Arnold under a flag of truce in full uniform and adopted civilian clothes only after being ordered to do so; and as there were constant dealings with the enemy, and letters passing back and forth between generals, including Washington and Clinton, such relations do not appear as questionable as they might in our day. But it is also obvious that the example Washington made of André put a stop to all sorts of trafficking between the lines and was a salutary and much-needed lesson for wobblers. That America had many of them there is not the slightest doubt. Against those times of dissension, disputing, ill feeling, and defeat, Washington stands out like a rock. Mr. Hughes's biography, far from belittling the

Among the New Books

man, as some will contend, makes him appear greater by virtue of his ability to see the war through despite tremendous odds. This book also helps rehabilitate the French; far from merely helping Washington at Yorktown, they were of decisive importance, and in actual numbers had over three times as many men on land and sea as did the Continentals. The book will call forth much renewed discussion about the real and spurious history of the United States.

"THE WOMEN OF CAIRO"

Gerard de Nerval wrote *Voyage en Orient* many, many years ago—in fact it began appearing serially in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1846. He himself was born in 1808, and he belonged to an age when men were so strongly affected because the realities of their time did not coincide with their dreams that they committed suicide. His occurred in 1855. His voyages to Egypt have been translated anew in two volumes by Conrad Elphinstone and published this month by Harcourt, Brace & Co. Although the conditions he describes have been greatly changed, the Oriental flavor lingers and gives these experiences an exotic character which the Westerner loves. De Nerval's tales of his inspection of women brought to him for marriage; his final decision to buy as a slave a Javanese woman who was offered to him in the marketplace, and his growing mental perturbation because he was more owned by her than possessing her himself, are highly readable; no less are the reports of his visits to officials and natives in Cairo and the towns of Asia Minor, for his travels took him through Palestine to Constantinople. Most remarkable is the point of view maintained in the accounts, for De Nerval remembers always that he is French, and stresses the French characteristics of courtesy and gentleness, especially toward women; his whole long pilgrimage in search of a wife, to whom he is apparently quite indifferent, is an exposition of his recognition that women should be uppermost in his thoughts.



JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH
Author of "—And Company," the February selection of the Book League of America

"TANTALUS"

The problem in *Tantalus* is as old as matrimony, and yet the author, Jo Van Ammers Kuller, treats it in a new fashion because she brings the viewpoint of a European to a crisis involving marriage between a Dutch manufacturer and an American girl. This author wrote *The Rebel Generation*, which was one of the best novels that has come out of Holland since Louis Couperus. In *Tantalus* she has a middle-aged Dutchman, comfortably situated, well married and the father of fine children, tasting forbidden kisses from an American girl whom he meets in Paris. A few years later he sees her sister in America. With the possessive spirit of the modern woman, she promptly takes him for her own, and later demands that he divorce his wife. Here the author has portrayed in excellent fashion the difficulties experienced by a man whose adolescent emotions are not yet exhausted and whose desire to retain his family intact is also a fact. But the girl wins her point, and the man gives up security and comfort for highly spiced emotional excitement which is bound to tire him. The story has been told before; but the European view of American life is new and gives us an opportunity to see how foreigners appraise American women and American customs. The author has a sense of proportion which makes her a skillful novelist and suggests that, if transplanted to the United States, she might easily become one of our popular writers on manners and social life. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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example. It was written by a young Russian who is now in exile in Paris and makes use of bolshevist and Parisian backgrounds. But for all that, it is a romance of the old school, with the lovers separated by fate, and the heroine surrounded by villains who besiege her citadel. The obstacles to love are different from those found in the novels of the nineteenth century; the hero is married and rather tired of his wife, but for all that a fine fellow; the heroine is so completely in love that she refuses to play the coquette, but immediately recognizes the young bolshevist as her beloved, despite the fact that she is a French girl and favorable to the old order in Russia. Although the story moves from the Crimea to Paris, the original villains and heroes continue to cross one another's path in the most approved fashion, and the long arm of coincidence operates well to intensify the difficulties of the lovers. To all who want an objective story with a plot rather than a problem *The Love of Jeanne Ney* will provide a welcome change. There is an attempt to provide a touch of horrow now and then, and enough of sordid living to embellish the tale after the manner of modern realism; but the author's attitude is that of an entertainer rather than a searcher for the deep truths hidden in life, and this gives a lightness to his style and fluency to his story. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

STORM JAMESON
Author of "The Voyage Home"

"UNAFRAID"

Thousands of New York citizens drive placidly over the famous Hutchinson River Parkway of Westchester County without any knowledge whence came the name for river and parkway. *Unafraid*, a life of Anne Hutchinson, should interest them tremendously. It is a recital, by Winifred King Rudd, of the life of the famous stormy petrel of New England, the woman who fought for freedom of expression when most of New York State was still a wilderness. There is a tablet to Anne on the old church at Eastchester, that vanished city on the old Boston Post Road, now incorporated into Mount Vernon, N. Y. Somewhere out on the neck of land that stretches toward Long Island and is known as Anne's Hoeck this pioneer came and died, after she had been expelled from Massachusetts Bay Colony, left Roger Williams, and tramped across the land to Long Island and, finally, the mainland which was later to become New York. Anne Hutchinson reached Boston in 1634, when it was four years old. She was an outspoken woman who seems to have created much confusion among the males who governed everybody and everything according to their own laws. But this author sees her as the first advocate of women's rights in America, the first defender of the ill-used, down-trodden Puritan women who had to endure so much on the cold, bleak shores of New England. The colonies were occupied much with religious questions; Anne herself seems to have had a great deal of common sense, and to have attacked difficulties more practically than with prayer. Her dispute with the leaders of the colony were chiefly on theological questions, but her leadership was also in question. It appears that she talked entirely too much for her own good, and this led to her excommunication. The author follows her to the colony of Roger Williams, and to Long Island, and thence to her death at the hands of the Indians on the mainland; no one knows just where the massacre occurred. She is one of a long line of martyrs who fought for self-expression and for the rights of women that might have been accorded them without a battle. But apparently obstacles are needed for the stimulation of progressive ideas. The biography is based on a reading of the ancient records and deals chiefly with Anne's opinions. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

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The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall

By EDWARD MARJORIBANKS

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Among the New Books

"THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY"

The Testament of Beauty is an extraordinary effort for a man well on to ninety—the poet laureate of England, Robert Bridges. Here, in four thousand lovely lines, he has reviewed his age, the position of man therein, man's attempts to understand his universe and himself, finally the poet's conception of the way man had best go. The remarkable thing about the poem is its freshness of view, and its proof of the author's abundant familiarity with all scientific and speculative trends of our times. In stately lines, often embellished by rich turns of phrase, the poet reviews the progress man has made in learning, giving science its meed of praise, not forgetting a bow to the study of the unconscious, yet recalling the ancient adage that "there is no higher intellect to brighten the world than little Hellas owned, nay scarcely here and there among us liveth a man to rival their seers." Man is still "seeking unceasingly for the First Cause of All in question for what special Purpose he was made." Then the poet points the way: for the individual, selfhood is worth striving for; for the race, breed. But lest the spiritual idea of friendship, "the huge validity of its essence," be frittered away, the poet points to an escape from "this dilemma of pagan thought, this poison of faith," in the worship of Christ, "for his humanity in God's personality." God's love is unescapable as nature's environment, says the poet; "which if a man ignore or think to thrust it off, he is the ill-natured fool that runneth blindly on death. This individualism is man's true socialism." And the word is that beauty in life is for those who find their high ideal in Christ. There are two editions of this poem which bear the imprint of the Oxford University Press; a limited edition printed at the plant of William Edwin Rudge is an extraordinarily beautiful book and has already been included among the Fifty Best Books of the Year.

DR. KARL A. MENNINGER
Noted psychiatrist, whose book, "The Human Mind," is the February selection of the Literary Guild of America

WHAT BECOMES OF THE REFORMED CRIMINALS?

Alas, the criminal rarely reforms—at least that is the conclusion reached upon reading *500 Criminal Careers* prepared by Sheldon Glueck and Eleanor T. Glueck of Harvard University. Together they traced 510 men who left the Massachusetts Reformatory between 1911–22 and found 80 per cent of them were not reformed five to fifteen years later. Their study will command attention from penologists because of the meticulous care with which they gathered their material and studied the evidence. The conclusions are drawn direct from the cases and leave no room for speculation on the part of the authors. Neither are the cases studied filled with extraneous and unrelated matter. The reader will be impressed with the recurrence of bad home conditions in youth in these records. Many of the criminals belonged to families that were shifted about, and arrests were frequent among other members; most of the boys began working at 14, and their companions were undesirable in 95 per cent. Social and community adjustment are the great problems. The study will be of value to all students of social reform. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

PLAYS IN BOOK FORM

A number of new plays are finding their way into book form. *The First Mrs. Fraser* by St. John Ervine has been issued by Macmillan. *The Criminal Code* by Martin Flavin and *Strictly Dishonorable* by Preston Sturges, current New York hits, are being published by Horace Liveright. The reader may find, in contemplating the latter, that acting does make a difference. *Red Rust* by

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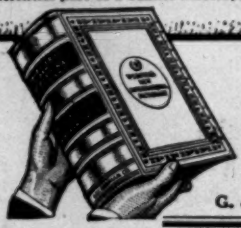

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Why don't you write?

V. Kirchon and A. Ouspensky, which has been adapted for American audiences and was presented by the Theatre Guild of New York City, is available in an edition by Brentano's. The latter describes the emotions that move a group of ardent young bolsheviki in Moscow. All types of revolutionists are represented, most of them young men and women who are proud of the release from ancient restraints but are bewildered at the course political and social life is taking. They are being imposed upon by Constantine Terekhine, a bully who has considerable influence with the revolutionary committees, and uses his power to ensnare women, whom he degrades and casts off as he sees fit. The demoralization effected by him in the life of one trusting young woman, and the effect he has on a "cell"—as a unit of persons living in the same place is called—is effectively portrayed in the play, which shows, perhaps better than many long expositions, how the principles of the revolution have been distorted to unworthy ends by unworthy human beings. *Red Rust* furnishes a vivid picture of the ideal and practical under the present red régime in Moscow.

THE BEARDS IN ONE VOLUME

The Rise of American Civilization by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard has now been issued in one volume by the Macmillan Company by the use of thin paper. It was first published in 1927 and proved to be an original and highly important study of the civilizing influence in the making of America, from the point of view of a liberal with a keen understanding of constitutional development and economic forces.

LINCOLN IN CARICATURE

Two tall volumes reproducing many caricatures and cartoons of the days of Abraham Lincoln have just been published under the titles *Abraham Lincoln, His Path to the Presidency* and *The Year of His Election*. The author is Albert Shaw, and the books are issued by the Review of Reviews Corporation. But far from being merely a reproduction of famous drawings, they are really additions to the Lincoln biographies, for Mr. Shaw has described the conditions under which they were inspired and has written a biographical study which brings to light many anecdotes and incidents not commonly touched on by earlier biographers. The attitude of citizens and political leaders East and West is reflected in the cartoons, some of

AMBROSE BIERCE

That master of style, that "Superman of Letters," as many high authorities call him — the only author about whom five books of biography were published last year — had this important work in preparation throughout his long career in literature, taking notes on the misuse of words by eminent writers only, and ignoring the diction of those meriting no place in Letters. "Narrow etymons of the mere scholar and loose locutions of the ignorant are alike denied a standing." Happily, he brought this volume to completion, as the culmination of his literary activities — his last word — and entitled it

Write It Right

All of. "He gave all of his property." The words are contradictory: an entire thing cannot be of itself. Omit the preposition.

Alleged. "The alleged murderer." One can allege a murder, but not a murderer; a crime, but not a criminal. A man that is merely suspected of crime would not, in any case, be an alleged criminal, for an allegation is a definite and positive statement. In their tiresome addiction to this use of alleged, the newspapers, though having mainly in mind the danger of libel suits, can urge in further justification the lack of any other single word that exactly expresses their meaning; but the fact that a mud-puddle supplies the shortest route is not a compelling reason for walking through it. One can go around.

But. By many writers this word (in the sense of except) is regarded as a preposition, to be followed by the objective case: "All went but him." It is not a preposition and may take either the nominative or objective case, to agree with the subject or the object of the verb. All went but he. The natives killed all but him.

Fail. "He failed to note the hour." That implies that he tried to note it, but did not succeed. Failure carries always the sense of endeavor; when there has been no endeavor there is no failure. A falling stone cannot fail to strike you, for it does not try; but a marksman firing at you may fail to hit you; and I hope he always will.

Got Married for *Married.* If this is correct, we should say, also, "got dead" for died; one expression is as good as the other.

Juncture. Juncture means a joining, a junction; its use to signify a time, however critical a time, is absurd. "At this juncture the woman screamed." In reading that account of it we scream too.

Lengthy. Usually said in disparagement of some wearisome discourse. It is no better than breadthy, or thicknessy.

Literally for *Figuratively.* "The stream was literally alive with fish." "His eloquence literally swept the audience from its feet." It is bad enough to exaggerate, but to affirm the truth of the exaggeration is intolerable.

Self-confessed. "A self-confessed assassin." Self is superfluous: one's sins cannot be confessed by another.

Shades for *Shade.* "Shades of Noah! how it rained!" "O shades of Cæsar!" A shade is a departed soul, as conceived by the ancients; one to each mortal part is the proper allowance.

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which became very bitter. The cartoonists of the old days loved to exaggerate physical defects, and had a wonderful opportunity in Lincoln's long frame and his beard. Mr. Shaw believes the early cartoons reveal how thoroughly Lincoln learned his job at politics, thus showing that he was not a superman but one who mastered every stage of his career. His remarkable handling of men in the White House was due to his knowledge of human nature gained through long years of association with politicians.

BOOKS OF ADVENTURE AND TRAVEL

Of the new books of adventure and travel, *Man Hunting in the Jungle* seems to be the most exciting. This is the story of Commander G. M. Dyott's search in the Brazilian wilds for Col. P. H. Fawcett, British explorer, who disappeared in the jungle interior with his son and another companion in 1925. Commander Dyott has the faculty of making his search vivid and filled with suspense, and the photographs that he was able to take are excellent for providing additional atmosphere. Commander Dyott traversed numerous rivers and trails and finally reached the Indians who knew positively that Colonel Fawcett had been killed, although they blamed the act on their warlike neighbors. Here, in the midst of the jungle, Dyott and his men became convinced that their hosts meant to despatch them in the same fashion, so they determined to make their escape by slipping down the river in their canoes at night. This was successfully accomplished.

The book is filled with anecdotes and experiences and reveals that the Brazilian jungle still provides all the primitive hazards —rivers filled with dangerous rapids, forests heavy with underbrush, deadly reptiles and insects, and finally hostile Indians, who live far from white men and fight in aboriginal fashion. The Dyott party had the good fortune to carry a workable radio and got in touch with the United States before leaving the interior. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Another book of tropical adventure, dealing with game hunts in Africa, has been prepared by W. S. Chadwick, an English hunter who writes for English and South African journals. Lions, antelopes, rhinoceroses and other African beasts are his prey.

The book is embellished with anecdotes but the illustrations are not photographs but drawings. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Nitti, his two companions in escape, and two un-named rescuers.

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A third book may command notice because it has a human interest element. *Pearl Diver* relates the adventures of a man who dived in Southern seas; his name is Victor Berge, and his tale has been set down by Henry Wysham Lanier. Berge is not content with writing about fan coral and pearls. He describes sharks and octopuses in deadly combat; cannibals and wild bushmen; even the lovely girls of the Polynesian isles come in for rapturous passages. Berge's tale is not told in gray tones; he lived these adventures intensively and they are told in high lights. (Doubleday, Doran.)

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Our comment last month on the pronunciation of the phrase "ultima thule" used as the title of Henry Handel Richardson's novel, published by W. W. Norton Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City, has brought forth a long and interesting letter from R. Estcourt, Alameda, Cal. He tells us that, although he has used the word Thule many times and has many beautiful associations with it, he has consistently mispronounced the word, using it as if it had only one syllable. He speaks of it as used by Poe and of the fact that Poe had given it two syllables, but our reader had always put this down as poetic license. We quote from his letter: "Thule has, however, a far finer association in my memory. . . . I allude to that exquisite 'Romance' to which Berlioz set the music, music of such entrancing sweetness that once heard is never forgotten. . . . The words utilized by Berlioz are:

'There was a king once in Thule
Loyal and leal was he.'

It needs the final vowel to make eight feet, but I never previously counted them. Also it would be sung thus. Many years have passed since I first heard that 'Romance' with full orchestra and oboe obbligato. I have often heard it since, and to-day the very thought of it still makes me weep with emotion. . . . Thus you can recognize what chords the word Thule touches in my memory; a dearly loved word. . . ." We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Estcourt for his very interesting letter. . . . Thus far we have been unable to locate the publisher of *The Shadow of the World's Future* by Sir George Handley Knibbs, University of Sidney, Australia. Apparently this is not published in America. This was requested by L. P. Smith, Whittier, Cal. We suggest that our correspondent write to the author

Now!

EX-MISTRESS

Anonymous

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himself, at Sidney, for full information about this book. . . . Another book the publisher of which we have not as yet been able to locate is *Regional Geography of the World* by Leonard Brooks. As we write this we have not yet exhausted all our channels of information so we may be able to find this in the near future. However, the other titles requested by Arnold Westerberg, Sullivan Harbor, Me., have been found: *The Handbook of Commercial Geography* by G. C. Chisholm, $7.50, published by Longmans, Green, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Commercial Geography* by E. V. Robinson, $2.00, Rand, McNally Co., 270 Madison Ave., New York City; *Industrial and Commercial Geography* by J. R. Smith, $4.50, Henry Holt, Park Avenue Building, 1 Park Ave., New York City; *Economic Geography* by J. Macfarlane, $3.00, Isaac Pitman Co., 2 West 45th St., New York City; *The International Geography of the World* by Hugh R. Mill, D. Appleton Co., 29 West 32nd St., New York City. . . . W. F. Gevrez writes from Marietta, Ohio, for information about sets of Luther Burbank books. He states that he has already written to the Burbank Society in Santa Rosa, Cal., for information about the complete set of Burbank's works which is obtainable only direct from this society. They did not send him any reply. We are writing from this Magazine to learn if this set is still in print. Meanwhile we have learned that there are still available a few sets of the eight-volume edition of these books published by P. F. Collier & Son, 250 Park Ave., New York City. As we have not seen either of these sets, we are unable to state the differences in them and just which material is left out of the Collier set. We suggest that our correspondent send at once to Collier's for the information published concerning these works, as there are only a few sets left. . . . The book *Birds* by John Burroughs is another volume whose present publisher we cannot locate. The former publisher of this book is out of business. The nearest title to this one, requested by Earl Coplan, Cincinnati, Ohio, is *Bird*

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A book I like is "Iron Man" by W. R. Burnett. This is the lively and moving story of a prize fighter. Coke Mason is one of the most appealing fictional figures of the year. — *Heywood Broun.*

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Stories by John Burroughs, $1.65, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. As we have not seen the book *Birds*, we cannot say that it is the same one as *Bird Stories*, but think that it is not, judging by the description given in the letter from Mr. Coplan. Perhaps a copy of the original book can be found through a second-hand book store such as Leary's Book Store, South Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Through this column we are unable to give the selling price or value of old and rare editions of books. We can only suggest that the owners of any such volumes write to book stores which deal directly with the buying and selling of old editions. Thus we advise Miss Mary Ritterman, Nashville, Tenn., and Miss Helen D. Hutchinson, Decorah, Iowa, to write to Lauriat's Book Store, Washington St., Boston, Mass., or to Dauber & Pine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City, giving full description of the *Shakespeare* and the *Thackeray* owned by them. All possible information must be noted, such as binding, wording on title pages, dates listed on any pages, and illustrations with the name of the artist if that is printed on the pictures. . . . This month we have two letters whose writers wish their names and also the names of their places of residence left out of the magazine. The first asks whether or not the book *The Redemption of Morley Darville* by Stephen McKenna is the English title of his book known in America as *Between the Lines*. *Happy Ending* was published in England this spring, and is the English title of *Between the Lines*, which found its way to America early this fall. *The Redemption of Morley Darville* is the new book by McKenna published on January 1 of this year by Dodd, Mead & Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City, priced at $2.50. This firm also put out the other McKenna books. We believe that this book is known in England by its American title. . . . Our other shy correspondent wishes the addresses of several authors. The only way of reaching writers is through their publishers. We have no personal addresses. Thus one can reach James M. Barrie and

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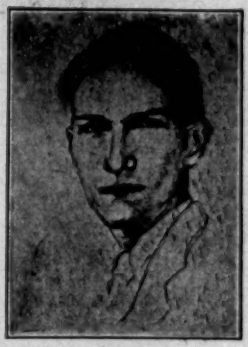

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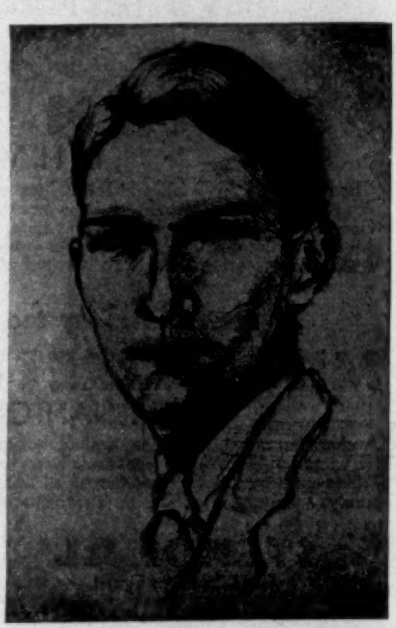

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Author of "Down in the Valley"

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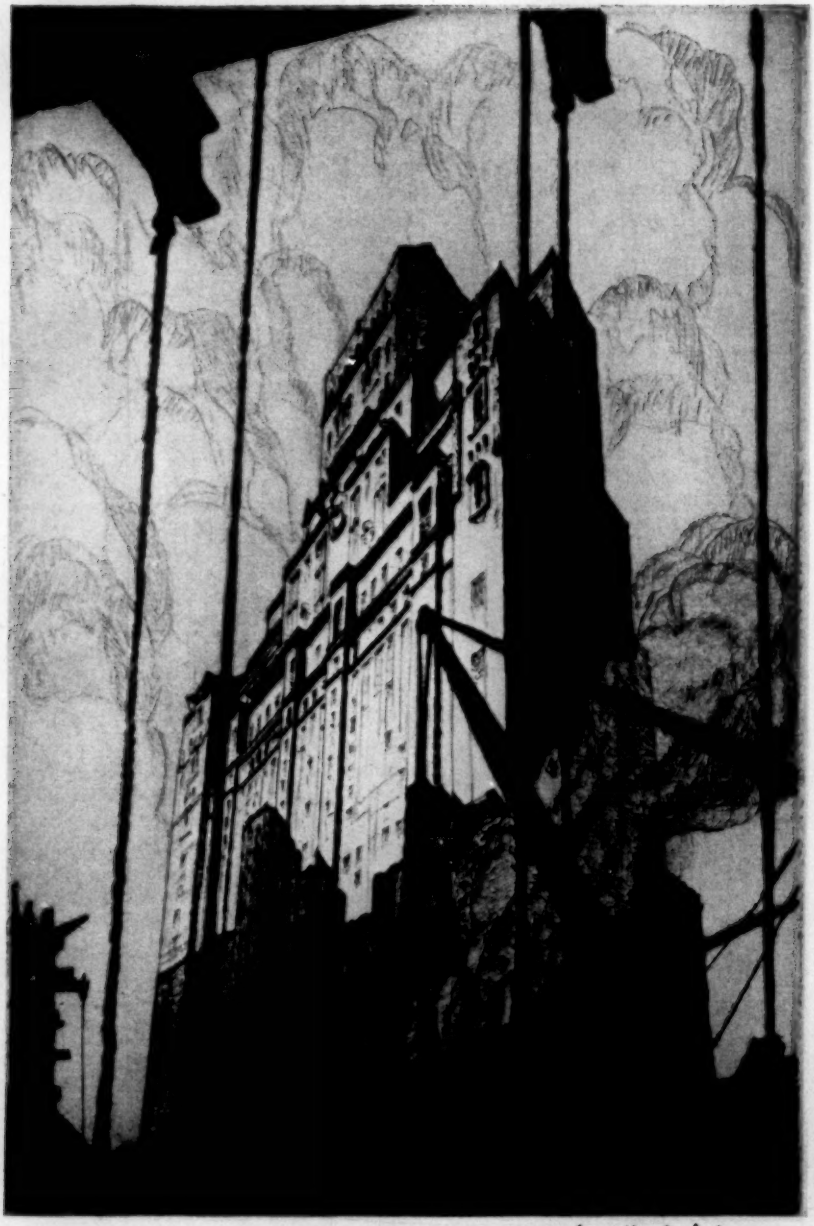

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VOLUME 160 MARCH 1930

Harpers Magazine

GOD WITHOUT RELIGION

BY ELMER DAVIS

THESE are hard times for the pilgrim who tries to find his way about in the debatable ground where the frontiers of science, theology, and morals meet, inquiring what we shall do to be saved. That there are a great many such persons, unable to swallow orthodox theology but repelled by materialistic nihilism, is proved by the immense sale and wide influence of such a book as Mr. Walter Lippmann's *Preface to Morals*, which creditably represents one version of the humanist answer—the answer of the people who say that man must work out his own salvation unaided. On the other hand are the superhumanists, who do not like to be called supernaturalists—the Modernists, Christians or Jewish. One of the most conspicuous of these, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, discussed Lippmann's book and other humanist manifestoes in the December HARPER'S, under the title, "Religion Without God?" It seemed to at least one reader that he shot a good many holes in Lippmann's platform—but Lippmann's book, also, shot a good many holes in Fosdick's platform. Lippmann shoots holes in Fosdick, Fosdick shoots holes in Lippmann; but what is there in all this for the inquiring layman? Nothing but distress. He eagerly frequents doctor and saint, and hears great argument about it and about, but evermore comes out by the same door where in he went.

Fosdick and Lippmann are both men of intelligence and good will; more important, they have an apostolic power to inspire and guide people of intelligence and good will, who cannot accept the orthodox answer but are not willing to do without some answer; who want to live the good life, and are seeking patterns of good conduct that will work. If Fosdick and Lippmann play each other to a scoreless tie, these their parishioners are no better off. Nobody profits but the extremists at either end of the scale—the irreligious libertines who care nothing about good conduct; and the bishops, local or ecumenical, who hold that the pattern of good conduct was unalterably fixed two thousand years ago and entrusted to the bishops for interpretation and enforcement.

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We need not worry about the irreligious libertines; they are unlikely to get the upper hand, and if they did their victory would carry the seeds of its own defeat. Such a society as is depicted in *Point Counter Point*—in so far as that book was objective reporting, and not the outcry of a distressed sentimentalist—is psychologically unstable. The normal human mind cannot long tolerate aimless vacuity. People revolt against it; the more excitable revolt all the way, and throw themselves into the arms of the bishops. And a victory of the bishops (not the numerous reasonable men who happen to hold episcopal office, but those prelates, Catholic, Anglican, or Protestant, who regard themselves as trustees of eternal Truth) would be a grave, perhaps an irreparable disaster to civilization.

II

So the layman feels as laymen must always feel when doctors disagree: whoever is right, whoever is wrong, he knows who will be the victim. He may be excused, then, if he tries to diagnose his own case; if he searches the pronouncements of the great and the wise in the hope of discovering, not what is true, but—a much more modest aspiration—what is credible, in the present state of human knowledge.

Canst thou by searching find out God? No, but you can find out certain things that He pretty surely is not. Science is imperfect; much of its present truth will turn out to be only half truth; certain fields of consciousness do not yet, and may never, admit of scientific description. Nevertheless, we must use the ordered body of human knowledge as far as it goes and for what it is worth. The senses and the mind are the only tools we have; if we are going to ignore their witness we had better stop thinking and stop trying—either eat, drink, and be merry, or surrender ourselves to the infallible Church.

True, there are many respectable persons who argue that you can believe whatever you want. The great logical weakness of Modernism is its great psychological strength—the implication that whatever is comfortable must be true. Says, for instance, the Reverend J. V. Moldenhawer of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, "Any man can believe anything that he needs to believe in order to hold his life steady. I will go farther and say that any man has a right to believe anything that he needs to believe, in order to hold his life steady." These sentences, removed from their context in a brief newspaper report, may put the matter more baldly than their author intended; but they are the epitome of the Modernist creed, however its champions try to disguise it. They are also, curiously enough, the doctrine of Mr. James Branch Cabell, whose body of writings is one long brilliant argument that a pleasing illusion is more satisfying than the realities of this vale of tears. That is a valid doctrine for the artist; but for the philosopher it is intellectual suicide.

Man has a thinking machine, however faulty, and he cannot always and forever believe what is comfortable. I could hold my life much steadier if I could believe that I write as well as Mr. Ernest Hemingway, but the evidence forbids it. There are residential establishments populated by people who believe whatever they need to believe to hold their lives steady in their own eyes; and we call such places insane asylums. It is a pleasure to note that Doctor Fosdick seems to be abandoning this untenable position. A few years ago he was rather disdainful of the "obdurate and joyless heroism" of people who try to live this life decently even if they have no hope of a life to come; but he treats them more respectfully now, and he no longer props himself on such valorous phrases as "God must care," "We cannot accept," etc., etc., which made his *Adventurous Religion* such a trumpet blast of faith.

Lippmann left theology out of his book, apparently for tactical reasons;

he was trying to outline an ethical scheme that would work whether you believe in God or not. But, says Fosdick, "The universe is not negligible. . . . The cosmos is not neutral in dealing with man. . . . The attitude of nonchalance toward the universe is a pose which cannot be permanently maintained." Pose is a harsh word, but Fosdick's argument is sound. Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, lately advocating in the *Forum* a courageous humanist ethic, said that the question is not whether we need a new God, but whether we need a God at all. But if God is, you cannot argue Him out of existence by saying that Gibbs does not need Him, any more than you can conjure up the sort of God that Fosdick needs merely to supply the demand.

However, it is a view at present popular that recent scientific discoveries make it impossible to disbelieve anything. Explorers of the atom report that in its interior the law of cause and effect no longer operates. This seems to open the way, as Eddington puts it, to the return of the savage's demons, working their irresponsible will. But, as Mencken points out, this may mean only that certain laws of intra-atomic behavior have not yet been discovered. Even if you reject that as wishful thinking, the scientists have not abandoned cause and effect. The laws of nature, they hold, are not unvarying patterns but statistical probabilities. You cannot tell what will happen inside one atom; but anything perceptible contains billions of atoms, and among so many you can reason with confidence. We may no longer, says Eddington, call certain beliefs unscientific superstition; but they are still bad science. The tools are not perfect but they are fairly good—and they are all we have. We may at least, then, make a start toward separating the credible from the incredible.

Well, the bulk of the old-time religion is incredible, if the human mind can be trusted at all. Not to speak of such matters as the six-day creation, the geocentric universe, and a God enthroned somewhere in the vicinity of the Heaviside layer—the Fall-and-Atonement drama which is the core of traditional Christianity has had to go overboard. Millions of people still profess to accept it, and accept the achievement of the human mind as well; but they can do that only by "reinterpreting" the essence of Christianity into something that would have been unrecognizable to every Christian leader from St. Paul to Bryan, or by holding that somehow contradictories are reconciled in a Higher Synthesis. You do not accept a faith by thinking about it? No, but you can accept the faith of the fathers only by resolutely refraining from thinking about it as you think about everything else.

The code of conduct that had been unwisely tied to an obsolescent theology fell with it; unless men lose heart and surrender themselves to the bishops, that particular Humpty-Dumpty can never be put together again. But science has not abolished the need of a code of conduct, though it suggests the wisdom of basing it on experience rather than on *a priori* deductions; and so far from abolishing God, modern science—astrophysics in particular—comes near abolishing atheism.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork—such handiwork and such glory, as could not have been conceived till the telescope and the spectroscope had enabled man to search the depths of space. Science gives man this minimum beginning, not only credible but inescapable: There is an Order in the universe, and it is dynamic, not static. We see it enigmatically, in the mirrors of the great telescopes; we may never see it face to face; its fullness may be incomprehensible to the human mind. But there it is—an immense and ordered Creation, working out its destiny under the Law, which implies (perhaps rather is) a pervasive spirit or intelligence so tremendous that it seems impertinent to try to adumbrate it by any human

language. You may call it God, or Nature, or Law, or (with Shapley) "the fundamental Drift, essentially unidirectional." But it comprehends all that man used to conceive in God as Creator, and more.

But where is the God who pitieth them that fear Him like as a father pitieth His children? Several thousand years of observation of human affairs have discovered virtually no evidence of His workings; nor can we find it in the skies. It seems ridiculous to suppose that the Immanent Order of an organism whose cells are thousands of light-years wide is greatly concerned whether, on the microscopic satellite of a remote and inconsiderable star, kings rule justly, or Methodists dance. There may be a God who cares about such matters, as many individual scientists believe; but science as such tells us nothing about him, whereas to the God of Everything —or The God Who Is Everything— it bears clear witness.

If there is no God but this Cosmic Order, the confusion of theology and morals has been the gravest of human errors. (Theology, not religion. Theology is the study of the nature of God, religion the feeling of a relation between God and man. On this hypothesis it is doubtful if such a relation exists.) But we still need a theology—a new theology which is more than science, but must in certain directions be limited by science; we need a new and a more rational code of morals.

To keep these things separate may be the beginning of wisdom.

III

That God is indifferent to human doings is no new idea; it was the essence of Epicureanism. The idea that Creator and Creation are the same thing under different aspects is also ancient; but the great prophet of both doctrines is Baruch Spinoza. Modern physics has given him such amazing corroboration that so high an expert as Einstein can say flatly, "I believe in Spinoza's God." Instead of Spinoza's static universe we discern a Heraclitean universe in constant flux—but under the Law. Modern physics has abolished the old distinction between matter and energy; they are only modes of a common substance. Matter becomes energy; energy, if Millikan is right, turns back into matter; but it is always, ultimately, the same stuff. This makes it easier to believe, with Spinoza, in a Macrocosm which is the universe as its extension is apprehended by the senses, and God as its order is envisioned by the mind. The order may have been imposed from outside; but what "outside" means in such a case is a little hard to conceive. The idea of God as the Law of the Universe involves no such gratuitous perplexities; it fits what is so far known.

This is not proof, of course; you have hopped off the solid ground of scientific certainty for a flight into the conjectural. Eddington has undertaken to define the difference between the things that can be proved by science and the things that cannot, as a difference "not between the concrete and the transcendental, but between the metrical and the non-metrical." The things that lie beyond science are just as real; but they cannot be counted, weighed, or measured. How will you grasp them, then? By faith or by metaphysics, according to taste. Faith is emotion; you cannot argue with it. Metaphysics is thinking, however inexact—an endeavor, however hampered, to find what is there, not what you would like to find. It is open to the objection that it must use the human mind as a measure, and this may be an inadequate foot rule. But it seems preferable to the elastic tape measure of faith, which can be stretched to cover as much as you want. Metaphysically I believe the balance of probability favors a Spinozist God who, in Einstein's phrase, "reveals Himself in the orderly harmony of what is." But what has this Ancient of Days, pavilioned in unimaginable splendor, to do

with man, man's destiny, man's notions of right and wrong?

Nothing, said Spinoza, and Einstein agrees with him. Worse than nothing, says Fosdick; if there is no other God than this orderly but indifferent harmony, His inexorable workings will ultimately bring man and all his aspirations to an end in a hopeless cinder heap. Fosdick does not like that prospect, and neither do I. What are we going to do about it? Well, there are only two things we can do about it. We can make the best of it, whether we like it or not (St. Paul, and the people Aldous Huxley writes about, would say that is nonsense—we had better eat, drink, and be merry); or we can maintain that there must be some other God. The Modernists choose this latter exit.

But why the "must"? The Modernists have two arguments. One is purely formal but hard to refute, though I believe it proves something else than they imagine; it can be postponed for a page or two, as they have not made much of it till lately. Their common approach is emotional: We cannot believe that God does not care about us. As Bruce Barton puts it, God must be at least as good as Bruce Barton. The logical necessity of this is not apparent, but it makes a good sales talk. As against the Spinozist, the Modernist usually argues that the inexorable laws which will some day leave this earth a desolate cinder are one thing, and God is something else—a sort of enlarged John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; a Being of considerable power and a high sense of social responsibility, who is willing to contribute to the endowment of any worthy cause provided its adherents raise an equal sum by their own endeavors.

This is a very respectable concept of God; but I cannot see any evidence to support it.

IV

To which the Modernist may properly reply, Is that so? Who cares what you can see and what you cannot? Do you know more than Millikan and Eddington, our Moses and Elias?

Obviously not, about science; but I know the logical fallacy called *petitio principii* when I see it—the assumption as a premise of the thing you are professing to prove; and I do see it, in Millikan's *Evolution in Science and Religion*. With ninety-nine per cent of that book, I suppose, Spinoza or Einstein would concur; but the other one per cent carries Millikan a long way, and carries his uncritical disciples still farther. Millikan acquired great repute among the faithful by his resounding denunciation of atheism; but his definition of an atheist is a man who denies "the Spirit of natural order and orderly development" to which science bears witness. Most Modernists, I suspect, would regard Spinoza and Einstein as atheists; certainly all the orthodox would do so. Science gives us, says Millikan further, "the conception of progress in which we play an important part." So it does, for this inconsiderable planet. But if it is God's will to turn the sun, as you read this, into one of those exploding stars that astronomers call novæ, man with all his achievements and aspirations will vanish in a puff of flame eight minutes later, and will play no part in any subsequent progress which the cosmos may accomplish.

No scientist expects that to happen as you read this, or within uncounted millions of years thereafter; the statistical probabilities are against it. Still it might happen; and the possibility reflects some doubt on Millikan's statement that science has brought forward evidence for the belief that "Nature is at bottom benevolent." Any such evidence seems to have eluded the well-read Fosdick, whose hope of escaping the ultimate cinder heap appears to rest on something quite distinct from what he calls Nature, and Spinoza calls God. Few scientists would agree with Millikan (as scientists) that there is evidence for Nature's benevolence toward the human race; and even Millikan offers little com-

fort to the individual. "Concerning what ultimately becomes of the individual in this process," he says, "science has added nothing and subtracted nothing." Nothing? It has subtracted virtually everything that the old-time religion offered as help and solace. Subject to that considerable qualification, you may perhaps believe anything you like; but you cannot damn the man who disagrees with you as an atheist.

Millikan is doubtless used to the disintegration of elements in his laboratory; what is uranium to-day may be helium and lead to-morrow; so it is no wonder if he uses the same word with two different meanings. Atheism does not mean to him what it does to the ordinary Christian, and neither does religion. Science, he said in an interview given to the *Daily Princetonian* on January 10th last, is not incompatible with "the essential purpose of religion, which is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind." Science, one may add, encourages such a development by suggesting that the achievement of man's ideals and aspirations depends on himself. But why call it religion? Humanists—agnostics or downright atheists—have been some of its most distinguished leaders. "One of the world's supremest needs," Millikan goes on, "is essential and not dogmatic religion. Individual religions or branches of religion often contain this essential and much that is objectionable." In other words, what we need is not the religion that most Christians actually have, but something else that Millikan chooses to call religion, which is equally open to infidels. The devout may take what comfort they can from that.

As for Eddington, not everyone that says to him, "Lord, Lord," has taken the trouble to read Eddington, or to follow his scrupulous discriminations. "Religious writers," he says, "who welcome the intrusion of natural law into the spiritual domain we regard not as scientists but as pseudo-scientists. The natural law is not adapted to the unseen world beyond the symbols. . . . We do not want a religion that deceives us for our own good." Eddington has intuitions of a personal relation to something that he calls God, and he finds nothing in science that forbids him to consider this as real as a laboratory reaction. But what Eddington finds in his laboratory Einstein can check in his laboratory; Eddington can be proved right or wrong. You cannot check Eddington's intuitions. Einstein and Jeans, scientists as reputable as Eddington, have no such intuitions; and the science which they share with Eddington gives them no reason to believe in Eddington's God, though of course it gives them no right to deny Him.

Jeans and Einstein are merely deaf to intuitions, not tuned in on a broadcast that is waiting for them? Maybe, or maybe not. You cannot prove anything about intuitions. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby summarizes Eddington thus: There are three truths, equally valid—sensory, scientific, intuitional. "This trinity is in all probability a three-in-one; three manifestations of an indissoluble unity." But while all three truths may be equally valid, only two of them admit of verification. Consider, for example, a brook in India. The sensory truth is that it is wet; any man can verify that by putting his hand in it; if he says that on the contrary it is dry, we call him crazy. The scientific truth is that it consists of H_2O (doubtless with some infusion of putrescent organic matter); any chemist can verify that; if one chemist, against all the others, insists that it is H_2SO_4, we call him a bad chemist. But the truth of intuition? To Kim's Lama this was the River of Healing that he had sought all his life; and nobody could check up on that.

The realities of intuition, alas, are individual; every man must roll his own. It is hard enough to equate two people's intuitions even as roughly as it may be done by ideas expressible in words. The most elaborate and success-

ful attempt to organize intuitions—*i.e.* to provide that all persons present in a certain place at a certain time shall feel the same thing—is found in Wagner's music dramas, where words, melody, orchestration, action, and setting all work together to create a unitary impression. As you listen to the music you experience certain emotions; if you know the text, or understand the singers, you recognize (let us hope) that these feelings are in general apposite to what is going on. But you do not intuitively perceive that, for instance, a certain descending sequence of notes on the trombone is the Loyal-Observance-of-a-Contract Motive. You know that is what it is because you have read it in a book. It is a convention that has been agreed on to make things run more smoothly; just as we agree to suppose that the black marks on this white page represent sounds, and the sounds ideas.

Theological dogmas are an attempt to organize intuitions about religion; the better they organize, the more they do violence to individual intuitions. Trinitarian doctrine, however meaningless to modern thought, was in its day a serious endeavor to grasp and formulate something which men felt to be as real as the food they ate. Athanasius had an intuition about it, which was erected into a dogma, binding on all. But of the uncounted millions who have professed acceptance of his intuition, the immense majority must have felt about it very much as you and I feel when we learn that a descending sequence of notes on the trombone refers to the loyal observance of a contract. The idea is at first rather surprising; but we accept it because persons in authority have told us, and because it is a convention which heightens and speeds a train of thought which we are following.

Eddington belongs to the Society of Friends, a sect virtually without dogma; Millikan calls for "essential," not dogmatic, religion. It is their intuition against yours or mine, and nobody can say which (if any of us) is right. All Modernists have a healthy distrust of dogma; but a purely intuitional theology as evidence for a God of love is a very sandy foundation for so pretentious a skyscraper. Whereas to the God of Spinoza and Einstein the whole ordered and verifiable body of knowledge bears witness.

Well, what of it? The Modernists are good people. They want to do God's will; and if, like most religious people, they identify God's will with their own best intention, what harm is done when their intention is so good? Only this—if it happens that God's will is something else, we must either give up our best intention or recognize that human history has been, and must increasingly be, a rebellion against God.

V

This may be a perverse and gloomy idea, but it is not a new one; it informs many of the Greek tragedies, though Æschylus and Sophocles were devout persons who tried to justify the ways of God to man, without much success. If you call it not rebellion against God, but the struggle to conquer Nature, even the Modernists will be proud of it. But they contend that as Nature seems certain some day to conquer man, it cannot be God. God must be something better, kinder, more righteous. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Certainly—right in His own eyes. That He does not do right in the eyes of man appears from the fact that apologetics—the defense of God—is an art at least three thousand years old. Scores of the world's greatest thinkers have spent their lives trying to explain the fact that God does, or permits, what man considers horribly wrong; trying to maintain, despite the evidence, that God is at least as good as Bruce Barton. I should like to believe He is; but I see no reason why God should be good at all, by Bruce Barton's standards or mine. I suspect that God is concerned, as Jeans suggests, with "other and more stu-

pendous purposes" than the regulation of human affairs; and that to impute to Him what I call goodness is disproportionate and absurd. So thought Spinoza, too: "what our reason pronounces bad is not bad as regards the order and laws of the universe, but only as regards the laws of our own nature." Surely this is not only the most rational, but as yet the only rational solution of the problem of evil. Man has vainly tried to reconcile the contrary dogmas that God is omnipotent and that God is just. God may be both if we concede that His idea of justice may be utterly different from ours.

But here the Modernist brings up his really formidable argument, which Fosdick used with effect against Lippmann. The Modernist who takes it seriously must abandon much of his own doctrine; but the Spinozist who flatly denies it lays himself open to the charge of being governed by his emotions, not his reason. Concisely it is this: Man is part of the universe, however infinitesimal. If God is the Order of the universe, man must partake of that order, however faintly; all his thoughts and feelings must be implicit in the mind of God, for *ex nihilo nihil fit;* the notion of justice could not have flowered in the human mind unless its seed had been present in that from which the human mind evolved. So it is absurd to talk of an opposition between human notions of justice and divine; what man thinks right is only a tiny and imperfect part of God's vision of right and wrong.

This, obviously, is an argument much more serious than the faith that there must be a God because we need Him. The common Modernist creed needs proving, and a great deal of it; but this doctrine makes out a *prima facie* case, and the burden of proof is on those who deny it. It is no answer to say that the Modernists in their everyday reasoning assume the distinction between Nature and God which they here deny; if they are right this time what they said yesterday and will say to-morrow does not matter. On grounds of formal logic this argument seems to me unanswerable; but there is other evidence which suggests that perhaps it is only a partial aspect of the truth.

Formal logic is unvarying; its truths are always true. The present state of scientific knowledge suggests that the laws of Nature are only roughly and generally true—statistical probabilities; at least, our concept and formulation of natural law is as yet only roughly and generally true. How does this apply to the present case? Well, man is certainly part of the universe; but the complex of conditions, astrophysical and biological, which makes life possible on this planet is extremely rare, and may be unique. The earth seems to be a most unusual sort of celestial body; hardly radioactive at all, when radioactivity is the life work of the stars. The earth may be, as Jeans suggests, "a sort of final ash resulting from the combustion of the universe"; and life, while it may be the foreordained end product for which stellar processes are "an incredibly extravagant preparation," may equally well be "a mere accidental and possibly unimportant by-product of natural processes which have some other and more stupendous end in view," or even nothing more than "a disease which afflicts matter in its old age." (True, Jeans adds that life may also be the only reality, creating space, time, and scientific concepts as its playthings. But if that is so we are only wasting time on thought and money on the salaries of scientists.)

Man, then, may be a stone that the Builder rejected, or rather a stone to which the Builder pays little attention, as irrelevant to His purpose. If so, it leaves man free to carry out his own purposes—unless they so far interfere with the intention of the Builder that His will frustrates them; as happened, for instance, to every man from Icarus to Langley who tried to fly without adequate comprehension of the only conditions on which God cared to let man fly.

The point is that man, being what he is, is going to go on trying to carry out his own purposes; and he will frame better purposes, and carry them out more successfully, if he gives up his ancient habit of saying that what he wants is what God wants: if he faces the fact that what he wants may be precisely what God does not want—that to man's best intention God seems at best indifferent, and sometimes is actually hostile.

Fosdick would say that man's best intention must be in harmony with God's purpose, otherwise where did man get his highest ideals? But where else could he have got his lowest ideals, either? If God is everything, he must include all evil as well as all good, to the human notion. Fosdick says, and rightly, that "both physical things and spiritual values are actually here"; the spiritual values cannot be measured or equated, but the ethical concepts of the Second Isaiah and the music of Beethoven are observed facts, as much as the radioactivity of uranium. But so is the horrible cruelty of (for example) religious persecution. God gives us, potentially at least, both good and bad; the discrimination of good from bad, to human notions, is a purely human function.

In other words, man's best intention is—to man's notion—the highest product of the universe. To the rest of the universe, man and his ideals appear to be in unalterable opposition—man against God. God could not produce something that would be opposed to Himself? Perhaps not; I have no desire to flounder in the morass of speculations where the best minds of all time have bogged down. But the opposition of man's ideals to God's natural laws is as much an observed fact as the Eroica Symphony, or the radiation of the stars. You can get rid of it as Fosdick does, by calling what man opposes not God but Nature; but if Fosdick's God who aids man, superhuman but not supernatural, sprang from Nature, it must be a God who plots to overthrow His parent as Zeus overthrew Kronos; a rebel God, not yet crowned. How can Nature produce a God who is its enemy if it cannot produce man who is its enemy?

I suspect that Fosdick's modesty and optimism have combined to imagine this God who does what Fosdick is trying to do, and does it better. I am all for what Fosdick is trying to do; but I suspect that man is the only conspirator. The only rebel god against the great God of Everything is the best intention of man.

VI

The logical difficulty is beside the point, for practical purposes. It may be absurd to suppose that there is something—call it man or God, according as you are Humanist or Modernist—which is hostile to the universe from which it sprang. But the fact remains; what human reason pronounces bad is not bad as regards the order of the universe. God—the Spinozist God, the only God of whose existence we can be certain—has one notion of good and evil, man another. Which is right?

God is right, whether we can see it or not, said one of the profoundest thinkers, and certainly the most brilliant writer, who ever grappled with this problem—the author of the Book of Job. Job, after leading a blameless life, fell into misfortune. He argued that it was not his fault, as by human standards it certainly was not; so God answered him. And did God condescend to justify his ways to man? He did not, any more than He justified the slight but perhaps cosmologically desirable readjustment of the earth's crust, which some years ago killed three hundred thousand Japanese. God, addressing Job, adopted a proper Godlike attitude. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" Obviously Job could not. So God went on, "Wilt thou

disannul My judgment? Wilt thou condemn Me, that thou mayest be righteous?"

Whereupon, we read, Job abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes —of what? Of presuming to suppose that God must be at least as good as Bruce Barton, of failing to perceive that God's view of right and wrong is not Bruce Barton's at all. But thereafter Job went on living as he had lived before —by his own best intention; he acknowledged that whatever God did was right, but he went on living on the implicit hypothesis that much of what God did might be wrong, and that a self-respecting man could only live up to his own standards. We are told that the Lord prospered him; but so many people have done as Job did without gaining any such proof of divine approval that I doubt if the author really meant it. He may have tacked on that conclusion to escape being thrown out of the congregation, as his coreligionist Spinoza was thrown out later, for expressing a very similar philosophy.

Spinoza also held that God was right—but that man was right too, in his own sphere. He tried to harmonize these contradictories by an elaborate demonstration; but his *Ethics Geometrically Proved* proves nothing except that Baruch Spinoza was a peculiar person, who thought that the good behavior to which he was naturally inclined could be proved desirable by geometrical methods. He thought (and here Lippmann follows him) that intellectual comprehension of God's laws—*i.e.* the workings of the universe—would put you in such a mood of awed admiration that you would submit as meekly as Job. "In so far as we can understand the causes of pain," says Spinoza, "thus far it ceases to be pain." This is the argument from Mazzaroth and Arcturus carried a little farther, but on the same line. Lippmann goes farther yet: "to the understanding, defeat is no less interesting than victory." Mature persons will resign themselves to the fact that they can't get what they want and will try to want what they get; they can even take a high intellectual pleasure in observing the workings of a cosmos which denies them their heart's desire.

With all respect, this seems to me the doctrine of men to whom nothing very uncomfortable ever happened. It leads straight to the conclusion that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, a view sufficiently answered by *Candide*. The parents of a child tortured and murdered by a degenerate will not derive much comfort from a comprehension of the criminal's abnormal psychology. The author of the Book of Job may have faked a happy ending, but he knew that pain hurts.

Spinoza, says Santayana, considered himself happy, "and doubtless he was happy in a pious indoor way." Persons who get around more than he did see a good deal that keeps on hurting even after you understand its motivation. These things must be, they are the inscrutable will of God; but man reserves the privilege of considering them atrocious, none the less. Lippmann's ethical precepts would work, in a world where everybody was naturally as well behaved as Lippmann. In the world as it is, we might get along better if we could make up our minds that the business of man is one long endeavor to thwart the will of God.

Put thus baldly, this may seem as ridiculous to the reflective as it is blasphemous to the orthodox. How can we thwart God's will? But bit by bit we all do it every day, sometimes with good results, sometimes so unsuccessfully that our endeavor was probably mistaken. For example, it appears to be a law of God—*i.e.* of Nature, of the universe—that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can. For several thousand years man has been trying to establish his own notion of justice against that. He has not succeeded very brilliantly, perhaps; but take away all the policemen for twenty-four hours, and you would see that the most

inefficient of human governments is better than the state of Nature. On the other hand, it is a law of God that a man who drinks too much shall suffer for it; man has tried to improve on that by decreeing that we must not drink at all. The benefits of this experiment are not yet impressive.

The Catholic is quite right, then, in saying that birth control, as an interference with the processes of Nature, is a contravention of the will of God. But so is medicine, both preventive and curative; so is the building of houses, the manufacture of clothes, the construction of boats and airplanes. You may argue, of course, that God implanted the impulse to all this in the human mind; but He implanted many contradictory impulses. Perhaps he implanted the principle of selection too; but here we go down deep, and come up against the same logical difficulty of a Creator creating something whose nature it is to rebel against Him. Rebellion against God—*i.e.* an attempt to improve on Nature—is the incurable habit of man. To suppose that God deliberately created him so is to impute not only an appalling malevolence to God, but an improbable importance to the human race. It is quite as permissible, and perhaps more plausible, to surmise with Jeans that man may be an unintended by-product of the real business of the universe.

What is this real business? An increase in entropy, say the scientists. In less technical language, the universe is simply running down. Energy is indestructible but it continually changes from a higher to a lower, a less useful form. The universe started out with a great deal of pep, even as Man the Microcosm starts out; but like man, the universe runs down, grows old and weary. In a few trillion years its energy will all be worn out. There will be just as much energy as ever (whatever energy is) but it will no longer be working as radiation or concentrated as matter. It will be tepid, unserviceable, diffuse; thinly pervading a space little warmer than the absolute zero, space which is nothing but a Home for Aged and Indigent Energy. That day is inconceivably remote, but it is inexorably approaching. Millikan, the incorrigible optimist, thinks that the clock is winding itself up—that energy sprung from the disintegration of matter turns back into matter again, a perpetual-motion machine; but few of the experts agree with him. Even if he is right the process seems repetitive, uninspired, unworthy of so imposing an organism. That, however, is a human valuation. God may well take a different view.

Whether the clock winds itself up or not, the prospect is not cheerful for man. The ultimate substance of which he and the stars are made is indestructible; but if the tiny fragment of cosmos-stuff that is now the human race becomes transmuted, after uncounted ages, into the burning heart of a star yet unborn, the human race will presumably be unaware of it; as imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, is unaware that the substance which once was Cæsar stops a hole to keep the wind away. For the human race, as for the individual, the only visible end is that hopeless cinder heap which the Modernists try so hard to get around. Man sails the seas and the air; he may some day sail through space to other planets; but ultimately God will wipe him out.

What are we going to do about that?

VII

The answer is obvious: We must do the best we can, regardless. Or if you say that this "must" begs the question, it may be more exact to answer that the human race is so made that on the whole it is going to do the best it can regardless.

To some of man's great religious leaders this was not the obvious answer. Epicurus, for instance, the first great proponent of the doctrine that God is indifferent to man, thought that the ideal of good conduct—conduct that

would promote man's happiness—was *ataraxia*, peace of mind. But in practice this peace of mind had to be attained by keeping out of mischief—a good philosophy for individuals (the happiest man I know is an Epicurean in precisely this sense) but ruinous to society if any large number of individuals practice it.

What progress was made in ancient society was mostly accomplished by the Stoics, the Modernists of their day, earnest persons who built a theology out of their hopes and insisted that somehow God must help man; and who meanwhile proceeded to help themselves, and what they conceived as God's intention. Their logic was faulty, their theology was full of holes; but they made the world a better place to live in.

Voltaire, in the discouraged mood of *Candide*, seemed to agree with Epicurus; let us cultivate our garden and keep out of trouble. But in practice Voltaire was often in trouble because he considered the whole world his garden, and incurably tried to cultivate it so that it would be a better place to live in.

A more influential person than either of these gave a still more unworthy answer. No use trying to fight the beasts, said St. Paul, if the dead rise not; let us eat, drink, and be merry. That is a cowardly and contemptible philosophy and St. Paul (however much damage you may think he did) was anything but a cowardly and contemptible person. Let what he said be refuted by what he did. I am convinced that if St. Paul had become persuaded that the dead rise not he would have gone on behaving precisely as he behaved as Jew and Christian. He would have tried to make the world what he considered a better place to live in, at whatever inconvenience to himself and others; and he might eventually have been martyred for his stubborn insistence that it is better to fight the beasts than to wallow in the sty, even if the dead rise not.

Whatever they say, whether or not they whistle to keep up their courage, the best men have always done the best they could. Our best may not be much, in the face of so tremendous and inexorable a universe; but on that point the scientists begin to be surprisingly encouraging. Discounting Millikan's somewhat premature confidence in the benevolence of Nature, there remains what Langmuir said to the American Chemical Society last fall: "It is still an open question whether processes directed by intelligent beings may not involve a decrease in entropy." That is, perhaps man can delay the process of running down, even if he cannot wind the clock up again. "In fact," Langmuir proceeded, "it seems conceivable that the evolution of organized life on earth is in some degree contrary to the Second Law of Thermodynamics." Man's mere appearance, then, may herald the beginning of a winding of the clock.

Note Langmuir's caution: "It seems conceivable," "It is still an open question." Evidence is slight, and the logical difficulty still remains—can a universe running down produce, of its own substance, a rebel against its own laws who will wind it up? But if it shall ever appear from the evidence that this is what is actually happening, men who think will conclude that there is something wrong with the Second Law of Thermodynamics; that it does not go far enough, that perhaps the appearance of the predestined winder-up is part of the plan. Man, in that case, would be what the Modernists call God—a sort of Siegfried, created to do what the All-Father could not or did not choose to do in person.

That, so far, is speculation. Even if it turns out to be as implausible as the eschatology of St. John the Divine seems to us now, even if man cannot hope to defeat what at present seems God's purpose, he may still hope (like a small college playing football against a great university) to hold God to a low score. The periods of the game are pretty long. "Looked at in terms of space," says Jeans, "the message of astronomy is

at best one of melancholy grandeur and oppressive vastness. Looked at in terms of time, it becomes one of endless possibility and hope. . . . A day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us, with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment." Barring some highly improbable explosion or collision, the sun is good for trillions of years more. Man must die long before the sun goes out unless he can somehow move somewhere; but even so his expectation of life is measured by billions rather than millions of years. A short time on the cosmic clock, but a long time for man whose civilized past bears the same relation to his probable future as (to borrow Jean's figure) the thickness of a postage stamp to the height of Mont Blanc.

But this hopeful prospect is only for the race. What about the individual? He is not worth troubling about, says Shapley, "except as he contributes, by deed, thought, or progeny, to the survival of the species." Many Modernists, almost all scientists, would assent to that. Salvation, if any, is for the race. The individual who has so much ego in his cosmos that he demands it for himself had better sell his mind to the bishops, who will give him a gilt-edged assurance of eternal life.

The rest of us must believe that the good life, primarily, is the life that is good for the race; but we are human enough to want to believe that it is good for the individual too. To be concrete, how can we persuade our children that they ought to be honest when dishonesty (intellectual, if not monetary) so often seems the best policy for the individual, however ultimately disastrous for the species?

I am not ambitious enough to attempt to find a formula for that; I merely suggest that certain formulas hallowed by time had better be abandoned as unworkable. We do not want a religion that deceives us for our own comfort. Being fallible, we may be bound to deceive ourselves sometimes; but it is better to deceive ourselves on the difficult rather than the easy side. Then, if we are mistaken, we may find that things were better than we thought. Pain is pain, evil is evil, no matter how well you comprehend them. Certain things are wrong, and to all appearance can never be set right; certain things, when they are lost, are lost forever. There may be forces in the universe friendly to man, but the evidence is as yet unconvincing. To recognize that the Whole seems at best indifferent, sometimes actively hostile; that there are some of its stubborn resistances which we can probably never overcome; that we shall get only what we fight for, and not all of that; and that he that loses his life for the general good cannot count on saving anything but his own self-respect—this may not get us much farther forward, but at least it might clear away some ancient obstacles.

You don't like that prospect? Well, it doesn't make any difference whether you like it or not; to present appearance that is what you have got and you had better make the best of it. Fortunately mankind, for all its frailties, has a general tendency to think better of itself when it tries than when it curls up and quits. Self-respect may save us yet.

CORPORAL HUMPIT OF THE 4TH MUSKETEERS

A STORY

BY H. R. WAKEFIELD

NOW, I don't know the name of that city and I don't even know in what country it is, or how I got there or how I slipped away from it. And I don't believe that country is on any map, and all the better, say I. And you people who make maps, you'd better be careful. For very likely the people of that land will come and boast some Tall Tales to you and try to persuade you to put that country on your maps. Maybe they'll say they have a line of hills there, not one of them less than a hundred thousand feet high, and that they trip to the top of them and down again before breakfast every morning. And that they've a river, they may call it Drumbole, a thousand miles across from bank to bank, and that near its mouth where it sucks the salt from the plumbless sea, you can watch, on any clear morning in the spring the sea-serpents intertwining amorously their long necks together, and presently the shores blazing with the shimmer from their big square eggs, weighing each a ton—or so they'll tell you. And don't believe what they say about the lake they have, deeper than from earth to moon, full of whales like summer clouds, and fishes big as mammoths with fins upon their flanks, and Grumbals and Ferodons, bigger still. No, you cartographers, don't believe these tales and don't allow this country on your maps, for it's not a land to be encouraged.

I've said I don't know how I reached this land or how I slipped away from it, but I do know I was standing in that great square, just as the clock of St. Nero's was thumping out twelve strokes, a sullen, steady patter of inter-echoed throbbing. And I thought I was alone there. But the moon strained itself past the fine campanile of St. Nero's and flooded down upon those huge stone blocks, so that it was light as day could ever be in that land, and more than bright enough for me to spy a shifting shadow which flicked in from a street—maybe not a street—but round a corner into the square, and, head down, staggered droopingly and desperately somewhat in my direction, seeking sanctuary in St. Nero's, it seemed to me.

He hadn't gone ten yards before the others were at his heels—a pack of them, swinging menacingly such a little way behind him and gaining upon him. As he staggered, they gained and they caught him within ten yards of St. Nero's. They got round him and how they beat him, that bedraggled posse, clad in gray and rotting rags. Some were hobbling and swaying as they lashed out with their crutches; some armless, swung their broken boots to good purpose; and others might have been blind from the way they ran round with their arms outstretched and groping till they found a grip on this fellow, and then they struck at him in such a way I found it hard to watch. How he dodged, how he swerved, struck back feebly, round and round the square for me to see, and those after him, and presently he slipped and fell, and

they swooped upon him. I can tell you, I was glad when he squirmed through that pack and hurled himself through the great door of St. Nero's. And then a shadow popped past me and settled itself a yard or so ahead of me and a Voice said, "Don't look round! I'm not going to hurt you. What did you think of that little affair?"

"I shouldn't care to see it every day."

"You couldn't. It happens only once a year," said the Voice.

"Who were those figures in gray?"

"Have a guess."

"They had a look of soldiers about them."

"And so they are—or were—however you like to put it," said the Voice. "And they've certainly been in the wars, haven't they? Not a whole body among them. They come from the Soldiers' Cemetery on the Triskan Road."

"And who was the one they hunted and beat?"

"You'd never guess that," said the Voice. "Now, if you promise not to look round, I'll tell you all about him. Some years ago we had an argument with our good neighbors across the frontier. I forget what it was all about. So we went on killing one another for a year or two, and then we got bored with it. I forget who won. Anyway, when it was all over, our King was so poor that he had to sell his collection of Ferodons and Grumbals—"

"And what may they be?"

And then the Voice told me such a story of how big they were and how they lived in that lake and those hills above it as deep as here to the moon, out of which went that river whose banks were white with sea-snakes' eggs in springtime that I told him to go on with his tale.

"Well," said the Voice, "the King couldn't afford another such war so he started 'Never Again Day' which is celebrated on the anniversary of the day the war ended. And a busy day it is! First thing in the morning, the warning bombs are fired, and over come the Skyfliers, and presently carts full of corpses are driven through the streets, but everyone knows they're only dummies and hardly bothers to look at them—I think that'll be given up next year. And a bit later everyone has to buy a Never Again flower and pin it on his chest and pay a tenth of all he's got for it. And at eleven o'clock everyone must say, 'Never Again' without stopping for two hours. And in the square a big, stuffed figure is set up, and it has a round collar on its neck buttoned at the back and a red coat with medals. And it has this inscription on it, 'All those who wish to live peacefully with their neighbors should walk about with a pistol in one hand and a spear in the other.' And then this figure is shot and stabbed. And at night a Field-Marshal is roasted whole.

"Well, after a time the King thought Never Again Day wanted freshening up. So he got the idea of the Symbolic Soldier. In other words, he decided to dig up some stiff from his grave, label him the Symbolic Soldier, and put him in a fine new vault in St. Nero's."

"But why?" I asked.

"To freshen up Never Again Day. And you ask too many questions. I might ask you how you got here and how you'll get away."

"Well, go on with your tale," I said.

"'And I think,' said the King, 'the Symbolic Soldier shall be that fellow with the varicose veins.'

"'They're rather common in the cavalry, Sire,' said the President of the Council. 'Is there anything else concerning him recorded in your august memory which might assist in his identification?'

"'Yes,' said the King, 'he won the Order of Valor twenty-nine times.'

"'Oh,' said the President, 'Your Majesty must mean Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers.'

"'That's the fellow,' agreed the King.

"Now this Humpit had as one of his duties the control of the Double Vision ration, which—to save you interrupt-

ing—is a courage-inducing fluid kept in jars and issued to soldiers when heroic feats have to be performed. Humpit had secured this office through sheer force of character, and after all his men had been supplied, he emptied the jar, with the result that he subsequently committed deeds of infinite military value of which afterwards he had no recollection whatsoever. And each time the tale of his achievements was printed in the *Gazette* and he got the Order of Valor again, he read the few laudatory and soldierly lines with considerable surprise and, in the end, resignment. But what a head he'd always had the next morning! Now, when the King went forth to war and was given an admirable King's-eye view of the area of hostilities from an eminence and through a powerful telescope, he demanded that Corporal Humpit should be presented to him. Hurriedly and inadequately freed from trench vermin, he was ushered into the Presence.

"'Corporal,' said the King, 'you are a great credit to your country and a mighty scourge to its foes, and I consider it extraordinary that you have earned the Order of Valor twenty-nine times, and no other of my soldiers more than twice.'

"'Yes, Your Majesty,' replied Humpit, 'it is rather rum.'

"'And what,' asked the King, 'do you consider the qualities most necessary to the modern soldier?'

"'Influential friends in the War Department,' replied the Corporal, 'and acute varicose veins.'

"Whereupon the King dismissed him and had one of the worst coughing attacks of his reign. And a little later Corporal Humpit foolishly shoved his face in front of a machine gun.

"So Old Cornuble, the caretaker of the Soldiers' Cemetery, was told to scratch up Humpit and send him along in a casket to the War Department.

"'I've got a general,' said Old Cornuble; 'hadn't I better send him?'

"'If it were known you'd sent a general,' he was told, 'it would imperil the dynasty.'

"Now the old man was lazy and rheumaticky, so he told his assistant, Vashta, to do the job. Now this Vashta had had extracted from his face twenty-four pieces of bomb, and when any child got a close look at him it uttered a yell and took to its heels. This soured him and he was feeling unusually sour as he trundled off with his horse and cart and the casket in it, for that very morning two young girls visiting the cemetery had seen him and one had nudged the other and said, 'That must have fallen from the Cathedral.' And he'd understood what she'd meant.

"Suddenly he remembered that some time before he had earthed a fellow named Vladimir Pannekin, who'd been a nasty mess when the firing-squad had finished with him. He'd been a very cheap spy, and his information quite valueless. Now, Vashta in his sour mood thought what a joke it would be to dig up this Pannekin instead of Humpit and shove him in the shell. Pannekin had been hastily trundled into a shallow hole, dug in a piece of unconsecrated and swampy ground, so Vashta took his spade and dug around. After fishing up a brace of suicides and a murderer, he discovered Pannekin at last, looking much the worse for wear. He bundled him into the casket and trundled back to Old Cornuble who sent it to the War Department and signed a paper to the effect that it was Humpit. There the shell was placed in a fine coffin with gold handles to it, and eight years ago on Never Again Day he was taken to St. Nero's. And what bugle calls there were and muffled drums and funeral marches and speeches before they lowered Pannekin into the great vault, while eight princes held his pall. It was a big change for him. Instead of six shallow feet in an unhallowed midden, a roomy, dry house in a fine church, surrounded by his peers, the Great Ones, instead of having his right big toe in a gunman's eye.

"And then the rumor started—no one knew how—perhaps Vashta babbled in his cups, but anyhow, very soon everyone was whispering and hinting that it was really traitor Pannekin and not gallant Humpit who lay beneath the central aisle of St. Nero's. Such rumors have ever a gale behind them, and soon this one was blown to the steps of the throne itself. So the King made inquiries. Old Cornuble was questioned and had to confess he had disobeyed his orders and that Vashta had done the job. It wouldn't have done to sack the old Lazybones, but the King gave him such cuts with his cane that the old boy danced like a bear. Then the King sent for Vashta and asked him whom he'd dug up. 'Vladimir Pannekin,' said Vashta. So he was taken to a room in the State prison, and in one corner was a fellow with a cauldron of oil so hot it sang like a kettle; and in another corner a big negro was fixing straps to a wheel; and in another was a rat in a box. And in the fourth corner was a coffin.

"And then the King asked Vashta again whom he'd dug up, and Vashta had a look round and then he said, 'Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers.'

"'Then make your mark at the bottom of this paper,' said the King and gave him such a cut with his cane that he doubled up till the back of his head tapped the floor. Then the King issued a proclamation which said that certain disaffected persons had attempted to spread the notion that the Symbolic Soldier was not Corporal Humpit but another. This was a treasonable lie, and ex-soldier Vashta, who had carried out the exhumation, had sworn to this. Anyone found spreading this rumor in the future would have inflicted upon him the Death that was Slow but Sure.

"The people didn't believe a word of this but they soon ceased to bother about it; and I assure you that to-day if they opened the vault and the coffin and found Lord Eblis himself winking at them, they wouldn't care. But the soldiers in the Cemetery care."

"So they took it into their own hands," I said.

"Yes," said the Voice. "They must fetch Pannekin out very early in the morning. I can't be sure because I don't get here till after dark. And I don't know what they do to him during the day, but at midnight they hunt him home as you saw."

"It's not quite fair," I said; "it wasn't his fault."

"That may be partly so," said the Voice, "but you can't expect a bullet through the brain-pan to improve the logical sense, nor to be blown into small pieces to soothe the temper. They just hate the idea of Pannekin being in that vault, and surely they have a right to him one day a year. The King knows about it; that's why no one's allowed out after eleven on Never Again Day."

"Your King seems an energetic monarch," I said. "I wonder what he'll start next."

"Naval economies, I fancy, for he's having an affair with the third wife of the Lord High Admiral, a very highly paid and unnecessary official."

"Well," I said, "if no one is allowed out after eleven, how are you here?"

"Oh, His Majesty couldn't stop *me*," said the Voice.

"Why not, and who are you and why mayn't I look round?"

"Well, I don't want you to look because I'm rather vain of my appearance, and as the result of foolishly looking a machine gun in the face I lost mine. I'm gallant Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers, allowed out once a year to watch my former comrades hunt traitor Pannekin home. Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you here next year?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Good-by, then." And the shadow was pulled back, tickled my toes, ran up my legs, and disappeared.

Now, should such a land be encouraged? Where they tell such tales as that. But you won't believe I heard it,

and you won't believe I saw Pannekin nip round the edge of that great square pursued by that dishevelled pack. Nor that I heard the huge tolling of St. Nero's; nor that I heard that Voice and that its shadow tickled my toes.

And you'd like to say I dreamed it all. "How did you get there?" you'll ask, "and how did you get away? And what's the name of that land and why can't we find it on our maps?" I know no more than you do.

A BRIBE TO SAINT ANTONY OF PADUA

(Who aids in the recovery of all lost things)

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

SAINT ANTONY,
Does it not try the patience of a saint
To hear complaint
Of what is lost—
Not like the white palmettoes and curled fronds of frost—
But somewhere to be found
In filth, lint, litter, on the ground?
Saint Antony, this is no idle rhyme;
I could employ your time
Without your giving back
One jewel from a crack.
I offer in exchange
The freest range
In searching high, not low, for what I've lost.
Though it were folly to recount the cost,
Seek my lost love and set your sandal on a hill
Where on midsummer nights the leaves distil
Slow drops of dew.
Saint Antony, it is my courtesy to you
To lead you there
And let you stare
At starlight and close sky,
But bring me back no meteor's reply.
Be fowler to high winds and net me one lost thought
A penny might have bought;
Or if you long for space
Too high to chart or trace
Seek through eternity until you find
My peace of mind.
Saint Antony, I ask no brooch or ring,
No thing
But what adds luster to a saint to bring.
Then promise me you'll not forswear
This search of what has vanished in thin air.

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

FOR HIS EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

BY HAROLD J. LASKI
Professor of Political Science, University of London

THE Supreme Court of the United States is not merely a tribunal where the controversies of men are resolved; it is also a legislature in which the life of a nation is given form and color. Since John Marshall revealed to the American people what their new constitution might imply, none has so clearly molded its texture as Mr. Justice Holmes. He stands out in its history not merely as one of the two or three most significant figures in the record, but, also, as one of the supreme expositors of principle in the annals of the Common Law. To read his opinions is to capture once again something of the excitement a lawyer feels when he first reads a judgment of Mansfield or Jessel or Bowen. Here is law in the grand style, law as a part of the living fabric of life, law as literature as well as technic, law as philosophy not less than science. When, twenty-five years ago, John Morley visited America, he came back to affirm that in Mr. Justice Holmes America possessed the greatest judge of the English-speaking world. Time reinforces that emphasis; for it has made of him a member of that supreme fellowship which reaches back to the endless past in which men sought a place for plan and order in human affairs. Gaius is there, and Ulpian, Mansfield and d'Aguesseau, Marshall and Savigny and Maitland. I do not think they will resent the company of Mr. Justice Holmes.

He has proved again the simple secret that a great judge must be a great man. He must have a full sense of the seamless web of life, a grasp of the endless tradition from which we cannot escape. He must be capable of stern logic, and yet refuse to sacrifice to logic the hopes and fears and wants of men. He must be able to catch a glimpse of the ultimate in the immediate, of the universal in the particular. He must be statesman as well as jurist, thinker as well as lawyer. What he is doing is to shape the categories through which life must flow, and he must have a constant sense of the greatness of his task. He must know the hearts of men, and yet ask to be judged from the conscience of their minds. He must have a constant sense of essential power, and yet be capable of humility in its exercise. He must be the servant of justice and not its master, the conscience of the community and not of its dominant interests. He has to put aside the ambition which drives the politician to search for power and the thinker to the construction of abstract system. No one must be more aware of the limitations of his material, none more hesitant about his personal conviction. The great judge is perhaps the rarest of human types, for in being supremely himself he must yet be supremely selfless. He has to strive towards results he cannot control through material he has not chosen. He has to be in the great world and yet aloof from it, to observe and to examine without seeking to influence. A politi-

cal system which produces great judges can feel some real assurance about its future.

Mr. Justice Holmes has been a great judge because it is in terms like these that he has consistently thought of his work. Whether as Chief Justice in Massachusetts or as a member of the Supreme Court, he has sought to make the infinitely small illuminate the infinitely great. He has had a consistent sense of himself as the servant of great principles, bound to their application not in terms of his personal desires but of their relation to popular will. He has understood the part that development must play in law; has sought, therefore, to safeguard the present from imprisonment in the categories of the past. The test to which he has brought all principle he has been asked to judge is not whether he approved it, nor whether its results may be judged desirable; what rather he has done is to ask himself always whether a reasonable man could do what, on the evidence, a legislature has chosen to attempt. He has not made himself the jailer of experiment, nor has he ever sought to exalt the acts of government over the claims of humble citizens. He has been alert to the needs of power, but critical always of the means by which it sought to realize its end. He has recognized, as some of his colleagues have failed to recognize, that the American Constitution does not forbid experiment, but asks only that experiment shall be tender to established expectation. He has never sought as, again, some of his colleagues have sought, to make his philosophy an absolute, to establish it as a standard to which other men must necessarily conform. His life on the bench has been a process of learning, a recognition that habits and principles change, that each truth must be born of someone's experience, that a golden rule is only too often an instrument of persecution. In the result, he has always kept step with the march of the age. He has seen that his task is not the satisfaction of a dead past, but the considered response to a living present. The criterion by which he has worked has been an effort so to shape constitutional dogma that it is not a Procrustes' bed upon which men lose their human shape. He has never forgotten the famous admonition of John Marshall, that it is a constitution he is expounding; and he has ceaselessly remembered that the constitution is not a gate but a road.

This is a general vision; and it is for the technician to expound the particular instance. Here one can only recall the method of approach, the incisive statement of attitude. Most of it, perhaps, is summarized in that famous phrase in the dissent of *Lochner* v. *New York:* "the Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics.*" You cannot, he has said in effect, apply to child labor, or the minimum wage, to public utilities, or the exercise of governmental power the methods or the principles which the nineteenth century deemed final. We have new knowledge; we have made new discoveries. The business of the lawyer is to adapt the American Constitution to the demands which new knowledge and new discoveries enable us to satisfy. A thing is not wrong because Chief Justice Marshall could not, a hundred years ago, have conceived it to be right. The American Constitution was not made to compel the twentieth-century American to move in the swaddling-clothes of his ancestors' ideas. The American Constitution must be molded by reason to fit new needs and new necessities. A world of railroads and motor cars, of wireless and the telegram cannot be governed by the standards of an eighteenth-century agrarian state. The law must recognize change and growth even where the lawyer dislikes their implications. He may be skeptical of their implications; he has not the right to substitute his own pattern of Utopia for what they seek to accomplish.

And he has insisted, second, that the American Constitution is a federal in-

strument. Boston does not set the pattern of its habits, nor does New York, nor Washington. Students of politics will not easily forget the perceptiveness of the decision in *Noble State Bank* v. *Haskell*, the modern charter of the federal state. For there Mr. Justice Holmes made it plain that not only does federalism mean variety in unity; it means also, in the proper sphere, a license to experiment with the unknown, a right to sail one's ship upon the rocks. He has wisely set his face against the idea that the constituent states of the American Commonwealth are to limit their activities to canons of conduct which some vital interests—the banker's, the business man's, the great corporation's—thought beneficial to themselves. He may have believed the experiment foolish; not seldom one can glimpse a smile of indulgence even in the cold print of the decision. But he has steadfastly refused to substitute his own wisdom for the foolish experiments of others, granted only that the right to experiment is there. He has been the judge and not the legislator. He has not sought to usurp the power of the legislature to discover truth even in the most unlikely places.

Nor has he been willing to fasten the grip of nineteenth-century individualism upon the activities of the federal government. He has seen that new administrative possibilities make new law. He has recognized that the problems of a hundred and twenty million people in the modern and positive state are not the problems of the sparse and scattered communities in the America of Hamilton and Jefferson. Where Congress has thought what, on the evidence, a reasonable man might think, he has refused to be outraged by its novelty or dismayed by the increase of its power. He has asked only for proof that the authority sought is one not denied by the Constitution. He has realized that the conception of statehood is not a dogma fixed eternally in 1787, but an elastic formula shaped by the experiences of mankind. His refusal to make his own social philosophy the measure of Congressional action has not been the least force in this last generation in making the Constitution of the United States compatible with the enlargement of American life.

No part of Mr. Justice Holmes' work upon the bench is more likely to prove enduring than the attitude he has revealed to the individual rights the Constitution has sought to safeguard. Some of his decisions, it is safe to say, will in this realm rank with the classic cases in which the frontiers of human freedom have been protected from invasion. It is not, as *United States* v. *Debs* is there to show, that Mr. Justice Holmes has made liberty an absolute before which all other considerations fade; his individual is always a member of society, not Crusoe on his island or Stylites on his pillar. But he has refused to say that the citizen is subject to penalties because the opinion he utters is unwise or unpopular or critical of the government of the day. He has insisted that so long as what is said does not directly provoke immediate public disorder it is the business of the Courts decisively to protect freedom of speech. His dissent on *Abrams* v. *United States* is in the great American tradition; and it is safe to say that it belongs with some half-dozen utterances since the Civil War which show that, despite Governor Fuller and Senator Lusk, American zeal for free inquiry into political foundations can still find classic expression.

It is natural to think of Mr. Justice Holmes as, above all, the great expositor of the Constitution. But it is important to remember how much more, as a lawyer, he is than this would imply. His place is with Maine and Maitland as one of the supreme legal historians of the last sixty years. The *Common Law*, certain papers on agency, a dissertation on the "Path of the Law," all these have been epoch-making pronouncements which definitely broke new ground in juristic science. Dean Wigmore has explained

how important a part he has played in the development of the law of torts. Certain footnotes of Maitland and of Pound illustrate how much of the wider aspects of jurisprudence goes back to seminal hints which he scattered, half a century ago, with so liberal a hand. Judges of the new generation like Cardozo and Learned Hand would be the first to admit how much they have learned from his teaching and example. Mr. Justice Higgins in Australia, Lord Haldane and Lord Sankey in England have emphasized the debt that they owe him. He can claim, in a sense, to have been the first of American judges with a grasp of history sufficiently profound, and philosophic principles sufficiently articulate, to have made the law an incisive expression of general social life. To read his opinions as a whole is to know what Montesquieu would have been like had he presided over a modern court. He, too, like that great pathfinder, has made his place in the canonical succession of those who push forward the boundaries of wisdom in legal institutions.

II

He has been a great judge because he has never ceased to be a philosopher. He has sought always to find his way from the little fact to the secrets of the universe. By temperament a skeptic, by training a scholar, one sees in his whole attitude to life the qualities which make for wisdom. He has never ceased to inquire. He has never been satisfied to stay still. He has never accepted traditional knowledge because it is traditional. He has never been content to accumulate learning merely for its own sake. His life has been passed in seeking to discover what are the right questions to ask. Where he has been impatient, it has been with those who, like Hegel, make tight and rigid systems of dogma, and do not recognize the need to admit how little we can hope to know. What impresses him is the man like Darwin who by slow and patient observation builds new general principles upon the grand scale. It is Plato the artist rather than Plato the philosopher that attracts him. He is for Montesquieu rather than Rousseau, for Maitland rather than Macaulay.

He has always had a sense of the effort involved in thought, with, as a result, a high reverence for the thinker. "Great men," as he has said, "have given their lives to cut pregnant thoughts from the raw material"; and it is the recognition of the sacrifice which thought entails which has shaped the whole contour of his own construction. If I had to find a term for his own philosophic outlook, it is Roman Stoicism that I should choose. The thought that Seneca put into his writings he has relived in his own career. You cannot know ultimate truth. The world is there, and you must respond to the call of duty. Man lives and grows by the quality of the effort he makes to understand. Our life is a battlefield in which victory comes to the stern heart and the taut mind. To expect little and to go on striving is the true secret of happiness. Work and friends sweeten the certainty of ultimate annihilation. We are not the universe but an infinitesimal fragment thrown carelessly into endless space. What becomes us most is humility, and the pride of man who thinks himself Lord of Creation is an inability to grasp his situation and a lack of a sense of humor. Patience, endurance, curiosity, courage, these in the permanent context that truth must stand in the first place always, have been the virtues he has loved best. Lust for power, zeal for wealth have left him utterly unmoved. The men in his own life who have impressed him are those who have wrested some of its secrets from the universe or triumphed over one more barrier that Nature has set in our way.

Of ordinary faith he has none; religious affirmation seems to him the expression of a claim to greater knowledge than he would admit. The ordinary political creeds have never moved him

profoundly. He is not a socialist because he is too impressed by the differences between men. He is not a conservative because the inevitability of change seems to him to demand a ceaseless power of adaptation with which conservatism finds it difficult to make terms. "Truth," he has somewhere written, "is the majority vote of that nation that could lick all others"; and by that grim irony he meant that our perceptions become objective by the volume of assent that they win. What he has above all been anxious for is that men should not confound the familiar with the eternal, that they should not postulate their systems of private preference as the inescapable laws of the universe. We are, as he once happily said, private soldiers in an army, and the plan of campaign, if there is a plan, has not been confided to us.

It is a creed which teaches charity, toleration, liberalism. It recognizes without discussion that one's neighbor's view may be deeply rooted in an intimate experience, and that, so far, he is justified in its maintenance. Because it denies absolutes, it refuses persecution; all philosophies have an equal right to win adherents in the open competition of the marketplace. It knows that what we know is never final, and it is, therefore, insistently curious and insistently receptive. Truth is a moment's perception of what we cannot help believing if we are to make our way in a direction that may answer our wants. There are no final ethics and no final social philosophy. There are first principles that we assume because there is an end we want to reach, an ideal we seek to obtain; and it is the part of a civilized man to know that those first principles can well be doubted. We have our certainties, that is, but we are not entitled to certitude about them. "Our system of morality," Mr. Justice Holmes has written, "is a body of imperfect social generalizations expressed in terms of emotion." Admit that, and the case for imposing it as final disappears. We may insist that it must be applied, but we must be sure always to count the cost of its application.

This attitude it is, I think, which explains why Mr. Justice Holmes has always seemed a radical to conservatives, and why radicals have felt that even in his rejection of their conclusions he is yet a powerful ally. Conservatives distrust his skepticism and his irreverence; they find his dismissal of principles they regard as socially ultimate destructive of the foundations of the state. They have been tutored to the belief that there are eternal truths, and they dislike their reduction to the status of codes which have no more than passing significance. They are, indeed, hopelessly wrong in attributing to Mr. Justice Holmes any corpus of radical beliefs; all that he has is a willingness to experiment with novelty in fundamentals. And it is that willingness to experiment which is the basis of his hold over the radical mind. It has its own private scheme of absolutes; but it recognizes in his temper that skepticism of the instrument which gives new experience its opportunity of expression. The conservative believes that change is erroneous and undesirable; the radical insists that it is necessary and urgent. Mr. Justice Holmes simply urges that since change is inevitable, we must provide for its coming and see to it only that the game is played in terms of the rules. Much of what passes to-day for radical doctrine he would, I think, privately regard as politically unsound and economically unwise. For him Marx is completely unscientific, the Webbs, the spinners of ethereal Utopias, socialists, a party seeking merely to transfer the burden from the strong to the weak. But he would never admit that their philosophies are legitimately excluded from the field of potential experiment. He would fully insist that men may fight for ideals he does not share. He would postulate a recognition that he may be mistaken as the central principle of political justice.

I have called it Roman Stoicism be-

cause, like that philosophy at its best, it moves upon the heights. It lacks the enthusiasm of the missionary, the radiance of the acolyte with a new god to proclaim. But it makes for the calm mind, the serene temper, the heart that spends itself in personal affection rather than intellectual hate. There has gone to it the reflective wisdom of sixty years, and it has not been born without pain. It has seen institutions wither and faiths crumble as life has been built upon a wider synthesis of experience. It has, therefore, sought to understand the crude facts of life without repining and to weigh their significance without fear. It is so conscious of the possibility of error in human constructions that it is skeptical, even a little sad, in the presence of clamant affirmation.

For Mr. Justice Holmes has known that great thoughts come only to men who are capable of heroic self-sacrifice. Every man who is to confront the impenetrable universe proudly must, Galileo-like, face an inquisition none the less formidable because it is ceaselessly active in his own heart. To such a philosophy, optimism is a little crude, and the pessimist confounded by the fruits of the yearning to know. There has been, let it be admitted, profound ambition behind it all; the proud sense of what he has called "the secret, isolated joy of the thinker who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought." It is a philosophy which only a mature and courageous mind may dare to accept, the creed of a soldier in the army of truth. For it is prepared to accept whatever the morrow may bring forth and to adjust its final principles to new verities. It is willing to see the world shaped by other men to a pattern it does not approve. It is content if it knows the joy of ceaseless intellectual curiosity, and has experienced something of that inner ecstasy which comes to those who have made the supreme voyages in the history of the human mind.

III

Few of us can look back on the memories which make friendship with Mr. Justice Holmes a liberal education. The Civil War, the Boston of Emerson and Lowell, the London in which Mill was still an eminent contemporary, and Morley and Leslie Stephen on the threshold of manhood—to speak with him of the past years is like a study in the intellectual development of the nineteenth century. His house in Washington, where Henry Adams would come to have his glittering generalizations pricked by the sobering nastiness of a fact, the home in Beverly Farms where he would explain to William James that he was a great psychologist and a dubious metaphysician, these have been to many of us another university where, from friendship, we have half-consciously learned wisdom.

The talk of Mr. Justice Holmes is a thing that few of us who have ever heard it can forget. Nothing is taken for granted, and everything is acceptable save the pompous and the rhetorical. It is swift, racy talk, never self-absorptive, always a little ironical, happy in the marshalling of ideas, rich in allusion. Sometimes his gods have not been ours, and there has been a half amused defense in terms of an attack upon the new idols. We have not seen why he continues to respect Herbert Spencer, and we have learned something of the release Spencer implied to that generation. We have decried Emerson as excessively sententious, and there comes a reminder, verified by the right texts, of how true a poet Emerson was. We have exalted Plato, or Pascal or Newman; and we are made to prove our thesis point by point until a brave epigram perishes in the acid solvent of exaggeration made manifest. We eulogize the æsthetic perception of Henry James, and we are smilingly asked whether it is not the first duty of a novelist to be able to tell a story. We hear a resounding attack upon Rousseau and make protest; we plead

for a re-reading of the text. Then comes a letter in which explanatory recantation is made. If I may so phrase it, talk with him is a lesson in the art of thinking quantitatively. You learn why you put a particular value upon man or book or idea and not a different value. And that vivid, restless mind plays round the whole scheme of discussion, eternally free, because eternally vigilant.

Lord Haldane used to say that Mr. Justice Holmes was, with Morley and Gambetta, one of the three best talkers he had ever known. Here one must differentiate. Gambetta, by all accounts, was not a talker, but a specialist in monologue; and Morley less drew you out than made your observations the basis upon which to build reflections of his own. The judge's talk is of a different kind. It is a co-operative examination of ideas, a hunt with you after an exciting quarry which lurks just over the horizon. There is never an assumption of superiority, never an unfair use of experience, always a willingness to accept the palpable hit. It is like a Platonic dialogue in which Plato allows honest play to the opponents of Socrates. It combines gaiety with illumination, wit with gravity, the flashing phrase with careful precision. No platitudes pass muster in that ample book-lined study in Washington just because they are the commonplaces of tradition; and novelty is rarely eulogized just because it is the fashion of the hour.

It is significant that he has always been loved by the young and that, down to this hour, they have never felt oppressed by the burden of his years. Partly, that is because he takes endless pains to understand them; partly because he is always so anxious to give them of his best. No man of our times has been so eager to know the best there is in the experiment of the moment. No thinker, no poet, no scientist, but he is anxious to sample lest he omit some experience of what may prove precious in the heritage. He will finger the pages of T. S. Eliot to-day in the same quick search for enchantment as sixty years ago he fingered the pages of Tennyson or Whitman or Browning. He will read the last paper of Dewey or Morris Cohen with the same grave attention he has given to Bradley and Spencer. The last great discovery in science gives him the same thrill of excitement that he had when Darwin first gave him the sense of new horizons in the universe. He is inescapably young; and the permanence of his intellectual curiosity makes him friend as well as master.

His temper is that of the soldier and the aristocrat. You see the soldier in him in his sense of the greatness of great action, even more, perhaps, in his sense of great thought as itself great action. Courage, whether it is that of Scott in those last moments in the wastes of the Antarctic, of the soldier on the battlefield, the physician in the typhus-stricken zone, commands his unstinted admiration. There is a flash of the eye, a ring in the voice which are unmistakable. He is an aristocrat in curiously diverse ways. Partly, one sees it in the courtesy, the grave insistence that you are his equal, the careful refusal to say one word that may inflict unnecessary pain. Partly, also, one realizes it in the aloofness from the battlecries of the marketplace, the exquisite sensibility, the constant search for an uncommon beauty which imposes standards as part of the quality of life. He has always wanted certain big things intensely, rather than many things. He has wanted quality of selected experience rather than its amplitude. Mere possession has never interested him, but what he has possessed he has sought to make embody fineness and simplicity. He has never been the æsthete; but he has found the appeal of great art, the etching of Rembrandt, a country scene of Ostade, a Paris bridge of Meryon ultimate and irresistible in their impact. And that aristocracy of temper can be seen, again, in the large part which irony has played in his temperament;

for no quality of thought is less popular or less understood.

He has always been intensely American and proud of the tradition for which his America stands. The granite and barberry bushes of Massachusetts, some old house at Newburyport, a great incident in the history of America, one sees as he points them out how large a part America has played in building his philosophy. Perhaps, indeed, nothing plays so much havoc with his general Stoicism as the type of American who is eager, at all costs, to proclaim the superiority of Europe. He has a full sense of the romance of America, the grim conquest of inexorable nature by the pioneers who wrested civilization from a wilderness. A reverence for Athens and Oxford, Paris and Rome has not made him forget Boston and Harvard, Washington and Virginia. Even his criticism of America is always the lover's doubt; and praise of its achievement strikes a chord of eager response in him. I have never seen him happier than on an evening in Beverly Farms when Felix Frankfurter spoke to him of the sense of emancipation America had conferred upon a young immigrant from Europe.

But that love of America has never been narrow or exclusive. It is not a denial of alien experience or an unwillingness to admit the value and validity of alien tradition. Nor is it merely a pride in bigness, the worst illusion of the petty mind. He has the cosmopolitanism of the great scholar, the sense that knowledge overleaps national boundaries, the power to co-operate with others that comes of the feeling that the task is great and the individual small. And his skepticism has never allowed him to build a sense of values merely in American terms because he knows how wide and complex is the inheritance of America. No one whose mind, like his, has sought to glimpse the whole intellectual heritage of the human race can ever remain prisoned in a jealous patriotism.

If I had to estimate the two qualities in him that have impressed me most, they would be the depth of his sense of justice and the degree to which his mind is open. No judge has ever sat upon the Bench who has been more endlessly anxious about the substance of his decisions; I have seen something of the care and pain and toil which go to their making. If they read like great literature, it is because great literature is always born of the artist's ceaseless travail. Anyone who knows what agony of mind went to the grave dissent in the Frank case, or the ultimate refusal to interfere in the last tragic hours of Sacco and Vanzetti, had an incomparable lesson in what justice can be at its best and highest. He has never been mistaken where effort could have repaired error. No judge has been more anxious to watch in himself and so control what he has termed the "inarticulate major premise" which is so vital a part of judgment.

So, too, with openness of mind. His critics have too seldom realized what a victory his method is of intelligence over instinctive prejudice. The Boston Brahmin is, often enough, an interesting and distinguished type; but he seldom admits, even to himself, that difference of opinion is legitimate. The supreme degree in which Mr. Justice Holmes has schooled himself to tolerance makes one humble in its presence. I have heard him seek to explain, even to defend, men who in hopes, or character, or ideals are utterly alien from his outlook. He is far less critical of the enthusiasm of others than he is of his own. He is more quick to accept a just criticism, more anxious to understand a view with which he does not sympathize than anyone I have ever known. He is impatient only with the bombastic, the rhetorical, and the pompous. He is prepared to examine any view, granted only that it is sincerely held and intelligently defended. Friendship with him, in this realm, is a great lesson in humility.

And he has indeed possessed a genius for friendship. I have come across men who have met him only once and counted

that hour a landmark in their lives. I have known those who have not seen him for a ten years' interval, who yet feel that their communion with him is constant and intimate and full. Friendship with him is a bond that has made instant friendships over the spaces of the world. None of us who love him feels that he is old, only that he is more experienced than we are. None of us who love him but feel, also, that our friendship has dignified and enriched our lives. He keeps affection irresistibly. He, who can give so much, asks for so little. We cannot count his kindnesses, nor measure his inspiration. We know only that we are different and better because he lives and we have loved him. We feel in the things he has done and thought and felt something of that rare beauty which justifies the mystery of life.

FORERUNNER TO RAIN

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

AT FIVE o'clock the fear began:
The day got ready, like a man
Who pauses, crouches, breathing deep,
Before a leap.

The wind stood wondering in the oak,
The air moved, a branch broke;
A wound as old as human grief
Bled in a leaf.

"Now," said the grass. "Now. Now."
A shawl of shadow draped a bough.
Peculiar light over the hill
Shuddered, until

"Anything," I said in fear,
"Impossible could happen here,"
When cold and accurate as a spell,
The large drops fell.

HOW SAFE IS FLYING?

BY CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

AVIATION has now entered its twenty-seventh year, and the question that two generations have asked—How safe is flying?—is about to be passed on to a third. Not even Lindbergh has entirely dissipated the doubt behind this question, nor have tons of statistics and prophecies. The fact is that no one can answer it in all its multiplied aspects, at least at this time, with the precision of certitude. Aviation is still young; there are only about ten thousand airplanes in licensed commercial operation in the United States at this writing; and universal generalities founded upon them, however well rounded, cannot yet convince the millions. Only a long-continuing experience can properly do that. We still, as individuals, distrust flight, since our inherited and actual experience equips us to operate only in two dimensions. It may be that very few of us reason quite in this manner, but it is this fact that keeps most of us on the ground.

There is still a lingering doubt among the non-flying millions, a sense that the airplane is not yet ready for them, nor they for it. Unquestionably, curiosity is slowly overcoming this distrust. More than three million people went aloft in 1929. But the large majority of these were joy-hoppers—people who went aloft for the thrill of it. By contrast, daily patronage on scheduled airways during the year averaged less than 250 passengers for every 90,000 miles of flight. This disproportion cannot be entirely explained away on the ground that air travel rates are high.

Of course these doubts are impatiently waved aside as baseless by the industry and its press-agents. Flying, they exclaim in chorus, is safe. The airplane is safe. Everyone can fly, will fly, should fly. It is as safe up in the air as on the ground. And before the innocent bystander can escape, there comes the awful warning rustle of statistical charts unfolding—passenger miles flown without accident, passengers carried, total miles flown, and so on.

But let us look to definitions and to essentials, since statistics can be misleading. Although these statistical averages are generally lumped together to prove that all kinds of flying are safe, even a casual analysis of them quickly establishes the fact that some forms of flight are much safer than others. More than that, a reasonable analysis will show that while flying is much safer than most of us seem willing to believe, it is far from being as safe, from several points of view, as its more enthusiastic propagandists would have us believe. The airplane, we shall discover, has certain aerodynamic characteristics which, while rendering it splendidly safe under most conditions of flight, do not always make it *safe enough* for *all* conditions of flight.

For instance, and contrary to the happy prophecy, the airplane does not yet seem quite safe enough for all of us to fly. An airplane safe enough for that would have to be one which a person of somewhat less than average attention could, after brief instruction, take aloft and fly with little danger to himself, his passengers, and his neighbors. It would demand of him a minimum of attention

and skill and would provide him with a maximum of automatic safety. Granted such a machine, there is no reason why all of us should not fly.

But the airplane, for all of its efficiency, is not yet as fool-proof as that. Considerable skill is still required in its control. After all, its particular advantage is its superior speed; and the control of speed, especially under the varying conditions an airplane meets, calls for a skilled intelligence. A machine that cannot be operated without loss of stability and control at a speed of less than forty-five miles an hour, and that is subject to rapid and violent movements in three dimensions, is not to be mastered within a few hours. That admirable pilot, Casey Jones, once said, "We can teach anyone to fly, but we cannot make him think." The step from airdrome hedge-hopping to cross-country flight with passengers is a broad one, not only in technic but in moral responsibility as well. Safe flying here calls for quick thinking, good judgment, considerable experience, and a fairly high order of technical knowledge.

"The fact is," according to Captain La Roe, a flight surgeon in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps and an authority on aviation medicine, "that very few may fly. Flying requires a great number of qualities and traits, not any of which is rare in the race, but all of which are found only in a few."

Practice is ever quarreling with theory, and over against this statement must he set the fact that several of the best pilots in this country, who would be judged incapable of safe flight on the basis of medical tests, have had thousands of hours of flight without major accidents. Of course, they are exceptions. Organized transport, on the other hand, will not entrust passengers to a pilot unless he stands up under competent medical tests and has had at least two hundred hours—and preferably a thousand hours—of flight experience.

It is in organized transport on scheduled airways that we find safety in aviation at its peak. During 1928—the last period for which comprehensive figures are available—there were only 85 accidents involving aircraft operating over regular routes, or less than nine per cent of the total number of accidents. There was only one death for every 500,000 miles of such flying, as contrasted with one death for approximately every 200,000 miles of miscellaneous flying—joy-hopping, sport, taxi-service, etc.

The reason for this high record of safety in scheduled air transport lies primarily in the superior organization, superior technic, and—generally—superior machines it has enlisted. There is yet another reason, psychological mostly but, nevertheless, fully as important; and this is that transport flying is as much governed by a respectful recognition of the known limitations of aircraft as by a full and proper exploitation of its obviously safe elements. It declines to take chances with the human equation, with weather, or with the airplane itself; which is considerably more, I dare say, than we can expect the public to do if it were to take up flying in mass now.

This whole problem of safety is an active one at this moment. It divides itself into two questions. The first is whether the minimum requirements for the safe operation of the airplane can be reduced so as to bring it within range of the automobile driver who has neither the time nor the patience to become a specialist. The second is whether the airplane can be freed from too great a dependence upon perfect flying conditions.

The most important experiment progressing toward these objectives—the Safe Airplane Competition of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics—closed in January with the award of the prize to the Curtiss Tanager. The Fund set out two years ago "to achieve a real advance in the safety of flying through improvement in the aerodynamical characteristics of heavier-

than-air craft, without sacrificing the good practical qualities of the present-day aircraft," those qualities being high speed and ability to carry a profitable load.

The safe airplane that was anticipated by this competition must have a minimum top speed of 110 miles per hour, and a landing speed of not over 38 miles per hour. It must be able to fly level, under full control, at a speed of not more than 35 miles per hour, and preferably slower. It must be able to take-off after a run not exceeding 300 feet, and to come to rest, in landing, not over 100 feet from the point where its wheels first touch the ground.

Moreover, this theoretically safe airplane must be stable under all conditions of flight. It must not stall or spin in the event of engine failure. And if, through careless or incompetent piloting, the plane should be forced into an abnormal condition, it must, owing to its inherent stability, return automatically and of its own accord to a steady flat glide within a very short distance of fall.

There has been much criticism of this definition, and now that it has been realized by a single experimental plane—though not yet by any commercially available—it is likely that there will be more. The principal objection seems to be that it places too much emphasis on low speed, the argument being that the airplane's true course of development lies in increased speed, and that in reaching for too much stability there must be a loss of speed. To what extent this is true remains to be seen. But it is a minor point, notwithstanding, in relation to the broader idea of the competition, which was to show that a *safer* form of airplane could be evolved out of present design and present knowledge with no great sacrifice of proper characteristics and no revolutionary change in form.

II

A recent study of airplane accidents both here and abroad showed plainly that most accidents can be divided into two general divisions. The first group consists of those caused by the failure of the unit itself, either directly or as a result of conditions under which it operates. The second is made up of those caused by failure of the pilot—in other words, human failure—due to careless or faulty flying.

Generally, structural and engine failures are responsible for about twenty per cent of the accidents. Weather, poor visibility, and darkness contribute an additional eleven per cent. Miscellaneous causes add about fourteen per cent more. Blame for the rest—at least fifty per cent of the total—is traced to human failure, which is to say, incompetent or careless flying.

It is while assessing these elements making for accidents that we come to what appears to be an almost general cause. There was a total of 1,132 airplane accidents in the United States in 1928. Of this number, well over eight hundred were caused by spins and stalls, either due to engine or structural failure or to improper flying, and to accidents while in the act of landing or taking-off.

And in practically every one of these accidents it becomes evident that the considerable minimum speed necessary for maintaining controllable and stable flight played a large part not only in the initial cause, but in the extensiveness of the accident. It is the impossibility of steady flight below what is known as the stalling speed that is the greatest source of danger to air travel to-day.

Every plane has its particular stalling speed. While this varies according to the type of airfoil used, practically all aircraft operating to-day have a minimum flying speed ranging from forty-five to sixty miles per hour. When flying speed falls below that level, the plane ceases to fly. The wing fails to produce enough lift to overcome gravity, and control disappears. The plane, in short, is no longer a flying machine. It

is then on the verge of falling off its line of motion, perhaps into a spin.

This condition, which is accompanied by loss of control and stability, may be reached from normal flight within a very few seconds. It may be caused by careless flying—by flying at too high an angle of attack; it may come about in a fog; or it may arise from the necessity of attempting a landing within a limited area, or taking off toward a dangerously high obstacle. Once a plane thus stalls, it may fall four or five hundred feet before the pilot can regain control. If the condition is reached at a low altitude, there is generally work for the crash board.

Since a landing, obviously, cannot be made at a speed lower than this minimum speed, the difficulties besetting a pilot trying to manœuver a forced landing, say in a narrow strip of ground, and avoid a crash before his plane loses flying speed are apparent. Landing at a high rate of speed involves the risk of collision with some obstacle on the ground. To avoid one, a pilot may risk cutting down his airspeed to the last thin margin. Coming in, he will set his wings at a high angle of attack, to preserve lift and to kill speed. And presently, if he is not skillful, his plane stalls.

Now it is possible—indeed, it is the custom—to argue that incompetent and careless flying is responsible for most accidents of this kind. Blaming the dead engineer in print and the surviving one in the anonymity of statistical percentages is an American practice of long standing. And yet it does not seem altogether just to indict the human element alone for these accidents, even if a goodly part of them are due to lapses in judgment. The fact remains that the very inflexibility of the airplane was an accessory before the fact.

Even the best of pilots have crashed. And if the airplane itself is not safe in average hands, even when the pilot uses normally good judgment, it is the plane—not the pilot—that needs rebuilding. Safety in aviation will become general only when planes are designed to fit pilots as they find them.

Certainly the inescapable consequences of this high minimum speed have on several occasions played hob with the much publicized safety factors of the multi-engined plane. That this craft is the safest of flying machines, under all conditions of flight, is self-evident. A tri-motored plane can continue to fly safely if one motor cuts out, provided, of course, that the other motors have enough reserve power to accommodate the plane's load. But several accidents during the past two years have shown that when motors have failed—which, fortunately, is not often—the tri-motored plane is as susceptible to the hazards of high minimum speed as the single-engined plane. When six tons of structure coast earthward at a minimum speed of fifty miles an hour, seeking a landing place catch-as-catch-can, the prospect is always hazardous. The crash of the tri-motored Ford at Newark last spring, and of the Fokker F-32, the largest plane in the country, are cases in point.

Failure of the human element was held responsible in both cases. In the first it was contended that the pilot, through faulty technic, had stalled the engines; in the second, that the pilot had taken off when his engines were not functioning properly. As far as it goes, the evidence is incontrovertible. But there still remains the fact that in neither case did the pilot lose control of his craft. He simply had to come down. And, being unable to extend the gliding angle to reach a safe landing place, he could do no more than sit tight, staving off a stall, until the crash. Momentum did the rest.

III

As a matter of fact, there is no mechanical obstacle to prevent reducing this minimum speed as much as fifty per cent. The first Wright machines had a mini-

mum speed of about twenty-five miles per hour. But their maximum speed was not much greater. What happened as the result of subsequent efforts to increase maximum speed? Wartime training planes had what is technically called a speed range of about two: a minimum speed of forty miles per hour and a top speed of eighty. Wartime fighters had a speed range of two and one-half: a low of fifty miles per hour and a top speed of one hundred and twenty-five. And modern high-speed commercial planes have a range of three: a low speed of sixty miles per hour and a top speed of one hundred and eighty.

The gain in top speed, it is apparent, has been at the expense of minimum low speed, which is obviously safe speed. In order to effect a reduction in minimum speed, engineers have held that there must be a substantial reduction in the two great selling qualities of the present-day airplane—high speed and ability to carry a profitable load.

By changing physically the design and area of a wing, the designer could make it either fast or slow, according to the speed-range ratio; but he could not, until recently, make it both fast and slow, in order that the pilot might adapt it to the conditions of flight as they arose. Since the speed range was fixed, a gain in top speed meant a substantial increase in low minimum speed; and a reduction of the latter meant a serious reduction in the former. To put it in another way, an airplane that would fly under control at thirty-five miles per hour could not fly faster, at top speed, than one hundred miles per hour.

The attempts that have been made to lengthen this speed range have been principally of two kinds: (1) attempts to develop a wing section so shaped as to give a maximum value to the aerodynamical coefficient governing lift, either through the design of a wing the curve of which can be altered in flight, or else through modification of the wing section by extraneous means; and (2) experiments with the ornithopter and the helicopter.

The first group of experiments has already yielded excellent results in the shape of slots and flaps. A slot is substantially another narrow wing, hinged in front of the leading edge of the main wing. Its camber, or curve, practically parallels the curve of the entering edge. At high speeds in level flight the slot is pressed tightly against the entering edge, presenting the appearance of an unbroken wing, and in this position does not lessen the low-resistance properties of the large wing in high-speed flight.

But when the wing swings up at a high angle of attack, say, near the stalling angle, the force of the air wedges it open. Although the angle of the large wing is then high, and due to loss of speed and lift is about to stall, the slot is at a normal angle of attack. In this position the slot catches the air flow and directs it smoothly across the upper surface of the wing. This flattens out the air flow, prevents the lift-destroying eddies in the air flow past the wing, and delays the stall considerably. These slots are operated manually in some planes, and automatically in others, in the latter by changing air pressures.

Slots have been praised and condemned with equal vehemence. I have heard it argued that they will freeze in flight and render a plane excessively unstable. This is not true. Not long ago, the Norwegian government in a series of tests allowed the slots with which several of its new planes had been equipped to become frozen in flight. Yet, unfailingly, when the planes swung up toward the stalling angle, the sheer force of air pressure burst the slots clear. It is a pity that the too enthusiastic proponents of the slot at first hailed it as the cure for all flying ills, which it obviously was not. The resultant prejudice has blinded its detractors to its particular efficiency. For it has been well demonstrated that a plane properly

equipped with slots cannot be forced into a stall—or spin—from normal flight without a violent displacement of the controls; and even when deliberately spun—which it does not do very easily—it will recover steady flight with surprising rapidity.

Flaps serve another and auxiliary purpose, and in both experimental commercial and fighting planes have been used in conjunction with slots. In Handley-Page models, for example, the two work together automatically; in the Curtiss Tanager plane the flaps are manipulated by the pilot, while the slots work automatically. Flaps are no more than hinged surfaces attached to the trailing edge of a wing. In appearance they greatly resemble an exaggerated aileron, but their purpose is to give a high lift at unusually high angles of attack. In reality, a flap is a variable camber. At high speeds, it is flatly horizontal, taking on the characteristics of the streamline. As the angle of the wing increases, the flaps move down; in some machines they have a range of 45° from the horizontal. By increasing the camber, the flaps increase the lift and the drag, and this helps to slow down landing speeds.

The function of both of these accessories is to add control at lower speeds without diminishing to any great extent the airplane's normal characteristics at higher speeds. Planes equipped with these devices, and thus rendered stall-proof at speeds as low as thirty-five miles per hour, have been pushed to a top speed of one hundred and ten miles an hour. They are, it is true, relatively slower at top speed than wings not similarly equipped; but it is the belief of engineers who have studied them that this gain in the speed range, slight as it is, can be increased with further experiment.

They promise, at least, a new road toward safety. Out of the twenty-seven types of airplanes which were entered in the Guggenheim competition only those equipped with slots proved capable of this range of controllable speed.

Generally speaking, the greater the curvature of a wing, the greater is its maximum lift. The theoretically perfect wing form would have the low drag of the racing wing in the low incidence and the high lift and stabilizing qualities of the slotted wing in the high incidence. Since this perfect form is not yet capable of attainment, wings are generally designed for the particular purpose to which they are to be put. But there has been a continuing effort to incorporate these desired characteristics into a single wing, the camber of which can be altered in flight, to suit the conditions of speed and stability as they present themselves. Such a wing is called a variable cambered wing, and it involves, broadly speaking, the extension of the principle of flaps to the entire wing, which is divided into movable sections. Truth to say, it has not yet been proved practical, and in actual performance falls far short of the virtues of the slotted and flapped wing.

There is, lastly, the auto-gyro, which is to many the question mark in aviation. This invention of de la Cierva's translates the factors of fixed wing flight into moving wing flight. Four attenuated blades fixed to a mast extending above the fuselage are rotated by the force of the air flow. They provide the lifting surfaces, and because of their ability to develop high speed in flight, are capable of landing the machine at a very steep angle of attack, with a very low horizontal and vertical speed. Theoretically the auto-gyro is a plane without a stalling angle or stalling speed.

But its true capabilities remain very much in the dark. The extent of the loads it can carry, its maximum speed, its behavior in rough air have not yet been disclosed. The model submitted for the Guggenheim competition, unfortunately, was withdrawn before it could be tested. It is the stubborn belief of most aerodynamists that de la Cierva has by no means solved his

problem. Whatever the performance of the auto-gyro, they argue—seemingly very rationally—that as a vehicle for transporting weight from one point to another it must always be less efficient than the orthodox airplane.

IV

A stable airplane is one which, upon being disturbed from steady flight in equilibrium, will automatically return to equilibrium. All of the forces acting upon it—power, drag, gravity, and lift—are nicely balanced. If any of these quantities is suddenly displaced, either as a result of gusty air, motor failure, or control, the other factors will promptly restore the plane to normal flight. In short, a soundly rigged plane will virtually fly itself, under decent conditions, without assistance from the pilot.

Practically every modern licensed plane possesses this inherent stability in varying degrees. Yet up to a few years ago a stable plane was unheard of. Flying required constant attendance upon the controls. Wartime planes, rather than evincing any aptitude for automatic recovery, on the contrary showed a remarkably consistent aptitude for automatic spins and stalls. Most planes of to-day, however, will fly "hands off" for minutes at a time in good air, and many of them will not spin easily.

Here, perhaps, is the greatest gain made in safety in modern design. It has been accomplished both by the use of slots and by refinement of the fixed wing. But here, as before, there is still the question: Is it stable enough?

According to the specifications laid down by the engineers for the Guggenheim Fund, the theoretically safe plane should be able to fly steadily in gusty air, with the controls untouched, for "not less than five minutes." If, in the event of severe misuse of the controls, it should be forced into a spin, it should be so stable that the pilot can recover control within 250 feet of fall; and if he is unable to do it the plane will of its own accord recover a steady glide path within 500 feet. Such conditions of stability speak for themselves.

But there is this even more important condition. If, in the event of engine failure, the pilot should yank back hard on the stick, which would ordinarily cause a stall, the plane will not stall or spin. Owing to some uncharted reflex action of the human mind, this is precisely what nine out of ten inexperienced pilots will do. Although reason dictates that the nose should be held down in order to gain and maintain flying speed, the pilot instinctively yanks back on the stick. The plane stalls, perhaps spins. Here is the cause of scores of accidents.

Man, after all, is still a non-flying primate. He is not yet accustomed to his new role. He is apt to think poorly, to become careless. We have—and always had—the same trouble with the automobile, on a lesser scale. Aeronautical design to-day is wisely directed toward further protecting him against his lapses and slow-wittedness.

How near are we to this ideal? Very near, I should say. The winning plane in the Guggenheim competition met these specifications, at least one of the other experimental planes approached them, and a number of planes in commercial use have come very near most of them.

This matter of stability is the subject of considerable academic debate within the industry. It is possible, of course, to make an airplane too stable. Aside from the speed lost in reproportioning its parts, there is the fact that a plane inherently stable is more sluggish to the controls: it has a will of its own, a fairly tenacious inclination to continue in its line of motion.

While this complaint is undeniably true, it is doubtful if it will ever have much application to commercial craft, whose purpose calls for no more, as a rule, than a steady journey from one airport to another. For fighting craft, naturally, too much stability would be fatal.

Safety has been entrenched in aircraft design in other ways. In the past, the evolution of wings, streamline, rudder, tail, and fuselage forms was largely the result of trial and error. To-day it is a precise science. In wind tunnels and on blue prints, engineers are quietly working out the fundamental laws which govern flight. Airplanes are no longer built according to round coefficients, speculatively arrived at.

Consider, for example, recent research done in connection with tail surfaces. Certain types of planes had a tendency to shed these surfaces while recovering from steep dives. Since the problem was of a nature that could not be solved conveniently by theory, planes loaded with delicate calibrating instruments were sent aloft and tested almost to destruction. For the first time the extent of the load carried by the tail was measured. It was far greater, in such a manœuver, than had been realized, and the weakly designed members were torn loose. The research that uncovered the cause led to the formula of construction that would nullify it. To-day such accidents are uncommon—or at least unnecessary.

So, too, with every other integral part of the airplane. By arduous flight-testing and pure research, the contours and ratios of ailerons, rudders, and elevators have been calculated past successive decimal points. For example, not long ago the ailerons and rudders of certain types of ships went dead in flight in certain manœuvers; they became blanketed from the airflow, with a consequent loss of control. New knowledge has largely eliminated these former hazards. The possibility of failure has been reduced not only in the completed airplane but in the projected design as well.

Clearly, safety has come about through strengthened structure. Since an airplane is designed to manœuver rapidly, it must be able to accept rapidly changing stresses and pressure, differing in intensity and application. A fundamental manœuver is recovery from a steep dive with power on, in which the combined effects of acceleration due to gravity and centrifugal force build up an "equivalent gravity" several times the normal stress a plane is subjected to in steady flight. The ratio between this pull and the normal value of gravity is called the load factor; and the ratio of the designed strength of the airplane to the maximum load factor, for any distribution of pressure, is an airplane's factor of safety. It is the margin between structural integration and disintegration in abnormal flight conditions.

All licensed commercial ships must have a designed strength equivalent to a load factor of seven or eight, although they are rarely called upon to experience a load factor greater than four, and usually will not have to bear more than two. This is a wide margin of safety, and explains why structural failures comprise only five per cent of all accidents. Military planes, on the other hand, while possessing a safety factor close to twelve, are sometimes forced to bear load factors very near the breaking point in violent manœuverings. Structural failures in military ships are, therefore, comprehensible and need not shake one's faith in commercial aircraft.

But deplore the inanity that moves some pilots to manœuver commercial planes like fighters. Several months ago on a Long Island field I saw a young pilot take aloft a small plane, designed for normal, commercial flight, and put it through a breath-taking succession of stunts. It was silly, dangerous business. Many good men and good ships have ended their days doing the same thing. Safety in aviation—and this is a point that all good pilots recognize—is as much dependent upon a recognition of the airplane's particular limitations as upon its structural strength. Failure to appreciate this fact unquestionably played a large part in the undoing of more than two hundred unlicensed pilots who crashed in 1928.

V

Since it is obvious that organized air transport—and, perhaps, in years to come, all kinds of flying—cannot afford to wait upon weather, the problem of safe navigation in fog is vital. The problem must be met sooner or later: the mere suspension of air traffic during bad conditions, the practice of "coming down in a convenient pasture"—as the representative of one of our great aeronautical concerns put it—when fog creeps up, is no proper solution. In the first place, the transport plane cannot afford to remain a fair-weather vehicle. In the second place, so quickly does bad weather gather that there may be no pasture convenient.

"Blind flying"—flying in fog, guided only by instrument—is still the bane of most pilots' lives, and the recent crash of the T. A. T. tri-motored plane against a mountain side in New Mexico showed that it is a problem not yet solved.

Although laymen do not generally realize it, the greatest change in piloting since the Wrights has been the transition from "flight by feel" to "flight by instrument." In wartime training students were taught to fly by feel and sense alone, by determining balance and speed from the changing hum of wires and the resistance of controls under varying conditions of flight. Training ships were practically stripped of instruments, and even the best of pilots looked upon them as useless gadgets.

But changed design, bringing enclosed cabins, balanced controls, and the elimination of wires, did away with these warning signals. And soon the pilot discovered that the most delicate sense of feel was utterly inadequate when the horizon disappeared in fog. If fog caught him in flight he was likely to end miles off his course, if he had not previously come down in a tail spin.

With the rise of transport flying the need for more instruments for fog-flying became pressing. More of them began to appear on the dashboard: a compass to set the course, a "bubble" inclinometer to show whether the plane was properly balanced in level flight or bank, a turn indicator to show the deviation from the course, and a tachometer, air-speed indicator, rate of climb indicator, and altimeter to indicate variations along the flight path.

Good as they were, these instruments did not begin to solve fog navigation. All of them showed broad and disturbing errors in three dimensions. From the pilot's point of view, they involved tremendous attention; and to the strain of piloting, of keeping the flight path level, of navigating, and of watching motor instruments, there was superimposed the job of correlating all these rapidly changing factors and translating them into corrective control. This meant a great deal of split-second clerical work.

This is difficult enough to do in smooth air. The two masters of instrument flying in this country, Lieutenant Doolittle and Colonel Lindbergh, have both declared that two hours of "blind flying," even in good air, is exhausting. But in bumpy air and storm it is impossible after a very few minutes. The mathematical structure of equilibrium comes tumbling down, and the pilot is thrown upon his native resources.

A recent experience of Doolittle's reminds us of the reported experiences of mail and trans-Atlantic pilots. Flying east from Uniontown, Pa., he ran into bad weather over the mountains. The air was so rough that Doolittle presently lost his mathematical course. However, glancing at his instruments, he was reassured to note that all were recording as should be. All except the air-speed indicator. It showed an increasing speed.

Doolittle was puzzled. The other instruments did not disclose any reason for this increased speed. The plane was apparently in level flight. All about him was gray fog. There was no horizon upon which to steady himself. But still—there was this mounting speed.

He took a chance, pulled back hard on the stick. He could not tell which way he was turning, nor which way to move the stick in order to regain control.

In response, the plane immediately showed a considerable upward acceleration. But the speed, Doolittle observed, by no means fell off as rapidly as it would have had the plane zoomed from a balanced position. He calculated, therefore, that the plane was in a steep bank—tilted sidewise with the wings almost vertical—and he controlled out of it. His first instinctive movement had saved him. Had he moved the stick the wrong way, the plane would have turned over on its back and probably crashed.

If an expert like Doolittle is thus at the mercy of fog, what are the chances of other pilots? The record of crashes in fog, as well as the general suspension of traffic in thick weather, are both answers. Pilots who are reluctant to trust themselves to instruments will chance a groping flight under the fog layer, if this is not too low, risking collision with buildings or mountains. But this is not safe flying. The German Lufthansa pilots, particularly, have been scored for the practice.

There are two obvious solutions to the problem. One is to dissipate fog over airports. No practical means to that end has yet been found. The second is the development of better instruments and more positive control in flight. The added stability of planes has helped here, and the radio promises much. Radio now enables a pilot to follow a definite, automatic course, such as that marked out by the radio beacon; to keep informed as to weather conditions along his path; to obtain bearings, and, in the event of emergency, to summon help.

The radioing of bearings to aircraft is a system widely used in Europe. A plane in flight calls for its positions every ten minutes or so. Ground stations triangulate on it, and within two minutes after the request is made the position is radioed back. While this method is effective under normal conditions, it has been observed that under adverse atmospheric conditions very wide variations are frequently set up in the direction of the incoming wave, with so great a resulting possibility of error that flights have been called off rather than risk having a ground station transmit a false bearing.

The radio beacon appears to be much more effective. A wedge-shaped beam of signals is sent along an airway—a rhythmic succession of the letters "A" and "N" in the telegraph code. The pilot, equipped with earphones, listens in constantly. If he is on his course, the signals interlock, spelling the coded letter "T." If he is to one side, they spell "A," to the other, "N." Thus he can ride the "T" to his destination.

This aural beacon seems to have one disadvantage. Listening to the constant, rhythmic chatter becomes a punishment, like little drops of water falling on the head in a Chinese torture chamber. Moreover, careful study has shown that a pilot flies better with his eyes than with his ears; they are more sensitive, less susceptible to fatigue. Consequently, a silent, visual beacon is under construction. The signals will actuate two vertical reeds set in an instrument on the dashboard. If the pilot is directly on his course—and, therefore, on the beam—the reeds will vibrate with equal intensity, at low amplitude. If he wanders off to one side, the reed on that side will vibrate more rapidly than the other.

The radio beacon has been of tremendous assistance in guiding planes from one airport to another in the face of dirty weather. But there its effectiveness ceases. It cannot guide a plane to a landing. The pilot must take his chances of picking his way down through the murk to the landing field somewhere below.

Here again we must turn to the excellent experimental work of the Guggenheim Fund. On September 24, 1929, Lieutenant Doolittle took off from Mitchel Field in a plane the cockpit of which

was entirely enclosed. Guided only by his instruments, he flew away from the field, circled it, crossed and re-crossed it, and then glided to a landing, coming to a stop four hundred feet from his starting point. Another pilot sat in the forward cockpit, ready to take over the controls in the event of a miscalculation. But his presence was unnecessary. As neatly as if he had had full vision, Doolittle brought the plane to earth.

In this flight Doolittle used only three instruments not in standard use. The first of these was an artificial horizon instrument, a novel mechanism which not only reproduced the position of the true and unseen horizon, but showed as well the position of the plane's nose with respect to it. The second was a highly developed gyroscopic compass, which gave a quick and positive reading for any change in course, such as a bank preparatory to landing; it was free from the lag in the ordinary magnetic compass, which renders it useless for instantly determining changes in a course.

The third instrument was a new type of barometric altimeter. In ordinary flying along a course a pilot need know his altitude only roughly; but coming in for a landing in fog, he must know it exactly. The present standard altimeter may show fluctuations equivalent to from fifty to seventy-five feet; pressure variations corresponding to that in terms of recorded altitude have been known to occur at one point over a period of five minutes. This new instrument is a very sensitive one, with gradations down to ten feet. Just before the pilot comes in for a landing, he radioes the station at the field and gets the correct pressure reading at the ground. It is the work of a moment, then, to correct his own altimeter.

Still another instrument that Doolittle used was a short-range, equi-signal zone beacon, in principle very much like the standard beacon already described. This beacon guided him directly to the field. Its energy, which has an effective range of fifteen miles, is picked up by the reeds. As the plane nears the field, the beam narrows until it becomes quite difficult to stay on it; and the vibration of the reeds increases until, when the plane is directly over the center of the airport, there is a momentary lull; then the vibration renews itself.

Thus, in theory at least, the art of blind flying has progressed to the point where a plane can not only be artificially guided through fog from one airport to another, but actually into a landing at an airport. Further experiments are now under way to merge these two elements. The beam from the standard long-range beacon will intersect the beam from the local beacon a short distance from the field. In the lull between signals from the first, the pilot will pick up the signals of the second, and can then ride the beam to a landing.

The chief difficulties at the moment lie in the fact that this local beacon does not establish the distance of the plane from the field, the boundaries of the field, or the topographical conditions surrounding it. Consequently, unless the pilot knows these conditions exactly, the beacon is no more than an approximate aid at this period of its development. However, the Bureau of Standards is working on this problem, and I have been told by a competent judge that it has developed a signal beam which, if it lives up to its promise, may incline an airplane's flight path directly into a landing, past obstructions, and well within the boundaries of an airport.

The possibility of automatically safe flight in fog has been brought considerably nearer as a result of recent experiments with a gyroscopic stabilizer. This most efficient of robots has now been applied to aircraft, and showed itself capable of steering a perfect course. Not only does it eliminate the possibility of human error, it also relieves the pilot of much of the strain of flying, allowing him instead to concentrate on his instruments.

One objection raised against the gyroscope is that it has a tendency to over-

control. Whereas the pilot instinctively reverses the controls as the plane swings back to normal position, thus easing the violence of the displacement, this automatic pilot is neither able to reverse the controls, nor return them to neutral, until the plane has passed through its normal position. Whether this disadvantage can be overcome is not immediately predictable.

On the strength of these recent developments, it may be said—with due consideration for their rudimentary character—that an artificial vision, effective in all the dimensions in which the airplane moves, should be available to the pilot in the near future. At least it should be made available to the master transport pilot. And when these instruments are finally perfected, "blind flying" in fog and storm should lose much of its present danger.

VI

To what degree we may be able to hope for complete safety in the air is something that I would not undertake to answer. So long as the human element must play such a large part in the control of aircraft, we must expect an element of hazard. No machine is foolproof in the hands of a careless, slow-witted driver. The enormous list of automobile accidents proves that even this vehicle, which moves in but a single plane, requires but little skill, has a minimum speed of zero, and is—if properly used—impervious to weather conditions, is not an absolutely safe machine.

We may expect queer and terrible things in the air. Already we have had a foretaste of them. A plane has crashed against a skyscraper. Another, crashing, set fire to several suburban homes. We have had hit-and-run pilots, the aerial equivalent of the worst rascal in motordom. And we have had reckless and drunken pilots. By and large, the airplane is not always to blame, nor is its fundamental safety at all undermined. It would simply be expecting too much to hope that a change of a few thousand feet in altitude would have a great sobering effect upon human nature. And the airplane suffers the more in that it is still regarded as a romantic vehicle, a justification for heroic recklessness.

Still, we may take comfort from the fact that well organized transport in the air will be conducted with as little unnecessary risk as the operation of the railroads. Commercial flight is a business, and the sooner it can be made safe, the sooner it loses its heroic trappings, the more quickly will it pay dividends. And a number of states, co-operating with the Department of Commerce, are doing their best to do away with fake flying schools and eliminate unlicensed pilots and unlicensed machines.

Let us keep in mind, too, that the airplane and aviation are both changing constantly, always moving toward improvement. No machine has been the object of such extensive research as the airplane. The limitations affecting its safety are being constantly reduced. It is, within these limitations, safe now. But it will be safer, much safer.

We must keep in mind that we are not yet an air-minded people, even though Lindbergh can still draw a crowd anywhere in the land. Commercial and sport flying is not likely to reach its true stature until the new, growing generation takes its place in the world. And this will be a less prejudiced, a less fearful generation, accustomed to the sight of aircraft and ready to accept the airplane as we accepted the horseless carriage after our fathers had viewed it unhappily and with alarm. I dare say that normal safety will have an entirely different meaning to them.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF A LAWBREAKER

BY L. M. HUSSEY

THE crimes and misdemeanors in the melancholy catalogue that follows were committed in the largest city of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It was necessary, of course, that they be perpetrated somewhere; one cannot well err in a vacuum. The locus, however, was unimportant. Their perpetrator would have behaved quite as grievously in any other place where laws have been written into books.

True, the nature of his crimes might have varied in certain details. Everyone is aware that the decalogue has been amplified by legislatures, and that the details of amplification differ from place to place. Thus, that which is heinous here is innocent there. For this reason profound thinkers of our time realize no one may be a good citizen by following any naïve—even sensible—standard of innocent behavior. Law, being fixed and written, is more majestic than reason, which is capricious. Certain other morals to be drawn from this history are left to the sagacity of the reader.

On this unhappy day Mr. Richard Clarke, who presented to the world the deceptive aspect of a law-abiding man, arose at seven o'clock. After shaving, he examined his not uncomely face in the glass, and the counterfeit that looked back at him was, strange as it may seem, free from telltale lines of depravity. No Lombroso could have discovered upon it a single one of those stigmata which are said to mark the features of habitual offenders against the peace.

For a time the prevaricating face wore a smile; indeed, the smile persisted until Clarke, returning to his bedroom, discovered Frank, his wire-haired terrier, in the act of misusing a volume of poems by Edgar Guest, the revered poet laureate. Frank, who was yet something of a puppy, cared nothing for the sugary stimulation of the laureate's verse. He had made a bone of the laureate's work and had so far succeeded in splintering it that the book had virtually returned to the pulp from which it came.

With his customary disregard for law, Mr. Clarke wantonly beat Frank with a slipper. Frank howled piteously, but his master went about dressing in callous indifference to an infraction of an act of assembly. Had he, as he deserved, been prosecuted under that act, he might have been fined the sum of $200 and been imprisoned for the term of one year (Act of March 31, 1860, P. L. 382). And let no one argue that common sense should allow any man the right to correct an erring dog. Law is law, and so long as law remains upon the statute book its strict enforcement, against whatever sense, is the charge of government—a point not debatable.

Frank, who knew nothing of law, shortly forgave his master, frolicked about his feet, accompanied him downstairs, begged for fragments of food at the breakfast table and, at last growing bored, went to the back door where he barked to get out.

Now it may be said of Clarke's next act that it was excusable on the ground that he did, after all, have a regard for Frank and desired his comfort. Such an excuse would but exemplify a further article in the current heresy that certain acts of lawmakers had better be ignored.

Mr. Clarke chose to ignore one of these; he opened the door and, after the passage of Frank, closed it. *Frank was at large, unattended, unmuzzled, in the street.* In permitting Frank this liberty the habitual offender who was his master ignored and violated four ordinances of the city wherein he dwelt (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1855, 213; *ibid.*, 1869, 204; *ibid.*, 1871, 55; *ibid.*, 1872, 49).

A moment later the unhappy child of this father, a youth of eight years called Robert, appeared, and in his arms he carried a large paper kite. He clamored for aid in flying it; his parent, doubtless with more regard for his own comfort than any decent respect for law, resisted these pleas for a time. In the end he yielded. Going out with young Robert to the street, he abetted that unwitting child in the flying of his kite, thereby offending against a well-known nuisance act that, had it been enforced, would have left that father five dollars the worse for his failure to abide by its provisions (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1864, 357).

Leaving his child to the nefarious practice of kite-flying, which the city fathers had many years before forbidden, the reprehensible Clarke took up his hat and walked in the direction of his place of business. The day, one of the last of November, was chill. Clarke walked briskly, smoking a cigarette. His way led him by a public square, a little park of denuded trees and forlorn, unoccupied benches.

Now, to a law-abiding man, two courses of action were open. Electing to continue with his smoking, he had no other duty than to eschew the public square. Choosing to cut across the square, he must extinguish the burning weed. But Clarke, as we know, held the ordainments of legislators in chronic disregard. It did not satisfy him that he had, less than ten minutes earlier, offended a well-known nuisance act. Again he offended: *he entered the public square smoking.* The five dollars that should have left his pocket, alas, remained there (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1864, 357; *ibid.*, 1869, 323).

Clarke had now come to the shop where he sold such trumpery stuffs as candy, toys, novelties, popular novels, and the like. His clerk was opening a box which had come that morning from a manufacturer. It contained a supply of popguns and wooden cannon that hurled cork projectiles. A better man than Clarke would have bade his clerk return these forbidden articles of trade to their maker. But Clarke *placed them on sale.* This indifference to the statutes of the Commonwealth might well have cost him dear had the authorities performed their duty. Clarke should have been arraigned before a court of law where his crime would have cost him $500 in money and one year in jail (Act of June 11, 1885, P. L. 111).

But here he was, far from fine or durance, gathering up the debris of the packing case. Inadvertently he thrust a splinter into his hand and, intrepid in crime, swore aloud in profane use of his Creator's name. Where were the enforcement agents of the peace? With that light use of a Holy Name Clarke flouted another statute (Act of April 22, 1794, 3 Sm. L. (Pa.) 177). He should have suffered the penalty of a fine of 67 cents.

Calling his clerk, he set about the business of preparing revised price-tags for a window display of boxed candy. It was to be a sale of odds and ends with the bait of bargain prices. Clarke directed his clerk in the writing of the tickets. Each one declared the former price, through which a line was struck, and beneath which the amended price was set. The conscienceless Clarke, for purposes of contrast, set the original price somewhat higher than it had been, and when this work was done, prepared a circular for the printer which restated these prevarications. In short, *he advertised his goods in misleading terms.* Again, enforcement, the indubitable duty of the authorities, did not follow the act. Yet this fresh mis-

demeanor should have cost its perpetrator the sum of $1,000 and, what is more, put him behind bars for sixty days (Act of March 20, 1913, P. L. 6).

Meanwhile, so feeble had become the arm of authority, so palsied the hand of justice, that Clarke continued his labors in the shop without interruption. Customers came and went. Although they conversed with the proprietor, they had no suspicion of his real character. They saw in him only an affable fellow, ready to speak of the weather. But Clarke was all the while contemplating fresh outrages; he was contriving an assault upon the criminal code of the federal government. The moment for action arrived. Clarke removed the last cigarette from a package on his desk and forthwith threw the empty package into his wastebasket *without utterly destroying the revenue stamp*. Had the proper penalty been applied for this crime, Clarke would have lost $50 and gone to prison for six months (U. S. Criminal Code, sec. 848).

Now the hour for luncheon arrived. During that hour Clarke was to have his opportunity again to fall foul of the criminal code of the federal government. He put on his hat, walked to the corner, and purchased coffee and a sandwich at a restaurant cleverly masquerading as a drug store. When he came out again he bethought him of a trifling purchase he needed to make at the tobacconist's, a block farther on. He pointed his steps in that direction, made his purchase, fell into conversation with the proprietor, and was presently asked why he did not risk a small sum of money on a pool, or lottery, based upon the cumulative weekly runs, or scores, of certain professional baseball clubs.

But Clarke refused the bait! A chance to abet a felony was offered him, and he declined it. Something, however, must have stirred in his devious, dark heart. For he lingered, and he talked further with the nefarious lottery, or pool, promoter, and he saw that man take up and place in an envelope a ticket for the chance, or lottery, and he saw that envelope sealed and stamped.

It was now his plain duty to hurry forth and secure the first officer of the peace to be seen. More, it was his duty to apprehend the felonious vendor of lottery tickets himself. Both these duties were obligatory under the hallowed provisions of common law. Yet he performed neither the one act nor the other. On the heels of this failure to apprehend a felon in the commission of a felony came an overt and still more reprehensible act. At the request of the felonious tobacconist, he took the letter into his own hands, carried it to the nearest pillar-box, and there placed it in the custody of the United States mail! He himself was now the felon—but justice once more failed to reach him. No penalty of $1,000 in fine and two years in confinement followed upon his act (U. S. Criminal Code, sec. 213).

A recidivist of recidivists, Clarke strolled back to his place of business. Shortly after his arrival his clerk returned from the printer, bearing a bundle of handbills still smelling of fresh ink. Clarke directed his clerk to distribute these handbills from door to door throughout the neighborhood. In so ordering his clerk, the master misdemeanant broke a civic ordinance which forbids the distribution of handbills (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1882, 63, as amended by ordinances of 1900, 98). His disregard for law should have cost him $20.

The afternoon now progressed toward that time of day when the bleak outlines of the city are softened by the touch of twilight. For more than an hour Clarke had committed neither felony, nor misdemeanor, nor nuisance. He had even declined a chance to place a cancelled stamp upon a letter, a stamp that had somehow found its way into a drawer of unused stamps. But this avoidance of an offense against the criminal code of the federal government was but an example of one of those acts which, as they break the rule, prove it.

The rule of Clarke's life was the rule of the lawbreaker. It was not long before it reëstablished its sway.

Twilight had deepened; the streets were populous with workers returning to their homes. As Clarke reached his dwelling he saw his son Robert struggling to carry a velocipede from the porch to the sidewalk.

A good father and a proper citizen would have sternly admonished the poor lad. Not so Clarke, the habitual offender against the peace. Brazenly, in open view of passers-by, he ran up the steps, gathered the poor lad under one arm, the velocipede under the other, took both to the sidewalk, and there placed the child astride the vehicle. Little Robert rode off upon the velocipede, and the father of that misguided boy had caused him to violate a civic ordinance which for sixty years had forbidden the practice of pedalling velocipedes on public ways (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1869, 323).

A little later in the evening we find him entertaining a friend. These two were speaking of divers matters, and at last they came to talk of things religious. No light of iniquity shone from the eyes of Clarke, and such was his dissembling that he appeared to converse with a sweet reasonableness. So when his friend said to him that, although there may be things in Holy Scripture, stories of journeyings with the whale, and tales of thaumaturgic wine, that are not wholly credible to the modern man, these little allegories need not invalidate the deep truth of Holy Writ—when he said these words to Clarke, the latter replied that he, too, had his doubts of this or that detail of Scripture. Three hundred dollars it should have cost him, and three months in a jail, for casting doubt upon Scripture (Act of March 31, 1860, P. L. 382).

A little later the friend departed. Clarke found that he was weary. Moreover, the house was growing chill; all day there had been a hint of the season's first snow. He went up to his room, prepared himself for the night, and got into bed. Soon he was asleep. But such a man cannot abide by law even when asleep. The snow fell. By midnight it ceased its falling, and a white blanket lay upon the sidewalks.

At six in the morning Clarke had not yet awakened. And for two hours, as he continued to sleep, he broke the law, for he failed to remove the snow from his sidewalk within six hours after it had ceased to fall (Ordinances of Philadelphia of 1864, 357, attaching a penalty of $2, as amended by ordinances of 1869, 323, attaching a penalty of $5, as amended by ordinances of 1873, 579; 1893, 228; 1901, 87; 1904, 61)!

That the law-abiding citizen may graphically understand the total delinquency of such a creature as Clarke—a type all too common in our unhappy land—the following figures are presented. Within a single twenty-four hours Clarke committed crimes and misdemeanors for which he should have paid an aggregate penalty of $2,895.67 in fines and for which he should have served five years in penal institutions.

This was the record of Clarke for a single day. Is there any reason to suppose that he did better on the morrow? None whatever; his chances to break the law and his dispositon to do so were limitless. Nor would a change of city or a change of state have saved him. A new residence in another commonwealth would but have given him the chance to flout a fresh group of laws that, by an oversight, had not yet been put upon the books of his home state. Therefore, it seems fair to conclude that in the course of a single year the conscienceless fellow committed crimes, civic, state, and federal, which should, if there were such a thing as law enforcement in this nation, have penalized him to the extent of $2,052,919.55 in fines, and 1,825 years in imprisonments.

EDUCATIONAL LEADERSHIP IN AMERICA

CAN WEALTH TEACH ITSELF?

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

CIVILIZED man is a learning and teaching animal. By the use of language and the other arts he has created the culture and the civilizations which mark him off from all his fellow sentient beings. And for this reason every person who is born into one of our communities has an inheritance which can be made his own only by the processes of learning and teaching. Only by acquiring the arts of mankind can he, as a human being, become himself. Learning creates his mind; learning makes him a spirit; learning fashions his will; out of learning come his values and appreciations. It is through the processes of education that cultured and civilized human beings are made. Teachers with their pupils have in their hands the very making of life itself. Hence it is that into the teaching relationship there enters the ardor, the happiness of a genuinely creative activity.

If then we assume that throughout the ages men are carrying on the activities of learning and teaching, the question arises: "How are those activities guided and directed; who is using intelligence to determine their goal and to mark out the path or paths which lead toward it; who knows what education is, and decides what it shall be?" It would be a most curious and disconcerting thing if we should find that the search for intelligence is not itself intelligently directed, that the attempt to know is itself a blind and ignorant activity. We must ask, then, about our educational leadership. Is college policy blind or is it clear; does it drift, or is it intelligently chosen; do we who have it in charge know what we are doing, or are our decisions forced by circumstance and necessity into ways of compromise, of adjustment, of struggle for survival? I need hardly say that I do not expect to answer this question. In fact, I have little hope even of getting it clearly stated. But I do wish to talk about it, to state it as clearly as I can, and then to leave it as a problem so fundamental that it must never be forgotten or ignored, whatever the special lines along which our educational discussion and planning may go.

The situation out of which the problem arises I should like to describe in the form of an analogy. I will represent America as the house of a man who is newly and fabulously rich, and the American teacher, whether in school or college, as a tutor in that house.

Now the tutor in a newly rich man's house is ordinarily well paid, and he has something to do which is well worth doing. In the midst of plenty and prosperity he must see that the son of the house is properly educated. But the trouble is that the master of the house, who pays the tutor, does not know at all clearly what it is that he wants done. While his heart is deeply involved in the teaching of his son his activities, and his mind with them, are elsewhere. And the situation thus established is for all concerned dangerous and exasperating. It has in it the possibilities of great achievement; but it has also the possi-

bility, if not the probability, of futility and disappointment. Father, tutor, pupil may all alike reap the fruits of misunderstanding and incoherence.

The father pays for teaching because his heart is set on his son's development. To use his own words, he wants his boy to have a training which he himself was not able to get. He hopes that his own new-found wealth may give his son a good start in life, and perhaps keep him going after he is started. But, as the teaching proceeds, it is practically certain that the father will be better satisfied by external and partial work than by genuine education. It is quite possible that he will want the boy started in the wrong direction. Sooner or later, very commonly too late, the father must learn the hard lesson that you cannot get education, whether for yourself or for someone else, by paying for it, by hiring someone to give it.

The tutor meanwhile is caught between conflicting forces. On the one side is his own education, his own perception of his pupil's future. On the other hand is the influence and the opinion of the master of the house. And the tutor may go either way. If he is not himself well and strongly educated, he will be profoundly influenced by the attitudes and customs of the household which he serves. He may find himself teaching what, in his own judgment, is not worth teaching. But it sometimes happens that the tutor will resist this influence, that he will try to lead the boy along the lines of his own training and insight. And again if he does so there are serious, even though conventional, difficulties lying in wait for him. Has not a man who pays for a thing a right to demand that he be given that for which he pays? Is not a bargain a bargain? And is it not fixed in the very nature of things that a father should decide how his son shall be taught? Shall a stranger in the house deprive him of that privilege and duty? Surely a tutor will not transgress against either of these laws of God and man! To do so would make him quite unfit to be a teacher. After all, he will be told, for both teacher and pupil, character is more important than merely intellectual ability.

And the pupil—what of him? He is caught, as we constantly see our American youth caught, between his parents and his teachers. Which way shall he go? In general, of course, he is carried away on the tide of his father's success and power; he follows the feeling and tradition of his group. And in that case there is very scanty support for the structure of his teaching. The lessons suggested by his tutor will seem to him visionary and unreal, out of touch with the world of men and affairs. But at the same time the learning which his father would like him to get has little chance of success. The tutor who believes in something else can hardly be convincing or compelling in presenting it. And the father who recommends it is himself the strongest argument against it, since he achieved his own success without it. He himself is far more dominating than the lessons for which he pays. But on the other hand, sometimes the balance turns the other way: a boy may be captured by a teacher rather than by his father He catches an excited glimpse of what his tutor sees, and they two go off together to view it more clearly, leaving the father behind. Together the two conspire to devote themselves to a learning with which the father is not acquainted. Together, it may be, they smile at him and at his crudities. Together they take what the father has to give, profiting by his bounties, but chuckling with amusement as they realize that if he knew what they were doing he would not pay so willingly. Here again one finds, I think, little basis for the achieving of proper education.

But someone is already saying, I am sure, that the analogy does not hold, that the picture is much overdrawn. May I say quite flatly that I do not think it is? What I am trying to say was told us in far more extreme and

more convincing terms when it was said two thousand years ago that a camel can more easily pass through the needle's eye than can a rich man enter into the kingdom of Heaven. If, as I take it to be the case, the purpose of all liberal teaching is just that of getting people into the kingdom of Heaven, then we have here exactly the principle which was in the mind of Jesus. We are a newly rich people. Everything, therefore, which concerns our essential education is, if Jesus speaks truly, in serious danger. That danger threatens every effort, every institution in our society which seeks to create or to impart insight and appreciation. The church, the school, the book, the magazine, the newspaper, the theater, the moving picture, art in all its forms, the courts of justice —all these which are the agencies of enlightenment—all these are failing of their purpose, are thwarting their own intentions, destroying their own values, because we are rich.

The statement just made is so important for my argument that it may be worthwhile to guard it against misinterpretation. I am not saying here that rich men, with malign purpose, attempt to control the church, the school, and other agencies of teaching. Whether or not they do that is beside the point. I am not saying that all rich men are bad and all poor men good. There are rich men who use their wealth like a garment, to be worn or to be put aside as something quite external to themselves. We have seen rich men who have gaily thrown their wealth into the lap of the gods and have won thereby beauty and wisdom and exaltation of spirit. And on the other hand, poverty too has its own destroying power, drags men down, making them weak and timid and mean when they might have been strong and courageous and glorious. Though men may rise above poverty as above riches, the record of its destruction is long and appalling. But the essential point is that I am not here talking about rich men or poor men as individuals at all. I am trying to depict the life of a total community and to place the agencies of learning within it. And since that community is very rich and rapidly growing in wealth, I have chosen to represent it by the figure of the rich man's house. And further, I have said that in that house, within which the riches and the poverty of individuals are not different facts but two aspects of the same fact, the cause of learning is in danger, the agencies of learning are thwarted and defeated.

II

What I have just said is a hard saying for Post-War America, yet it must be said. For the truth is that our teaching is so caught up, so tossed about by the vast and heaving currents of material prosperity which beat upon it, that any genuine leadership in education is practically impossible. If we wish to determine how the course of education should be guided, our primary need is not a study of teaching methods and arrangements but an inquiry into the deceitfulness of riches. Wealth, it is true, makes education possible. Possessions and leisure give us the instruments and the opportunities by means of which learning may be created. And yet, the wisdom of mankind tells us that, in a deeper sense, riches and education are in conflict with each other, that prosperity so blinds men's eyes that they lose their vision of the values which, by means of wealth, they are striving to attain. Shall the blind then lead the blind? Is that to be the procedure of our education? I am persuaded that what we need more than anything else for the guiding of our teaching process is a study of the meaning of the phrase "the deceitfulness of riches." We need to study ourselves. We need to ask, "What have we in the way of a creed, an insight into life, which is worth teaching to our children?" Without such insight any teaching system becomes mere empty arrangements and rattling machinery. This

is the reason why we must inquire into the significance of our new-gotten wealth for the problems of educational leadership.

What does it mean to be rich? It is, I take it, to have a larger claim upon the common stock of possessions than has one's neighbor. Such a claim was vividly, even crudely, expressed by one of our political leaders as he sounded the keynote for his party's convention in the last presidential election. After describing the elaborate machinery of the American home, he said, "In these homes live American citizens who consume fifty per cent more food, use ten times the number of telephones, twelve times as much electricity, thirty times as many automobiles, and in a similar ratio, all modern conveniences of life as can be found in the same number of homes in Great Britain. From these homes go one-third more children to school, and nearly ten times as many go to college as in the next greatest nation on earth." There we have the bald fact of riches brutally expressed. To be rich is to have more than one's neighbor.

Now it is obvious, I think, that in itself there is nothing morally admirable in such having. There is no moral beauty in eating half as much again as your neighbor, especially if his appetite and need of food are as great as your own. There is no peculiar personal excellence in talking on the telephone ten times as often as your neighbor, or in having thirty rides in an automobile while he has only one. On the contrary, I take it to be the teaching of our dominant moral code that such use of possessions is in itself the way of degradation and loss of character. If a man eat while others are starving, if he enjoy while others suffer, if he spend while others lack, how shall he morally justify himself? That is a real and dreadful question which many men of wealth are to-day honestly facing and before which they find themselves helpless and defeated. But the man who, having and spending more than others, does not see this problem at all—what shall we say of him? Surely he is a moral failure. Either his insight into the need of his fellow is so limited that he does not know of his need, or else his sensibilities are so dulled that he does not care about it. Either he does not see, or he does not feel. But in either case, he is morally damned. And the deceitfulness of riches lies in the fact that the man who thus fails thinks himself to have succeeded.

The words which I quoted a few moments ago were uttered by a man who was formerly the president of one of our colleges. But you will remember that in relation to us he speaks of Great Britain as "the next greatest nation on earth." Why are we greatest and Britain next? Because we are the richest, and she is next in wealth. Riches is greatness; greatness is riches. The blindness is upon us. Men are measured by what they own. We have lost our sense of human values, our understanding of what life is for. And with these gone, there is no stable basis upon which a national scheme of education could be raised. This is, I take it, what men mean when they speak of the deceitfulness of riches, when they fear that the rich man, or the rich country, will fail to find the way of life.

But now what is the remedy? Shall we cease to create wealth? Shall we destroy our possessions and live the life of poverty? I do not think that is the first line to try. Certainly no merely negative action will meet the difficulty. The trouble with our wealth is not that it exists, but that it confuses and deceives us. And the practical question is that of destroying not the wealth in our pockets but the confusion and the deception in our minds. How can we bring our riches under control; how summon our wealth to heel, to serve and follow our values and ideas? How can we keep our power in subjection as the instrument of purposes which our spirit establishes and our judgment approves? I have no

specific and concrete answer to this question. Nor do I know anyone else who has. But I do know that it is the central and most urgent problem of a civilization whose creative material energy increases constantly by leaps and bounds. And I know also that it is in relation to this problem that all claims to educational leadership must be defined and tested. We need guidance in piercing through the illusions and deceptions of success. Unless we can have such guidance effectively given, any other learning which we may gain will only plunge us still deeper into confusion and failure. The mind of America must be cleared for action in a struggle far more terrible and significant than that of becoming the richest country in the world. I mean the intellectual and moral effort involved in finding out what to do with our riches, in discovering the opportunities and responsibilities which it brings, in learning how to meet these. It is the task of achieving an intellectual and moral greatness adequate to the domination of our material prosperity.

It is one of the ghastly ironies of the situation that when the problem is thus formulated, as I have just attempted to do it, there is no disagreement among us. So far as controversy is concerned the question disappears when stated. Of course, we all agree, the intellectual and moral and spiritual values are supreme. Of course material prosperity is only external and instrumental. But we have said the words so often, we have heard them said so regularly that they have lost all effective meaning so far as our action and our thinking are concerned. What are moral and intellectual and spiritual values? What is material prosperity? And how are these related to each other? Is prosperity an automatic machine which without guidance will grind out the higher values? Or is it a furious, hostile, dangerous beast, which we must tame and master, if we would make it serve us? For the sake of getting this question so stated that we may disagree about it, that it may again become for us a vital and vexing problem, I ask you to go back with me for a few minutes to the figure of speech with which our discussion began.

In the newly rich man's house, how are the two related? Do they agree? And if not, which makes the decisions; which is the master? In the picture as I have drawn it, both these quest ons are answered. The owner of the house and the tutor of the boy do not agree as to how the boy should be trained. With their different experiences and backgrounds they have very different views as to the aims and practices of living. And in the second place, when they disagree there is no doubt where the authority lies. The tutor is hired; and he may be fired. His tutorship is a dependent thing, determined by the will of the man by whom he is paid. He is the servant, the other the master.

If now we take these two persons as representing, in the social scheme, the two factors of our problem, then we can make two statements about our present scheme of education. First, our communities, in so far as they are seeking success and power, are in their influence hostile to learning in its proper forms. And second, the teachers in our schools and colleges are in effect servants, subject to direction by others for whose judgment on educational matters they can have little respect. If these statements are true, what kind of leadership have we a right to expect for our teaching? But are the statements true? A few minutes ago we were agreeing together in the acceptance of what seemed to be a trite and time-worn generalization about the priority of the spiritual. But I venture to hope that when the general statement takes on these two specific forms there will be sharp and vigorous controversy among us. I say this because I am sure that vital differences of opinion exist, hidden beneath our phrases of agreement. And it is essential that these differences be sought out and defined and faced, that we fight

them through to such clarity as we may be able to achieve. Let me, therefore, explain my statements in the hope that by provoking attack I may help in the way to better understanding.

III

First, are success and learning, under present conditions, hostile to each other? I do not see how anyone who has tried to teach young people in America during the last twenty-five years can have any doubt on that point. Why are our students so hard to teach? Why are they so unresponsive to the appeal of learning? As to the fact, I call to witness the discouragement and despair of teachers of liberal learning from one end of the country to the other. I do not mean that our people intend to block our teaching, just as I did not say that the rich man of the house intended to oppose his son's welfare. It is not the man himself but his success which is hostile to teaching. These two are in some inevitable way at war with each other. What are the springs, the sources of that conflict? Plato tells us that as he studies human nature he finds a cleavage in it, a break into two separate and hostile parts. And the cleavage is for him so sharp and abrupt that every man becomes really two men with strife and tension between them. There is the external man of action and the inner man of reflection; the lower man of craving and desire, the higher man of insight and intention; the man who wishes and wants and the man who appreciates and chooses. Now I need not remind you how deeply this Platonic tradition has gone into our Christian theology, nor how powerfully it has made its way thence into our common thinking and speech. Nor need I say how false and misleading the tradition has become as it has been mechanized by popular acceptance, robbed of its vitality by loose and traditional believing. The words Inner and Outer, Spirit and Matter, Mind and Body, in which the view has ordinarily been expressed, have now become so inaccurate and false that thinkers who care for accuracy are refusing to use them any longer. The general trend of our social studies is today strongly against them.

And yet I am convinced that Plato is essentially right. Every man is of course in a vital sense a single being, an individual. And yet into the making of that being there have gone strangely different and conflicting forces. Our intellectual life is double. We not only have opinions and beliefs; we also hold these open to question, test them, criticize them, judge them right or wrong, demand of them conformity to the rules in accordance with which we choose that our thinking be done. And the same is true of morals. Men not only act and achieve; they also criticize their own actions, value their own achievements, pass judgment upon what they do, plan for the living of themselves and their fellows, create schemes of organized behavior, which have authority over every specific act or plan which is proposed for human acceptance. Men do take themselves in hand; in that sense they are two men, the one controlling, the other controlled; the one acting, the other criticizing action. To take that dualism out of our description of human nature, as much of our current thinking attempts to do, seems to me to rob it of all its moral and intellectual significance.

I may not labor the point, but must present it to you in the form of assertion and dogma. I believe that every man, and hence every society, falls for practical purposes into two parts which for lack of better terms I will call the Man of Action and the Man of Criticism. And between these two, there is, in the nature of the case, tension and strife: the one is the critic of the other. And further, I am convinced that nowhere is this tension more keenly felt than in the relations of what we call External Success and Liberal Learning. It is of the very quality of human nature that these two should be in conflict. It is in the midst

of this strife that we must fashion our educational leadership.

And second, as between success and learning, which is the master? Which of these, in our social scheme, has its way when they face each other in conflict? You will recall that in our portrayal of the rich man's house there is little uncertainty on this point. The tutor is a servant; his judgment is subject to the approval or disapproval, the acceptance or reversal of the master of the house. But this is not the relationship which Plato had in mind. On the contrary, it is the exact opposite of his intention. To make success master over learning is for him to make the higher subject to the lower, the critic subject to the action criticized. And to do this is to deny the very spirit and quality of the human situation. You will remember with what care, in his *Republic*, as he plans an ideal state which may conform to the principles of human nature, he cuts off his guardians from all sharing in external successes and failures. To them he gives responsibilities but no possessions. And to those who have possessions, he gives no authority.

And here again it seems to me that Plato is essentially right and we, just now, essentially wrong. His picture is avowedly an ideal one, far removed from concrete and specific situations. And yet, as against opposed abstractions, it seems to me radically true. We hear to-day, as he heard it long ago, the promise, the enticement of an external activity which says, "Only let me go free and unhindered, let me create, invent, produce, distribute, exchange, and I will satisfy your desires, will meet your needs." And the answer is still and forever true that the blind satisfying of needs must always end in futility and worthlessness. One cannot make a human life unless one's needs are criticized, one's actions chosen on the basis of a scheme of living to which all one's successes must conform.

And again, as there came to Plato, so there comes to us the argument, "But the process of activity will itself supply its own criticism, its own standards: it needs no mind, no spirit, no learning other than itself to stand apart and judge it; that is true and good which works in action." Now whatever may be the deeper values of the philosophy which makes that statement, the popular interpretations of it seem to me far more disastrous and misleading than the like popular misreadings of the Platonic tradition. External success, practical achievement, claims the right to make its own standards, to create its own criticism. And it denies the existence of any learning other than itself and its own activities. More and more this is becoming our popular philosophy. Into every nook and cranny of our social living it makes its way. Our society has made of learning a servant, a dependent, a critic whose function it is to announce the judgments which are made for it by the activities upon which judgment is to be passed. It is for this society that we are attempting to consider the nature of educational leadership.

IV

What then, in conclusion, shall we say of educational leadership? I have not spoken of the specific problems of administration and instruction which face us. These problems are many in number, serious in importance, and fascinating in their possibility that the American people may, out of the greatness of its power, create for itself a mighty and beautiful structure of schools and colleges. But I have for the moment put aside all these immediate problems because I am convinced that no real progress can be achieved in dealing with any of them except as we find some way of dealing with the fundamental issue which underlies them all. That question is whether or not our education is to have within itself any genuine leadership whatever. Is teaching to be a mere hanger-on, a dependent upon our success, or is it to be active in all our living

as master and guide? In my opinion the spiritual destiny of America rests upon the issue as to whether or not we can find ways of setting up over against our material activity an intellectual and moral and æsthetic insight, free enough and powerful enough to direct it whither we will that it shall go. We must establish, over against the world of external achievement, an inner realm of criticism which shall be utterly free and independent in its judgments upon that outer world.

Can we do it? Can we have books which are not written for profit, newspapers untrammeled by the influence of money, an art whose only motive is to depict things as they are, a preaching which has neither desire nor need to please, courts of justice whose integrity and impartiality are beyond the shadow of a doubt, institutions of learning which devote themselves to the study of whatever is important for human living and which report their findings with fearlessness and self-respect? There is a cleavage running deep into our nature, separating the Outer from the Inner, the Lower from the Higher, Body from Mind, Matter from Spirit. Shall we, in building our institutions, ignore that cleavage, breaking down all the distinctions of value which depend upon it? Or shall we take those values as the starting-point of all our planning and attempt to create a social scheme in terms of them and of their differences?

I am not sure that we can do the thing for which I am asking. It is a terribly difficult task; and just now the tide runs strongly against us. And yet perhaps we shall. But of this I am sure: no one who is not struggling with that task can claim any share in the leadership of our education. Education is the creating of an Inner Life. Far beyond all teaching methods and devices, we need for the American people a searching of its heart, a clearing of its mind as to the issues of life. Pupils and teachers together, we must so study ourselves and our world that we shall know how and for what we ought to live. When we know that, we shall know what and how to teach.

SOLID CITIZEN

A STORY

BY McCREADY HUSTON

CUTLER H. TODD, vice-president and general manager of the Empire Sash and Door Company, of Empire, Indiana, was riding into the Randolph Street suburban station in Chicago when he should have left his train at Sixty-third Street. At Sixty-third Street he should have taken a taxicab and gone directly to the office of I. Frank, of Frank & Frank, to see him about his account.

By getting off at Sixty-third he could have straightened out Frank & Frank with plenty of time to catch the eleven-o'clock train back to Empire, where he was expected at the annual meeting of the Empire Charity Chest.

Mr. Todd looked like a man who should be hurrying with a brief ease to see Frank & Frank, not at all like one who was going to see a girl named Lisa in her apartment at ten o'clock in the morning.

Lying in his metal Chippendale twin bed, thinking about Lisa, Mr. Todd had gradually evolved a way to see her. And lying in bed, picturing himself in her apartment, the visit had seemed right and logical. But this morning, having let Sixty-third Street and duty slip by, he wasn't as happy as he had expected to be. His wife, back in Empire, didn't know he was going to see Lisa. Neither did Lisa. This romantic idea existed only in the mind of Cutler H. Todd.

She was of the team of Gennaro and Lisa, adagio dancers, who had appeared at a fashion parade and supper dance given by the Empire Junior League at the Empire Country Club.

Mr. Todd had written to an agency to engage the professional acts from Chicago, and he had spent a fevered afternoon helping them get ready to perform on the crowded enclosed veranda of the club. He had helped Lisa the most. He had met her and Mr. Gennaro at the Empire Union Station with his Eight, had driven them to the club, and had attended them until their turn was announced.

He had done little for Miss Billie Lynn, the blues singer with the fat hips, and less for Jennings and Brown, the tap dancers. He had been too busy hovering around Lisa.

Mr. Todd was like that. He was always ready to rescue the Junior League girls from their difficulties. It was he who rushed an electrician from Empire to the club to arrange the lighting for Gennaro and Lisa, guaranteeing his over-time; he who talked the club steward into clearing out a linen room for Lisa's costume changes; he who drove her downtown for some last minute things for her make-up. The League simply didn't know what it would do without Mr. Todd.

By the time he had driven Gennaro and Lisa to their midnight train back to Chicago after the show and had returned to the club to pick up his tired and patient wife, he had begun to feel that destiny intended him to see Lisa again.

It was evident to him that the little girl had not been able to conceal that she was interested in him.

In the right number of days Mr. Todd remarked to his wife as they sat in the living room of their English-style house on Elmhurst Avenue:

"Guess I got to run into Chicago in the morning. Wish I could trust anybody down at the office to handle the customers. Nev' mind breakfast. I'll get a bite on the train. Customer of ours got to straighten out."

Mrs. Todd—Ella—from behind the society page of the *Empire Herald*, had asked:

"Isn't the Charity Chest luncheon to-morrow?"

"Can't help it," he had defended himself. "Got to keep the sash and door business going or we'll be needing charity ourselves."

The truth was Mr. Todd did have to see Mr. Frank in Chicago sooner or later. But when he took the Frank account out of his brief case and began to look it over there in the living room, what he saw was not a statement of figures but the dark eyes, the cream complexion, and the smoothly drawn hair of Lisa as she had appeared and dissolved before his bemused eyes at the Country Club. Lisa in a Spanish dress of eggshell satin and black lace; Lisa with a high comb and a fan; Lisa, small, wistful, delicate; Lisa daringly alluring.

Cutler H. Todd was one of the solid citizens of Empire. He was thirty-nine years old and had been married to Ella for fifteen years. He was an active member of the Empire Chamber of Commerce and of the Greater Empire Committee of One Hundred. He was aviation-conscious and had helped badger the city council into buying the old Simmons farm for an airport.

He told himself he hadn't tried to impress Lisa. For most of the afternoon and evening he had treated her just as he had treated a half dozen acts visiting Empire. It wasn't his fault, he contended, that there was something between them.

Saying good-by that night at the station, she had looked up into his face and had said, "You are so good, so wonderful. Surely I shall see you again."

That, connected with Gennaro as he had stood by the baggage—big, dark, brutal looking—had condemned Cutler Todd to restlessness. The poor little girl had been appealing to him, trying to tell him something. At that moment he had been glad that between Empire and the Country Club, on the shopping errand to town, he had asked her for her home address. He recalled how quickly, eagerly, she had told him.

Getting ready to leave the train, he took his pocketbook from his hip and sorted the soiled cards and folded papers. He fumbled his driver's license, a book of gasoline coupons, three or four visiting cards, social, bearing the legend, "Mr. Cutler H. Todd," and a half dozen business cards reading, "Empire Sash and Door Co., Cutler H. Todd, Vice President and Gen'l Mgr."

On the back of one of these were some numbers preceded by an initial—Lisa's telephone number. After it was another number followed by a scribbled syllable—her street address.

They were not written out clearly. There was just enough to refresh his memory. He had put them down in such a way that nobody—Ella for example—could make anything of them if they should be found among his effects after an accident.

As the clock pointed to nine, Mr. Todd hurried through the station and, taking the walk to Michigan Avenue instead of the businesslike and virtuous tunnel under it, swung aboard the first North Side bus that came along. There he sat and watched the street signs for ten minutes, then suddenly got off.

He was one block from the street to which he wanted to go. He had not forgotten that he was supposed to be on the South Side seeing a man. He had no business connections on the North Side. He didn't wish any bus conductor to be able to testify in court that a round-faced man with horn-rimmed spectacles, about thirty-nine years old and wearing a

brown-checked suit and an oyster-gray hat, had alighted from his bus at Michigan and Oak at nine-fourteen on the morning of April twenty-first.

Mr. Todd had no patience with men who left trails and clues behind them in the mystery plays and movies. An ordinary man, he told himself, would have got off the bus at the street he was bound for. It was carelessness like that which got men into trouble. In his private affairs a man should use the same intelligence he applied in his business.

He waited till the bus was out of sight, went north a block, then crossed and walked rapidly down the cross street until he came to an apartment hotel. Instead of going in at once, he walked a block beyond and returned to the entrance.

In the green, black, and gold lobby, Mr. Todd glanced uncertainly at the bleak-faced man behind the little marble-topped desk. If he had been calling to interest the clerk in a carload of birch doors he would have been easy, bland, assured in his approach. But Cutler Todd's mind, trained by the talking pictures, instantly saw this clerk seated in the witness chair in a courtroom, with a district attorney standing in front of him saying:

"Now, then, just tell the jury in your own way how Mr. Todd appeared to you when he asked for this little girl's apartment. Did he seem nervous or excited?"

Somehow he pushed forward, past that horrid scene, and said to the clerk in a voice that sounded somewhat faint, "I'm looking for Miss Lisa, the dancer. She has an apartment here."

The clerk jerked his thumb.

"House 'phone. Seven twenty-nine."

With a hand of ice, Mr. Todd picked up the receiver and uttered the number into the transmitter. After a moment a feminine voice, the voice, responded.

"Yes?"

"Is this Miss Lisa, the dancer?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is . . . Mr. Todd."

"Mister who?"

"Mr. Todd. Cutler H. Todd, of Empire. You know, fellow you met in Empire."

"Oh, yes." The words had no inflection. They were merely an admission that she had grasped his meaning.

"Well . . . you see, I was in town, and . . . well, I thought I'd run in and say hello."

"Oh!"

"Yes, you know, just sorta wanted to see you and thought I'd run in. You know."

"Don't you think it's kind of early? I'm not quite dressed yet."

Mr. Todd uttered a little low, purring laugh.

"That's all right. Don't mind me."

"What!"

"Oh, I mean just don't mind a little thing like that. I just thought I'd drop in. And I got something I wanta show you. You oughta see what the *Empire Herald* said about you in their write-up after the show."

There was a pause. Finally Lisa said: "Well, come on up in fifteen minutes. Give me a chance to get something on."

"O. K."

Mr. Todd hung up the receiver and turned to the clerk with a smile.

"Nice weather for this time o' year."

"Not bad," the desk man said and disappeared behind the rack of key boxes.

Mr. Todd strolled out and turned eastward, thinking to walk over and look into shop windows on the Avenue for fifteen minutes. He even thought he might pick up some trifle to take up to Lisa. But half-way down the block he turned back. There was a possibility that he might run into some Empire shopper on the Avenue. He put in a quarter of an hour in the opposite direction.

Exactly fifteen minutes later he reentered the apartment house and said, "Seven, please" to the elevator boy. He wasn't afraid now. He knew exactly what he was doing. Lisa was waiting

for him. He eyed the back of the elevator operator's head defiantly.

At the door bearing the numerals 729 he rapped softly, discreetly, meaningfully.

"Come in," a woman's voice called, and he opened the door and stepped inside.

He didn't see Lisa. Instead he saw a man. The man was sitting in the middle of a plum-colored davenport, smoking a cigar. He was a plump, fair young man with protruding blue eyes and a thick neck. His fat little hands rested on his knees. On two fingers were diamond rings.

As Mr. Todd stared at him, Lisa called from the kitchenette beyond:

"Mr. Todd, I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Heintz. Augie, this is Mr. Todd, of Empire."

Mr. Todd laughed nervously and cleared his throat. Mr. Heintz said nothing. He was looking at Mr. Todd reflectively and rolling his cigar in the corner of his mouth. Mr. Todd said, in a manner intended to be casual and matter-of-fact:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Heintz. I was in town on business and thought I'd drop in to see . . . see about getting your wife back in Empire for a little benefit we may put on for the Charity Chest. Nothing definite yet; but I like to get my talent lined up. We'd sure want Gennaro and Lisa; they went big the other night."

Mr. Heintz blinked.

"You got 'em through the agency the other time, didn't you?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, try the agency this time. People's Bank Building, in case you've forgot."

Lisa appeared in a doorway. At a quarter of ten in the morning she was a dark little woman in a pink cotton négligée. She leaned against the door frame and regarded the visitor coldly. Mr. Todd was still standing. Nobody asked him to sit down.

With another little laugh he said:

"I was just in town for the day and thought I'd run in and ask how you'd like to have another date in Empire."

Lisa said:

"You'll have to see the agent. He'll know if we're open on your date. And he'll have to ask Pat if we can take it."

"Pat?"

"Pat Kelly; Mr. Gennaro, my partner."

"Oh."

"Miller's the agent. You'll find him in the 'phone book—in case you don't remember," Mr. Heintz put in.

"Well, I guess I'll be running along. Can't stay. Got an appointment. Just thought I'd drop in. If we decide to put on the show I'll see the agent."

"People's Bank Building," said Mr. Heintz around his cigar.

"Well, good-by. Good-by, Mrs. Heintz. Good-by, Mr. Heintz."

"Good-by," said Lisa in a flat voice. Mr. Heintz grunted.

Cutler Todd closed the door on romance and walked rapidly to the elevator.

At a drugstore deep in the Loop, far from North Side apartment houses, he called a number.

"Mr. I. Frank, please. This you, Frank? Todd speaking. Todd of the Empire Sash and Door. Wanted to drop in at your office this morning but I got tied up in a conference. How about lunch? Say half-past twelve at the Bismarck? Fine. And say, Frank, don't worry about your discounts. We're going to take care of you. Fine. See you at twelve-thirty."

In the living room of the Todd residence in Empire that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Todd sat reading the paper. From her half Mrs. Todd read aloud:

"Say listen, Cut. What do you know about this? 'Business Man and Girl Found Dead in Apartment. Suicide Pact Discloses Love Nest Say Police.'"

From behind his half, Mr. Todd said:

"Funny some fellows never learn to shoot square. Fellow'll never get anywhere monkeying around like that."

Ella Todd went on:

"Did you see your picture in to-night's paper? There it is. 'Todd Boosts Charity Chest Drive.'"

She tossed him the sheet.

"Say," Mr. Todd responded, "they used that old picture of mine again. I gotta get a new one made. Still, that's not so bad."

Then he added:

"Suppose a fellow would ever get anywhere, like this I mean, if he was always chasin' around like that; after women, I mean?"

HELOÏSE IN BRITTANY

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

HOW shall I live, knowing that other days
Must come and pass, even as this day passes,
That I must watch the moving sun's long rays
Make slowly changing shadows on the grasses;
Knowing that every stir of summer leaves,
Or the warm thud of fruit against the ground,
Or water dripping softly from the eaves
Will echo in my heart another sound.
The sound I wake at night and strain to hear,
The sound I lie and answer in the dark,
The sound of thee, or aught that tells thee near,
Closing my eyes and ears lest they should mark
Another day returning with the light
And no beloved sound to break the night.

I was not born to stand aloft and bleak,
Like some high rock against a lonely sky.
I am a woman only, I must speak
To thee, and hear thy voice or I must die.
I am not barren shore where no seas run,
Or empty river bed where no reeds grow.
I am the fallow earth quickened with sun,
I am the yielding earth where deep streams flow.
The earth grows sick from many days of drouth,
The shore grows hard where waves have ceased to press,
The reeds will wither when the stream runs out,
The heart will wither without tenderness.
O come again, my love, my stream, my sea,
And let my waiting shores be lost in thee.

BERMUDA AND THE AMERICAN IDEA

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

MANY persons—and I am one—are beginning to be just a little uncertain of the effect upon the world at large of the confident American traveler. We wonder whether he is quite sure of what he is doing to the foreign lands he honors with his presence; whether he realizes the persuasive and destructive force of something he carries with him wherever he goes—the American idea.

This American idea is not easy to define in concrete terms. An approximate working definition might be something like this: The American idea is the belief that the way we do things in this country is the only proper way to do them, and that every reasonable effort must be made to induce the foreigner to conform to our way of thinking. Wherever the citizen of the United States travels—and where does he not travel at present?—he attempts, with all the power of superior wealth behind him, to spread the American idea. The French don't use bathtubs? Very well, let us sell them a million bathtubs immediately. This will be good for their health, and besides being sanitary and all that sort of thing, it will also be good for our bathtub manufacturers. The mere fact that the French do not like bathtubs and have no desire for them never enters the mind of those obsessed with the American idea. Generally speaking, the American who travels to-day—and this means about fifteen per cent of our entire population—does not wish to understand or appreciate the life and culture of a foreign nation; he has little desire to absorb the ideas or emotions of an older and perhaps wiser civilization; he rarely leaves home in a conscious effort to extend his outlook upon human nature. He cares merely to transfer his mode of living to another place in another land: to put Muncie or Detroit or Rochester in the haven where he would be.

You can find illustrations of the American idea in every part of the globe from Luxor to London and from Manila to Montreux. Nowhere, however, is it more noticeable than in the Bermuda Islands, which of late years have become indeed what they were called by Shakespeare, "the vex'd Bermoothes." In Bermuda the American idea has taken specific form; it has applied standardized American customs to social life. The effect of this belief of ours that wherever we go we must take our own particular civilization with us is perfectly shown by what has happened recently on this tiny coral reef in mid-Atlantic. There would be no quarrel with the American idea if we were quite certain that we knew what we were doing when we brought our bathtubs and shredded wheat to the Riviera and our Cadillacs and Buicks to Bermuda. But do we? I am not so sure.

Gradually, imperceptibly at first, the American idea stole down upon Bermuda and the Bermudians. It crept down from the north while the native go-getter (local representative of a breed not confined to the United States) was aiding and abetting the desires of the American tourist. The native go-getter was long unaware of the ultimate result of this invasion which he so cheerfully encouraged. Now it is too late for him to

do anything but invest his profits in Steel Common and look about at his sadly changed homeland.

II

Thanks to the American idea there is a lively battle going on in Bermuda at present. Some of the natives, the go-getters aforesaid who stand to profit thereby, consider it desirable to change the islands into a bit of America as most of the visitors urge them to do. Others, the more old-fashioned settlers, wish to keep Bermuda as it is. The war wages merrily all over the islands, and affects intimately every living soul existing on these volcano tops in the blue-green sea.

Who are the Bermudians? The traveler from the frozen lands of the north, and especially the New Yorker accustomed to the soft-spoken negro who, decorated in the uniform of a rear admiral, stands guard at the portals of his apartment house, may perhaps be forgiven for imagining that they are a dark-skinned race. He is likely to receive a shock when and if he meets a native Bermudian.

In all probability the negro in Bermuda is a foreigner; he may have drifted up from St. Kitts or some of the West Indies in search of work. The real Bermudian, the white man, on the other hand, is certain to be an old settler. His forbears doubtless came out from England generations ago; he is a man of polish, for many of the natives and their children have been educated in England or Canada—never in the United States; he has perhaps gone to Cambridge, where he and his boy both won their blue at rugger. He takes pride in this connection, calls himself an Englishman, and points to the fact that the Bermuda Parliament is, after its mother in Westminster, the oldest Parliament in the world.

The Governor General is appointed from home—that is from England; he is a soldier who combines this duty with that of Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces in the region. So also is the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Bishop; the latter, following the custom of the British high ecclesiastics, calls himself after his See; thus he is Arthur Bermuda. You can observe him almost any morning wandering up and down the streets near the Cathedral in full bishop's costume, with a flat hat and gaiters. The Lord Chief Justice is a stout member of the British bar who plays an excellent game of tennis when the afternoon is not too hottish.

Like their climate, which is never very cold in winter nor excessively hot in summer, the life of the Bermudians is equable. They visit home occasionally, they lead the quiet social existence of a colonist, they dwell in small white-washed houses much more comfortable inside than they look, and are for the most part a simple, old-fashioned people who go to the parish church on Sunday, call upon one another, leave cards, serve teas that are teas and not cocktail parties, and derive their pleasures from placid things. They have a season, they also have a Derby; and on Derby Day everything in the town of Hamilton, the capital, including the banks, the telephone company, and Mr. Murphie's grocery store, closes shop for the day.

Chiefly, however, the Bermudians are noteworthy for their bicycles. Only the extremely rich can afford to keep a carriage, and few of them do so. Consequently, everyone rides a bicycle. This means that they all live on the same social plane; there is none of the feeling of keeping up with the Joneses which exists in a small American community. If they desire to go to the annual reception at Government House, men and women in evening clothes mount their steeds and pedal two, three, or four miles as the case may be, to town. It is raining? Well, what of it? A little rain never hurt anyone. So the ladies tuck up their skirts and the whole party don rubber trouserettes and rubber capes and rubber hats, and off they slosh

through mud and wet. Inasmuch as their whole world does this, has done just this time without end, nobody thinks anything about it. And the spirit of bigger and better Buicks which permeates our northern civilization is entirely non-existent.

Perhaps these gentle, old-world natives are influenced in their attitude toward life by their climate. Equable—yes, it is that and more; it is the climate of mid-ocean; but a climate with softness forever in the air. If it rains in winter, as it does, it never rains for long; if it blows, there is none of the devastating bitterness of the hated mistral which blights the French Riviera. Nor are there upon this coral reef any of the violent and sudden changes which make the climate of the Mediterranean littoral the most treacherous in the world. The snowstorms that every winter nip the orange trees along the hillsides at Golfe Juan, that kill the jasmines upon the slopes below Grasse, or ruin the lemon crop at Mentone, are unknown in the Bermudas. In fact, with a climate such as this, the Côte d'Azur would almost be the heavenly spot that it is advertised to be.

What, exactly, is Bermuda like? To those who have never been there—perhaps, alas, to many who have—the simplest way to picture these enchanted isles is to explain how you perform the mundane task of getting your hair cut. You can, of course, if you live in one of those elegant and luxuriously indifferent hotels in Hamilton, go to the hotel barber. Most visitors do. This, however, is the way you get your hair cut in every civilized part of the earth from St. Moritz to Pinehurst. Let's, therefore, go native and call up Mr. Williams.

Who is Mr. Williams? He is the Bermuda barber. What is his mumber, then? Oh, never mind about that; simply take the telephone receiver off the hook and ask Central to give you Mr. Williams the barber, please. This is the way you use the telephone in Bermuda: "Please give me Captain Hugh Gregg in Paget," or "Please give me Trimmingham's store," or "Please connect me with Mr. Stokes in Warwick." If there is a telephone book in Bermuda I never saw one in a fairly long residence on the island; certainly the company does not issue one when it installs your instrument. Strange to say, in spite of, or perhaps because of this ridiculously archaic system, one never gets the wrong number.

"Hullo . . . hullo . . . is that you, Mr. Williams? Could you give me a haircut to-day? Yes, please. About three this afternoon. Thank you very much. Good-by."

At the appointed hour, or shortly before, you set out on your bicycle and pedal down the South Shore Road to Mr. Williams' place. Up Trimmingham Hill (let us walk a stretch on this grade) past the King Edward VII Memorial Hospital, turn the corner at the Public Garden, and coast down until you reach Mr. Williams' domain. His shop is not in an office building. It is his home, a plain, white-walled, white-roofed cottage like hundreds of other cottages on the islands. No electric sign, no tri-colored, super-charged revolving pole before the door serves to differentiate his cottage from the others; it stands in a mass of tropical vegetation and flower beds. There Mr. Williams receives you and, leading you to the back porch, installs you in a large kitchen chair. Instead of looking at fake porcelain and a glistening shelf of tonics, ointments, and unguents intermingled with bottles of hair restorer and scalp reviver, you have before your eyes a soft and gentle landscape with a row of palmetto trees in the background and another white cottage to your right. On the other side is a gorgeous hibiscus hedge in full bloom. You will not, it is true, be able to watch the barber wash his hands, break out the paper seal of the highly sterilized brush and comb, and perform all the other sacred rites of his American colleague; but to make up for this you can enjoy for nothing the scent and color of Mr. Williams' garden. In the immediate

foreground sweet peas and calendulas, pink geraniums and asters, morning glories and stock dance for your benefit in the afternoon breeze. The sunshine is warm; it falls about your knees and ankles pleasantly as Mr. Williams proceeds about his task. No one importunes you to have your shoes shined. No red-haired coryphée in a sleazy blouse suggests a manicure, nor does Mr. Williams himself bother to bring to your attention the manifold virtues of a cocoanut-oil shampoo, a hot-oil scalp treatment, a Sun Ray facial, a hair singe, or a dollar hair treatment which, if repeated six times, will make you look like the Smith Brothers of cough-drop fame. No, he does not suggest any of the two million eight hundred thousand things which the tonsorial trade has devised to pester, annoy, and beat down the sales resistance of the citizen of the United States. Your work is done quickly and quietly. All too soon you pay your shilling, say good afternoon, mount your bicycle, which you have left leaning against the hedge on the road (no one steals bicycles in Bermuda because there is no place to take them) and, pedalling over the rise, coast triumphantly homeward.

That is the real Bermuda. I doubt if one American a year out of the hundreds of thousands who sail into Hamilton harbor knows of the existence of Mr. Williams.

III

The bull market in Bermuda started with the War. Previous to that time Bermuda had been a sleepy little outpost of empire with a handful of tourists who wanted rest, isolation, and tranquillity, coming down on the infrequent sailings of second-rate boats from New York or Canada. But the War, which shut off Egypt and the Riviera from the attention of the American who wished to spend the winter in more sunny lands, proved a blessing to California and Florida, and, despite the irregular connections with the mainland, to Bermuda also. Tourist trade began to increase until soon after the War it reached proportions that made it profitable for a new steamship company to take over the route, build new boats, and give serious heed to its cultivation and development. Where previously the tourist had been an adjunct to the carrying of freight to the islands, he now became more important than the main show. The attitude of the American nation toward travel assisted all this.

Back in 1910 a business man who took a vacation in mid-winter made a tacit avowal that something was wrong with his business. Nowadays there is something wrong with his business if he does not take a vacation. Prohibition also helped the tourist trade. Very soon what was formerly a small industry became big business.

The native Bermudians, especially the younger ones, began to realize this. True, like their fathers, they wished at heart to keep the islands sacrosanct, wished the automobile still to be banned, wanted the charm and the fairylike atmosphere of the place to be preserved. Or as much, at least, as was compatible with big business. I suggested earlier that the go-getter exists not only in Pittsburgh and Duluth. But would the native go-getter, one wonders, have been quite as anxious to see Bermuda's fame spread abroad in the United States, would he have been quite so ready to take shares in the new hotel and golfing development could he have foreseen where things were leading?

For a different American was coming to Bermuda. The Mark Twains and William Dean Howellses who loved to wander aimlessly about the sea front or ride a bicycle up and down the coral roads have been replaced by a gentleman who is not a light drinker, who cares little for scenery, and less for riding a bicycle along a coral roadway beside a translucent sea. He wants his liquor, his golf, his coffee with cream, his room with bath in a hotel complete with elevators and all American accessories.

And he is willing to pay for this. The Bermuda go-getter suddenly began to discover that there was money in providing for his desires.

Naturally enough, with the advent of the tourist mob from New York, with the eight-day round trips (all expenses included) for one hundred and eight dollars, there came not only business men and their families, but telephone girls and stenographers whose wants also had to be supplied. The American idea, you see, was seeping in while the natives hardly realized what was taking place. One of the most popular stores in Bermuda is the Goody Shoppe run by the genial Mr. Eve. Here dark-skinned natives set up for you the chocolate marshmallow banana split or the almond luxuria frosted pineapple so popular in the corner drugstore at home. You can even get a real American soda fountain lunch there; "a chicken sandwich an' chili sauce dressin' on graham bread anna double vaniller soder with whip cream," or "a roast tongue on rye with Russian dressing anna frosted sasspariller." Mr. Thad Zuil's bookstore on the corner of Reid and Burnaby Streets in Hamilton carries all the latest things to cater to the American taste in literature; they can supply you with *The Well of Loneliness* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and you can there obtain every magazine published in the United States from the *Atlantic Monthly* to *Smutty Stories*. Ask, however, for a copy of the *London Times*, and you ask in vain.

Bermuda is a British colony with British coinage. Should you, however, step into the English sports shop on Queen Street to buy the latest thing in sweaters and neckwear from London, as everyone does shortly after arrival, hand out a five-pound note and see what happens. You will receive your change in dollar bills. In Bermuda the chemist's is a drug store where you get soda, American patent medicines, and cigarettes; the mercery shops are department stores; the greengrocers are nothing more nor less than our old friend the Naborhood Store, selling cereals from Battle Creek and oranges and lemons from Florida and California. To-day even the native go-getter speaks tolerable American.

The old-fashioned hotels in which Mark Twain and Howells once lived have not entirely disappeared; they have simply become unfashionable. American—with a little Bermudian—capital has seen to it that the *idée Américaine* shall prevail; result, a huge yellow-stucco palace in which you live on the American plan. In this large caravansary you have the American idea to perfection. Here the visitor from the northlands finds himself absolutely at home, surrounded by hordes of bell boys in gaudy uniforms slouching about a gilt and ornate lobby, and surrounded, too, by grill rooms and main dining rooms, beauty parlors and souvenir shoppes and information bureaus and news stands and brokers' offices and *thé dansants* and all the rest of the appurtenances which we associate with the word comfort when we travel abroad.

IV

Perhaps the most startling event in the invasion of this island kingdom by the American idea was the birth and growth of the Mid-Ocean Club, colloquially called "Mid-Ocean." The visitors wanted golf, but not golf on the British idea. A course shaped and sloped around the natural convexities of the landscape, with a small wooden shack for a clubhouse, where one obtained a simple lunch of cold meat, dessert, and beer for a couple of shillings, was not sufficient. No, it must be a superb, a super-course, with clubhouse to match. And first of all it was necessary to find a site.

This was easily done: six hundred and forty acres of rolling land at Tuckerstown, about six miles from Hamilton. Says Mr. Charles B. MacDonald, the celebrated golf architect who constructed the course, "The contours of

the property are unsurpassed. Delightful valleys, one hundred to two hundred yards in width, wind through coral hills from twenty to seventy-five feet in height, along the line of play, well wooded with cedars, oleanders, bougainvilleas, and hibiscus, lending the most fascinating color scheme to the whole. The contours are inviting to the golf architect to construct unique putting greens consistent with the length of the hole demanded." Let me add that, as everyone who has been to Mid-Ocean will testify, this is not hyperbole.

The terrain was ideal, the money had been raised; but as one of the native Bermudians who was interested in the project explained to me, a hitch arose. Tuckerstown, the future site of the course, was a point of land which housed over a hundred negroes, and their homes the owners had no wish to move nor to sell. Requests, demands, threats, and expostulations availed nothing; there they were and there they would stay. In 1920 the Bermuda Development Co., Ltd., a corporation not entirely, one suspects, unattached to the steamship concern which feeds the islands with tourists, was incorporated by a special Act of the Colonial Legislature, and was "empowered to acquire approximately five hundred and ten acres of land in Tuckerstown and the vicinity." In other words, the owners of the houses were simply dispossessed. New homes were built for them in another part of the island and they were transferred thereto; but this example of the American method of handling such things gave even the hardiest Bermuda go-getter pause. It was, he may have believed, justifiable to dispossess settlers whose ancestors had lived three hundred years in the same place to make room for a railroad or a public utility. For a golf club, however, he thought it a bit thick. Whatever he thought he kept to himself.

To-day Mid-Ocean rears its white portals on that exquisite spit of land at Tuckerstown; around and about nestles the golf course which pays tribute to the genius of its builder as well as to the correctness of his earlier judgment. There it lies, for all who have the price—or almost all—to enjoy. The visitor to Bermuda for a week only who desires to join need have no fear of any difficulties arising in this connection. He has only to present himself before the Secretary of the club at the latter's office in Hamilton. Here he is given the official look-over; provided he is not Jewish, he is immediately permitted to pay the requisite fee, which graciously gives him the privilege of spending more money at the clubhouse six miles distant. To belong to this club, then, is about as troublesome as becoming a stockholder in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

This is precisely what the American tourist wants. It is what he is accustomed to at home. Be it noted that there are still miles and miles of deserted roads where the traveler from the north never penetrates, there are still silent, sunswept beaches—many almost within sight of the tower of the Hamilton Cathedral—where you are alone from sunrise to sunset with only the roaring ocean before your eyes. There are still acres and acres of caves and caverns in the rocks for the few who will take the time and energy to explore. There you are in a land of dreams, a land of deep tropical beauty, of sand tinted pink with coral, of soft green seas breaking in foam upon lonely rocks. But to find these places takes trouble and effort; you cannot be conducted there in a carriage as you can from your hotel to the golf course; you must mount your bicycle, pedal over sandy roads, get off and push along narrow by-paths, scramble down stony declivities. You must, in short, make your discoveries for yourself. The tourist cannot do this. He has not time; he is too busy playing golf.

To spend a day lounging about the beaches and the unfrequented parts of the island and then to find yourself before the massive bulk of the Mid-

Ocean Club, is to face an extraordinary contrast. Inside the dim and correct coolness of the lobby is a desk like every hotel desk in the United States, a ledger on the desk like every hotel ledger, and a clerk standing there like every hotel clerk. The bell boys are the same kindly dark-skinned gentlemen who at home take your bag and often treat you as an equal. Sprawled about the lounge in the proper attitudes are the same overdressed men and women in the same overelaborate sports costumes that you can see at Cannes or Biarritz, at Palm Beach or Coronado. There is the same air of excessive wealth betrayed in the furniture, the surroundings, the locker rooms, and the caddy master, exactly as you will find it in American country clubs from Poland Springs to Pebble Beach. You have stepped from one world to another; here, it is unnecessary to state, you will find few Bermudians. For here you are in the heart of the American idea.

V

Queen of the Seas,
Thou hast given us the keys:—
Proudly do we hold them, we, thy lovers and akin.
We will guard thy Water-Gate,
Though we be not strong nor great,
And our lives shall pay the forfeit ere we let the foemen in.

Looking back over the distance of twenty-eight years, there is a melancholy pathos about those lines entitled "The Song of the Keepers of the Western Gate," written by Miss Bessie Grey in 1902. For you may draw up customs regulations, you may erect tariff barriers and pass laws to prevent strangers and their goods from crossing your frontiers; but it is hard to keep ideas from invading the land. Especially when they are brought in subtly by legitimate tourists.

Instance the invasion of the automobile. Yes, I am perfectly aware that the automobile is not as yet permitted in Bermuda; but that it is coming is as certain as fate. Nor is its regulation an impossibility, what with one-way streets, cars geared to a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour, and other devices to safeguard life and limb. That the automobile will some day capture Bermuda is assured; to set your mind at rest about this you have merely to converse with one of the more prominent go-getters on Front Street, Hamilton.

Now the automobile is an excellent example of how difficult it is to guard the Water Gate against the American idea. During the past few years an act repealing the act forbidding the use of motor vehicles has been defeated by narrowing margins. In 1920 an Automobile Association was formed for the specific purpose of offering better means of transportation to the visitors from the land of automobiles, and a few years later the entering wedge came when a limited number of government trucks—the Mid-Ocean Club is also, by divine authority, allowed a truck—were imported from Great Britain. These are now permitted to roam freely about the narrow roads without undue thought being given them. This, however, did not assist the Americans to get from Hamilton to Mid-Ocean. Horses and carriages remained expensive and deadly slow. The go-getter pushed home his arguments regarding the wishes of the visitors. Soon he had the opponents of the automobile in a bad way. They fought, they resisted, and then—rather than capitulate and admit complete defeat—they fell back upon the light-railway idea.

In 1925 an act was passed authorizing a light railway to be run from St. George at one end of the island to Somerset at the other end. That this was possible shows the opponents of the automobile to have been *in extremis*. It proves also the penetrative power of the American idea. A light railway is as necessary and as economic in a small island twenty-five miles long as chariots would be on Fifth Avenue. But—it is less awful to the sensitive native than automobiles.

And in the act authorizing the light railway is a clause which forbids the use of motor vehicles upon the island for a long period of years.

In this manner is the capital imported from the north protected in the financing of the railway. But it is worth noting that this light railway has merely postponed, not defeated, the idea of a Government Motor Bus Service for inland transport. The go-getter, trained and upheld by the American idea, is not easily downed.

Perhaps the next step will be the permission to doctors to use automobiles. The worst of it is that your Bermuda go-getter can marshal some doughty arguments for this let-down of the bars of the Water Gate. He will show that Doctor Tucker in Hamilton is unable to visit the outer parts of the reef, like Ireland Island, not only because the journey there and back would consume an entire day, but also because the poor horse would be used up for forty-eight hours afterward. In his car, however, the good Doctor will breeze out there and back in just no time at all. These arguments are by no means specious; they are truthful, cogent; moreover the terrible condition of the nags and the manner in which they are driven by the West Indian Jehus are also good reasons for clamoring for the advent of the automobile. The only trouble with this argument is, of course, that motor vehicles have no more place in the general scheme of things in Bermuda than Frigidaires in Fairyland.

The defense of the Water Gate was always stern about one thing: the foeman was to be kept an alien by refusing to sell him land unless he was a citizen of the British Empire. This rule was upheld—with, one suspects, some few deviations—until the advent of the Mid-Ocean Club necessitated a change. It was then discovered that cottages were being openly sold to the foemen without the slightest hesitation by none other than the foemen themselves, who happened to have been granted the land by an Act of the Legislature. Accordingly, property is now ownable by foreigners provided they are first "approved by the Governor General." One imagines that his approval, like that of the Secretary of the Mid-Ocean Club, is not too hard to obtain.

So the Bermudian is capitulating. He is paying the forfeit for having let the foemen in. What else is there for him to do? Poor chap, he is up against something stronger than himself, stronger than any of us; he is up against the pressure of modern civilization. That which may be excellent and of good report in Minneapolis and Kansas City is somehow out of place in Hamilton and St. George; but what on earth is the native to do? Well, nothing, except invest his profits in sound American stocks and contemplate the shifting scenes in his island kingdom as he takes the boat to spend the winter in Florida.

VI

Would the American really like to see Bermuda completely Americanized? After all, the chief reason he goes there can hardly be to get golf, or bathtubs, or a warm climate, or even liquor—he can get all of them at home. Does he not go to Bermuda because it is different? To get away from the insolent bell boys, indifferent service, and bad food of American hotels, to reach another life and another civilization? He obtains—or at least he used to obtain—a sense of change, of complete contrast, in these enchanted isles. Is it not characteristic of us as a people that, having got it, we immediately proceed to do away with what we have been looking for?

Some day perhaps the Bermuda go-getter will get through his solid head the realization that we Americans don't know what we really want. The social history of the United States consists, first, of standardization, then of dissatisfaction with standardization. The next step is boredom and search for something not yet standardized. Which,

when found, is promptly standardized again. There is hope that some day, before it is too late, that callous chap the Bermuda go-getter will appreciate this and make an attempt to save his islands. But then on the other hand there is always the possibility that he will not.

If, therefore, you desire to see Bermuda, go soon. And do not be content with visiting the Aquarium or riding out to the reefs in a glass-bottomed boat; do not be satisfied with a trip to the golf links in a carriage every other day. Hire a bicycle. Having hired it, use it. Take the first road from town that pleases you, churn your way alone and unaided through the sandy wastes that call themselves paths until you come to a lonely and deserted beach with nothing but a few birds flapping over the green-blue seas between you and Land's End. The tourist usually misses so much of the islands. I am reminded of a certain gentleman not unconnected with the lawn tennis business who has visited Bermuda almost every year since the War. This gentleman told me categorically three different times that there were no grass tennis courts in Bermuda. This was because his many visits had found him confined to the various hotels in the town of Hamilton, where the courts are all of cement.

Indeed when grass-court tennis does die, then is Bermuda dead indeed. Should you by any chance be asked to a tennis party at the house of some native, accept with eagerness. It will probably be in an out of the way spot that necessitates a three-mile pedal; but do not be discouraged on that account. Push out, and likely enough you will discover at your destination an old, one-story, tropical home, full of the mellowness and charm of simple age. Perhaps it will be set upon a small knoll, surrounded by eucalyptus trees and little gardens where myriads of sweet peas are abloom. Mount the winding driveway to the verandah; and hidden behind the house in a small depression you will find a velvety court entirely concealed from the outer world.

The native Bermudians begin to assemble. They are neighbors and friends. Everyone has an ancient tennes racquet and more ancient balls. You flock down to the court where your hostess makes up a four, and you learn that the idea is not to win, but to make an even match and most of all to enjoy yourself. This is heresy to our firmest sporting beliefs; never mind, however; let us slam the ball at the old lady across the net and see what happens. Perhaps to your surprise it comes back harder than you sent it, for despite their age and the age of their implements, the Bermudians can play. The set over, another four takes the court, the sides divided as evenly as possible. Sometimes three men and a woman will be playing together, sometimes three women and a man, depending on the quality of their respective games. The balls range in color from red to gray-green and dirty white. Their bounce is as varied as their color. Everyone plays, young, middle-aged and old; even the dog enters into the game and chases the balls that fall into the strawberry patch behind the court.

Pretty soon there is a shout from the house. Tea is ready. Tea means just exactly that—not cocktails. The whole crowd tramp into the cool, old-fashioned home, where photographs of subalterns in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards hang upon the walls. On into the dining room, where everyone sits about an enormous table completely covered with food. Tea is poured from a vast silver urn; there is homemade plum jam and bread and butter cut in thin slices and watercress sandwiches, and cake of all sorts including a white frosted cake and rich indigestible British fruit cake. You discover that you are hungry and you eat and drink tea and then you eat and drink more tea. When you are as full as possible, everyone tramps out again and down to the court and resumes playing. You protest that you cannot

play, that it is impossible for you to play, that you will kill yourself if you do play. And then when your hostess quietly asks you to make a fourth in the next set, you go in and play. And before long it is as if you had never eaten. Finally, while you are standing beside the court watching a four a bit later on, you glance at your watch and find it is nearly seven. Time to go.

A kindly, gentle, old-fashioned people, these native Bermudians, in their homes tucked away behind those magnificent hibiscus hedges. Your go-getter was unable to be present that particular afternoon at the tennis party. He was over in Hamilton attending to the wants of the everlasting tourist. A boat came in from New York during the morning. Nor were there any Americans playing, either. They were all down on the golf course, earnestly making contacts that will help them in their business when they return to the United States.

OBSERVATION

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

LITTLE by little we subtract
Faith and Fallacy from Fact,
The Illusory from the True,
And starve upon the Residue.

What is the sense in tears or laughter?
The Root of things is what we're after:
But fallen trees will spill their fruit
And worms and darkness keep the root.

Fallen days will spill their sun,
But paper heavens must be won,
And so, while we geometrize,
A bird out-twits us, twice as wise.

Mere matter is not all of marrow,
The harvest leaps not from the harrow,
And a push-button will not light
Joy by day or stars by night.

EMILY DICKINSON'S LITERARY DÉBUT

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD

WHEN my husband and I first went to live in Amherst in 1881 —he as the young government astronomer called to the directorship of the little observatory at the College— Emily Dickinson was still living in the old red-brick mansion built by her grandfather. The house, surrounded by pines, faced the New England village street along which the simple life of Amherst came and went in an intermittent stream.

Emily's sister and only surviving housemate, Lavinia, wrote me to come at once to see them; her only brother, Austin, too, desired our acquaintance with his sisters. He, the leading lawyer of Hampshire County and, like his father and grandfather, Treasurer of Amherst College, was devoted to his unique sister and appreciated her as perhaps no one else did.

And so, I soon became acquainted with the strange, rare spirit, hiding behind the hedge in an atmosphere of reticence complete and inviolate. Although our actual interviews were confined to conversations between the brightly lighted drawing-room where I was received and the dusky hall outside where she generally remained, I grew very familiar with her voice—its vaguely surprised note dominant.

Usually I sang to her for an hour or more and then, for a second hour, played selections from Beethoven, Scarlatti, and Bach which she admired extravagantly, never before having come into contact with classical composers. She was said to have played with great effect, long ago, numerous pianoforte "pieces" then in vogue in country districts. "The Battle of Prague" was mentioned to me more than once by contemporaries who remembered those early days in curious detail, even to the brown silk net with tassels behind each ear, her favorite adornment. But of real composers she had known little, and her enjoyment of Chopin, Haydn, and others was almost pathetic. Dressed always in white, an interrogative spot of light in the half-dark hall, her presence was like an inhabitant of some other sphere, alighting temporarily on this lovely planet.

When my calls were over her happiness was usually expressed in many dainty proofs—perhaps a note of few but thrilling words, more and more frequent as time went on, possibly a cream whip, or a rose, or a poem. To me these enchanted afternoons became the center of my life in Amherst, otherwise a rather prosaic contrast to Washington. Our peculiar friendship progressed radiantly in enlarging affection and intimacy until she "ascended from our vision to countenances new."

Soon after her death her sister Lavinia came to me, as usual in late evening, actually trembling with excitement. She told me she had discovered a veritable treasure—quantities of Emily's poems which she had had no instructions to destroy. She had already burned without examination hundreds of manuscripts, and letters to Emily, many of them from nationally known persons, thus, she believed, carrying out her sister's partly expressed wishes, but without intelligent discrimination. Later she bitterly regretted such inordinate

haste. But these poems, she told me, must be printed at once. Would I send them to some "printer," and how quickly could they appear?

Having already had some experience with publishers, I told her that no one would attempt to read them in Emily's own peculiar handwriting, much less judge them; that I should have to copy them all, then have them passed upon like any other literary production, from the commercial standpoint of the publishing business, and that certainly not less than a year must elapse before they could possibly be brought out. Her despair was pathetic.

"But they are *Emily's* poems!" she urged piteously.

I asked her how many there were; but that she could not tell. Afterward we found that almost six hundred were in the box first discovered. Later many more were found in other boxes and envelopes. But from a printer's point of view they looked hopeless. The handwriting appeared to consist of styles of three periods, absolutely different from one another—although none were particularly difficult to decipher; they were usually written on both sides of the paper, and the number of suggested changes was baffling. In the so-called "copied" poems, tiny crosses written beside a word which might be changed ultimately and which referred to scores of possible words at the bottom of the page were all exactly alike, so that only the most sympathetic and at-one-with-the-author feeling could determine where each word belonged. The mere copying, I estimated, if pursued for four hours every morning, would occupy two or three years and, if time were taken to select the most characteristic of her own suggested alterations, it might be much longer.

Several months elapsed before I actually began, for I tried at first to persuade Lavinia to place the poems with someone else. I hesitated to undertake so much work and study, as well as to assume the responsibility necessary for the successful launching of a new poet on the sea of literary criticism. But she was unalterably determined that mine should be the hand which should help Emily to set sail. She continually urged me, coming frequently to our house, almost always late in the evening, begging me insistently always to begin, only *begin* on the poems.

One evening she arrived just before midnight, making a still stronger appeal; she was more than ever certain that I *must* undertake the work. One or two incidents had stirred her to even more than her usual vehemence. I knew that once begun, the poems would occupy most of my time and all of my attention until they should be in condition to send to a publisher. I felt, furthermore, that their unconventionality might repel publishers.

Lavinia almost went on her knees to me that night, and it hurt me to see her so intensely in earnest over what might prove a disappointment. But at last I did promise to put the poems in shape and try to find a publisher; to begin the very next day and to have them in order as soon as possible. So my daily occupation was clearly indicated, as it turned out, for almost four years; and the results were overwhelming.

Emily had been in the habit of sending a verse now and then to acquaintances in town; and many persons told me of having received "queer" lines, as they called them, some of which had been kept, more thrown aside, and but few really appreciated. Previous to her death I had been at several dinners in Amherst where certain of the guests had reported having received poems from her which had been entirely unintelligible to the recipients. But at any rate it made "brilliant" dinner-table comment, in one instance a lady bringing with her one of the verses which she read aloud with an indescribably funny intonation, asking the merry company what could be made of such absurd words! The unthinking ridicule of the

limited public which had passed on Emily's writing was a personal and definite grief to me. On that occasion I was moved to wrath and I could hardly forbear a biting response. But I kept silence, for the chasm between the attitude of the average person and the power of Emily's poetry was too great for me to bridge.

Lavinia had told me of Emily's quaint friendship with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and asked me to have him co-operate in launching the poems. So before I began the copying I took several hundred of them to him, asking his assistance. He looked them over for a few minutes and, handing them back, shook his head.

"I have felt for some years that she had a certain amount of genius," he said, "but I am too busy even to look at this manuscript. In the first place, her writing is difficult to read, and I cannot spend time over them. If you will copy them all out clearly and then choose a few which you consider the best, I will go over them and we can together select as many as will make a small volume." So he indicated to me my herculean task, and I began alone.

When I had copied a sufficient number of poems I divided them into classes, marking them A, B, C, and D, according to their beauty, originality, and form. But long before I had finished, I had fallen under their singular spell. "Uplifting"—a much abused word—expressed the effect, not in the least like the ordinary comfort of so-called religious verse, but almost "as if a kingdom cared."

During the course of the work, which promised to be of nearly endless duration, I tried for a short time to avail myself of the services of a regular copyist, a girl of the town who ought really to have helped. But her insane mistakes were so funny as to be all but heartbreaking. It took longer to correct her errors than to write each poem intelligently in the first place. She would invariably write a miserably commonplace word in place of the extraordinary one used by Emily, and it seemed irreverent to the helpless poet to allow her verses to be so mangled. Loyalty to Emily's patient ghost swept over me, and I permanently gave up hope of any mechanical assistance.

The number of poems was being augmented all the time, as Lavinia continued to find more, all of which she wished copied and used in coming volumes. "Every one," said Lavinia eagerly. After a time, the handwriting was increasingly easy for me to interpret, but the changes made by Emily herself, or suggested, never became less difficult to decide upon. In one copy of the now well-known poem, "The Humming Bird," which she had sent me, and which is one of the eight or ten named by herself, she offered four alternative words in the line, "with a revolving wheel"—the way it was left in her most carefully made copy. "Delusive," "dissembling," "dissolving," and "renewing" were written at the bottom of the page as possible substitutes for "revolving." But in this case, as in others, I retained the word she evidently preferred. It often seemed as if suggested alternatives were only to make her meaning clearer, more unmistakable, and almost never to smooth rhyme or rhythm. These, to her, were of secondary importance.

During this time of intensive work, I had to leave the poems for four or five months while I was absent in Japan on one of my husband's solar eclipse expeditions, in the work of which I have always been actively interested. But I came back to them with renewed ardor, having indeed thought of them constantly during my absence.

Throughout all these months and years Lavinia was feverishly anxious to have the copying and arranging proceed as swiftly as possible. Frequently she came by night to our house and urged me to work faster, telling me that Emily's especial friends were dying

so rapidly that she feared there would be no one left to welcome the poems even if they did appear. She begged me to work on them every possible moment, mornings and afternoons as well, adding that if it were really fatiguing (which she could not imagine!), she would give me a strengthening drink once in a while if I would only come for it. And indeed sometimes I did stop work long enough to run over to the ancestral house across the meadow, to take a milk and egg and whiskey concoction, most delicious, compounded by herself.

Meantime scores of poems had been discovered which Emily herself had never copied: scraps merely, they were written on the margins of newspapers, on grocers' brown-paper bags, backs of envelopes, or other homely media, and some of the finest were among these. It seemed impossible to copy all of the poems, for by this time it was nearly four years since Emily's death, and there were already several hundred in shape for appraisal. Of these I selected about two hundred of the most characteristic, most unlike the mediocre verses appearing in papers and magazines.

Armed with what seemed to me the most remarkable poems written in a generation, I went to Cambridge again, once more to interrogate Colonel Higginson. He was greatly surprised, he said, to find them so readable in plain handwriting, and still so unusual. After reading them over once carefully, he wrote me on November 25, 1889, as follows:

"I can't tell you how much I am enjoying the poems. There are many new to me which take my breath away and which also have *form* beyond most of those I have seen before. That one descriptive of the shipwreck, for instance! My confidence in their *availability* is greatly increased and it is fortunate there are so many, because it is obviously impossible to print all and this leaves the way open for careful selection. I have to proceed slowly, being busy in other ways; have gone through about half your 'A' section."

In the spring of 1890 we went together first to Thomas Niles, at that time the real head of Roberts Brothers' publishing house, as Emily had had a sympathetic correspondence with him, and we thought it best to have someone pass judgment upon the poems who had known something of the shy writer. Mr. Niles was a charming, urbane gentleman, and in all the trying years when we were getting out one volume after another of Emily Dickinson's verse his kindly and discriminating friendliness smoothed our path. Yet at first his opinion was most discouraging. He had written to her several times, he told us, and had received remarkable letters from her, but to publish her "lucubrations" had always seemed to him highly undesirable. Still, he would look over the poems, give them to a reader for the house, and let us know as soon as he received the verdict.

A day or two later, on June 10, 1890, he wrote, "It has always seemed to me that it would be unwise to perpetuate Miss Dickinson's poems. They are quite as remarkable for defects as for beauties and are generally devoid of true poetical qualities"—which shows how blind may sometimes be the judgment of even the best of publishers!

The verdict of the reader was soon at hand. It was Arlo Bates to whom the poems were submitted, and his letters make curious reading now that Emily Dickinson has been acclaimed as one of the most precious classics of American literature. He did admit that she had "remarkable and unusual talent" but deplored her lack of a sense of rhyme or rhythm. He says, "She never learned her art, and constantly one is impelled to wonder and to pity at the same time. . . . She has put upon paper what reminded her of a mood or an emotion, and in nine cases out of ten she has not got enough down to convey the intelligence of her mood to any but the most sympathetic and poetical. . . . It seems

to me, with all due deference to those who did it, that the work of exclusion, that most ungrateful task, has not been pushed far enough. . . . I think the force of the volume, it being understood just what it is, would carry it farther than most volumes of verse go nowadays. Its faults are colossal, but it has the real stuff in no stinted quantities. I have cut it just about one half. The religious poems are the weakest and least original, but their very conventions make them the best for the closing section as they are put. I do not think the volume would make a tremendous stir. I do think it would be a distinct success of esteem."

He advised a small edition, perhaps of five hundred, thinking that possibly the public might accept the book to that extent. So we gave it to Roberts Brothers. The first edition consisted of only four hundred and eighty copies.

The fury of Lavinia over these mild estimates of her beloved sister's extraordinary writing may, I suppose, be imagined, although she had no literary appreciation of Emily's verses. But they were Emily's; that sufficed.

Perhaps the comments of publisher and critic were as complimentary as we ought to have expected. The reader was of course unaccustomed to such breath-taking thoughts as Emily's, but the opinions of both Mr. Niles and Mr. Bates were disheartening. Besides, in connection with his criticism, Mr. Bates, in cutting the number of poems practically in half, had left out some of the most striking of those submitted, among them "I died for beauty," "Safe in their alabaster chambers," and "How many times these low feet staggered." Naturally I could not countenance that, and I put back at once over twenty of his discarded ones.

Colonel Higginson was of course enthusiastic after he had read all the poems I had brought to him in easy dress; even from the first he had admired them, and the lack of interest in those who should have appreciated them was nearly as exasperating to him as to me. But I had interested my old friend, William Dean Howells, in the poems, who speedily became one of Emily's ardent admirers, writing glowingly of them in the "Easy Chair" of HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, 1891), from an advance proof which I sent him.

During all this time Colonel Higginson and I discussed at intervals naming the poems. But upon this we never wholly agreed. He looked at the problem from the point of view of the reading public as well as of the publishers, while I was exceedingly loath to assign titles to any of them which might not be specified by the poem itself. I had found ten, I believe, to which she herself had given names. After frequent meetings and much deliberation, Colonel Higginson yielded a good many titles of his own devising, and such poems were left unnamed, I in turn giving way to those titles unmistakably indicated in the lines themselves.

Actual changes in the poems were even harder to agree upon. I submitted to a few where, by altering the succession of words a good rhyme might result, but even these seemed questionable to me; a few went in, but only one, I believe, against which I did feelingly protest—the last line of the poem on the grass, which has so little to do. "I wish I were a hay," Emily had written. The quaintness of the article delighted me, but my collaborator was fixed on that point. "It cannot go in so," he exclaimed with heat, so rare in him that I was forced to yield. "Don't you see? Everybody would say that *hay* is a collective noun requiring the definite article; nobody would, even in fun, call it *a* hay." So I abdicated, feeling that of course he was right as far as the public was concerned. But I always had a sneaking desire to change it back to the original version!

We had much correspondence about the introduction. Colonel Higginson agreed to write it, but asked me to sign it with him. Later, however, he decided

that his own personal experience with Emily, to which the preface referred, would make it impossible for anyone but himself to sign it, adding in a note to me, "I have put on the title page 'Edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson.' . . . It is proper that your name should come first as you did the hardest part of the work."

Late in the summer of 1890 I was asked to suggest a design for the cover of the volume then to be so soon forthcoming. Immediately I thought of the Indian pipe, that perfect flower of shade and silence, weird and spectral enough to shelter many of the poems under its ægis. Some years before I had painted a group of them, and had sent the little panel to Emily, with an intuition of its appropriateness. She had responded with enthusiasm peculiar to herself.

"That without suspecting it you should send me the preferred flower of life," she wrote me after receiving it, "seems almost supernatural, and the sweet glee I felt at meeting it I could confide to none. I still cherish the clutch with which I bore it from the ground when a wondering child, an unearthly booty, and maturity only enhances mystery, never decreases it. To duplicate the vision is even more amazing, for God's unique capacity is too surprising to surprise. I know not how to thank you. We do not thank the rainbow, although its trophy is a snare. To give delight is hallowed—perhaps the toil of angels, whose avocations are concealed. . . ." (*Emily Dickinson's Letters*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd, Vol. II, Roberts Bros., Boston, 1894, p. 430.) So the Indian pipe was chosen as her cover design, cut from my painting which had stood for so long in her room.

At last came the great day when the volume was to be issued to the probably indifferent public. That was November 12, 1890, and I waited with something akin to fright for what might be said. On November twelfth, Mr. Higginson wrote me, "Books just arrived—bound. I am astounded in looking through. How could we ever have doubted about them?"

A few copies had been sent to various critics ahead of publication, and reviews began to come from them even before the completed edition was issued. Immediately after its publication, however, a flood of notices appeared. Many of the critics were manifestly bewildered, and could hardly use their accustomed words. But practically all united in admiration of the thoughts which aroused their latent response, although there was practical unanimity in regretting that she *would* neglect her rhymes so flagrantly. Nearly all were friendly, these astonished writers. But I recall one who spoke of various "typographical errors"—one of which being the line, "To satin nations he is nought." Ah ha! gloated this critic, there is a mistake! For he thought that Emily must have meant, as well as written, "Latin" races! Mr. Niles, troubled over this and the other "typographical" errors pointed out in this review, wrote me, "What do you say to the closing paragraph of the (*Independent*) notice?" If any of them had studied Emily as I had, they would have known that to use the phrase "Latin races" would have been as impossible for her as to refer to "Nordic facial characteristics" or to "Aramaic culture." She was never pedantic.

There were few hostile reviews, but some of them were important. For instance, *The London Daily News* (January 2, 1891) was harsh and cruel in its utter lack of appreciation or understanding of Emily's peculiar genius. It called her work "balderdash" and "mere maundering," a "farrago of illiterate and uneducated sentiment." Andrew Lang, in the *Illustrated London News*, spoke of "mere nonsense." "Indeed," he said, "one turns over Miss Dickinson's book with a puzzled feeling that there was poetry in her subconsciousness, but that it never became explicit." And again, "This is certainly a very curious little book. It has already reached its

fourth edition, partly, no doubt, because Mr. Howells praised it very highly."

The first edition was sold out in a few days, and the second edition was ready on December eleventh. By the twenty-third the third edition was exhausted, the fourth all gone in a few weeks, and the fifth was binding early in February. Mr. Niles wrote me (February 17, 1891), "I sent a copy to Miss Rossetti, who, acknowledging it, says: 'a very remarkable work of genius,—though I cannot but deplore some of the religious, or rather irreligious pieces.'" On March eleventh Mr. Niles wrote me, "The fifth edition is selling well . . . and the sixth edition is printing."

And so the book had more than justified my years of toil with little encouragement except a sustaining belief in the greatness of Emily's poetry. She, perhaps, would have been the most surprised of her readers, could she have seen from some upper realm the astonishing reception accorded her "mind." There were more than five hundred printed reviews within the first few weeks.

Letters filled with extravagant delight and sympathetic understanding came to me from all over the country and from England, and my mail was augmented to unmanageable proportions. The writers asked for information about Emily Dickinson's life, occupations, and modes of thought, until I had to call a halt upon answering any more questions. A woman from Nebraska wrote, "I hardly understand how she could live so secluded a life for so many years. Did she never attend lectures, festivals, literary circles?" Alas, poor Emily! Festivals, literary circles! And another, "The more I read, the more I wonder that this gifted woman kept so much to herself. . . . I should not, ignorant of the truth, have guessed the writer to be an Eastern woman. I should have placed her in the far West, say in Dakota, nor ever dreamed that she grew up in New England among the poets and in the shadows of the schools." That this Puritanism distilled through generations should have been judged a product of Dakota "squeezed my breath."

Requests, of which there were endless numbers, which bothered us most were those demanding a photograph of her. She had been exceedingly shy in allowing her face to be seen, and had refused her picture when Mr. Higginson requested it. Neither her brother nor her sister cared to have her likeness reach the public. We had a fairly good daguerreotype which we finally had photographed, however, for possible reproduction. Not liking it, her brother tried to arrange with an artist to copy it, lessening certain things not acceptable to himself, and softening the arrangement of the hair. After weeks of trying to make a satisfactory likeness, the correspondence in regard to which makes interesting reading, Austin Dickinson decided that nothing could really represent his beloved sister's face, and said that no picture of the elusive Emily should be given to the public with the exception of the child face from the large oil portrait of himself and his two sisters. So this was copied later for the two volumes of her *Letters* already referred to.

As a matter of fact, Emily was always sensitive about her personal appearance, although her hair and eyes were beautiful. But to herself she was not satisfactory, and she sought retirement at first, so her brother and sister thought, somewhat on account of her shyness in this regard. But why attempt to explain Emily's seclusion? It was as inevitable, as inherent in her nature, as for the hermit thrush to prefer the depths of the forest.

As her fame increased, remote relatives long forgotten published their recollections in newspapers and periodicals. In several instances I had to voice Lavinia's protest to some cousins who were writing their memories and, worse, their imaginings, as to the cause of Emily's seclusion. One of these berated ladies replied to me, "Certainly you can

believe I had no intention to offend Miss Lavinia in what I wrote of Emily, or in sending you the *Transcript* containing the article alluded to. The most charitable construction to be given to the message sent to me by Miss Lavinia is that her memory is defective. I can, if necessary, prove the story of the cat's tail being sent to me by Emily." When Lavinia ordered this relative to refrain from publishing any more articles relating to Emily, the lady replied, "As to whether I will write further of Emily, I am undecided. But I have quite enough material for a short paper. It is to be remembered that when the writings of an author are given to the world, anyone has the privilege of making known any incident or fact in connection with that author's life or environment, to the public."

Emily's brother Austin did not especially enjoy all the unauthorized writing about his sister, though he did not attempt a futile curbing of the inky enthusiasms as Lavinia did. He was chiefly amused at the masses of articles, some of them absurd, which kept pouring in.

On the very day the book was published Colonel Higginson wrote me, "I am distressed exceedingly to find that among E.D.'s countless letters there are poems as good as any we printed—one on the blue-jay, one on the humming-bird, etc. This shows we must have another volume by and by, and this must include prose from her letters, often quite as marvellous as her poetry. Howells is doing missionary work in private."

Colonel Higginson wrote again on December 15, 1890, "Pardon me if I bore you, but I often wish for your sympathy, because you are the only person who can feel as I do about this extraordinary thing we have done in revealing this rare genius. I feel as if we had climbed to a cloud, pulled it away, and revealed a new star behind it. I have just been going over the reviews and noting in the book who quotes each poem. Have you observed how they are *distributed?* Sooner or later each poem, it would seem, must find its one admirer. . . . A few poems show a consensus of appreciation . . . yet some of the finest are not yet picked out by anybody. I wish I could remember who suggested each title; some of the best, I know, are yours. On the whole, they help. . . . Such things as I find in her letters! 'The Madonnas I see are those that pass the house to their work, carrying Saviours with them.' Is not that one of the take-your-breath-away thoughts? There is much that I could never print. . . ."

It gradually became clear that there must be a second volume of her poetry, and so we again set about the task of selection. This was in 1891. When the manuscript was nearly ready for the printer, I wrote my co-laborer in regard to my preface on July 25, 1891, "I know there is too much of this preface, but I have tried to answer, point by point, the things said of her by the critics. I have almost a complete collection of the newspaper and magazine notices of the first volume—certainly all the important ones. Most of them say she was an invalid, that she was cruelly disappointed in love, that she was irreverent—that she never had left Amherst, that she was a recluse from childhood, and other nonsense. And then some friends had wondered at variations in the printed poems from those she had sent them—and I have been questioned about her handwriting and manuscripts; indeed, there seems an endless curiosity, both printed and verbal, about her. And I thought it the proper opportunity to forestall further spreading of what is not true about her. Cut it wherever you choose. Mr. Dickinson likes it, and says if it is not too long, he should like most of the points to remain. Vinnie approves. . . . Please, dear Mr. Higginson, criticize this little sketch freely, and write me *just* how it strikes you. My trust in your judgment, taste and friendliness are boundless." The Second

Series was published in the autumn of that year in response to an ever-increasing demand for Emily Dickinson's poetry, and its sale was scarcely less surprising than that of the first volume the year before.

Although I had no financial interest in either of the volumes, it was gratifying to know that Emily's sister was reaping a harvest from the extraordinary sales, which showed little diminution as time went on.

When we first discussed the matter of the copyright with Mr. Niles, before the appearance of the first volume, there came the question of the name in which it should be issued. Mr. Dickinson decided to tell Lavinia about an official copyright, of which she knew nothing until I explained it to her. Then she said of course she must have that, as Emily's work belonged to her. Her brother told her that even though the proceeds of the poems were to be hers, as he generously waived his own claim, the copyright should be in my name, since I had done the work, and without pay. But nothing but both copyright and proceeds would satisfy her; and so it was settled. I received one hundred dollars, given me by Lavinia upon the publication of the first volume of poems in 1890, and Colonel Higginson was given the same.

While preparing the Third Series of *Poems*, finally published in 1896, which I had prepared without Colonel Higginson's assistance, I was besieged for some of Emily's prose. The result was that I collected and edited two volumes of Emily Dickinson's *Letters*, published in 1894—but that is another story.

Emily's début had been a triumphant entry into the life of that public which she "never saw" but to which, nevertheless, she had sent her message. Her success had been instantaneous with the appearance of the first volume of *Poems* in 1890; it continued through the second and third volumes which were published in 1891 and 1896, respectively. And now, with her place secure for all time not only in the hearts of those who understand her unique ways, and in the love of those who may not criticize, but in the front rank of American poets as well, we can say with Howells:

"If nothing else had come out of our life but this strange poetry, we should feel that in the work of Emily Dickinson, America, or New England rather, had made a distinctive addition to the literature of the world, and could not be left out of any record of it."

DJOMBÉ RIVER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

TOTTON sat on the porch, his back against a post, his legs sprawled easily down the steps. The afternoon was drowsily warm. He watched a black-and-golden butterfly settling and darting above the grass, and considered lazily. Should he call Aloki to get his bath ready or should he first stroll down the hill and have a look at the vine bridge? With a comfortable sigh he got up, stretched and, with hands in pockets, wandered down the path. Bryce had been away nearly a month and might arrive at any time. Just to be sure, he'd look at the bridge once more.

After the still gloom of the forest the glare was blinding above the open river. Shading his eyes with his hand, he peered up into the branches, examining the vine fastenings. All was secure. He climbed to the bridge and walked halfway across. Midway he stopped and leaned against the downstream slope. The hot sun upon his back and the swirl of the bright running water gave him a sense of relaxation. He half closed his eyes.

It had been a long wait—thirty years of the tropics, Bolivia, Siam, the Gaboon. Dreary, lonely enough it had always been to look forward to, but—he breathed deeply of the hot, fragrant air—not bad at all to look back on. Be just like the thanklessness of humans if next year in Paris or New York or Vienna or wherever he was, he'd have a twinge of homesickness. He chuckled. He'd take a chance on that. . . . Wonder how the concession would get on without him? He half opened his eyes and cast them appraisingly on the nearby trunks. First thing to do when Gene's girl showed up was to give her a few lessons in the lumber business. Heaven help the company with fat little Gene as foreman. He had wondered several times during the past month whether his offer had not been impetuous. Come down to it, Gene was young and not particularly capable. Possibly a wife would brace him. Something should.

He stood erect and listened attentively. Voices. Talk of the devil! With long steps that set the bridge springing he crossed to the far side and walked a few quick paces along the trail. The caravan rounded a turn, and he halted abruptly.

Marion was ahead. Her white dress, always inappropriate and fragile, was caked about the hem with mud and streaked with dirt and grass stains. Her stockings were torn, muddy; her dark hair appeared in confused masses from beneath her wilted helmet.

She stopped at sight of him, and her dark blue eyes found his. The expression in them sent a sudden lump into his throat and made him sick with surmise. Timorous, weary, tear-dimmed, they yet held level. Her mouth trembled.

"Mr. Totton?"

Jeff nodded.

"Gene was drowned when we crossed the river two days ago. A . . . a floating log struck the bridge and carried

it away. We came on here because I didn't know what else to do." She hesitated. "I will go away soon. I . . . I'm sorry."

When he found his voice it came with a brusque loudness which startled him. The muscles of his eyes and jaws seemed to drag from the force of the pity that welled in him. His ragged helmet still rested ridiculously on the back of his head. He had forgotten to take it off.

"Oh, good Lord, don't talk about that." He took both her hands impulsively. "My poor, poor child!"

In that touch an instant sympathy passed between them. His workman's brown hands enclosed hers completely. A wave of relief swept over her. It was almost as if she had come home. His lean bronzed face, his kind gray eyes . . . after the fearful days of no one, it was comforting to find he was like this.

He signalled that the carriers were to continue and stood aside with her to let them pass. They watched silently while the negroes crossed the hammock bridge and disappeared.

"Gene told me," she said in a low voice, "that the last bridge didn't count."

She walked forward resolutely, then stopped, shuddering, and covered her face with her hands. Jeff understood. With perfect naturalness he picked her up in his arms. She clung to him. Midway of the bridge he paused to balance himself.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am," he said. She shook her head. He held her tighter to him and kept on.

He explained the arrangements of the bungalow in a commonplace, slightly hurried tone—the verandah, the big rough-boarded living room to the left of the entrance door and the two bedrooms, his own and Gene's, to the right.

"We don't," he indicated, "run the partitions all the way up to the roof. Gets a better circulation of air the way it is. You won't find it much to look at, but it's comfortable." He opened his mouth to boast of the fine new bungalow he had planned to build for them, thought better of it, and stopped.

He silently helped her to arrange her boxes in Gene's room and sent Aloki and the cook to heat water for a bath.

In a few minutes he left her at her door. She gave him her hand and looked at him. "I can't ever begin to tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Totton," she said.

He cleared his throat. "Anything at all I can do . . . I guess I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Totton walked down the yard. At the hedge he tore off a red hibiscus flower and crushed it tremblingly between his fingers. His mind was in a turmoil. He strove to think of the initial tragedy —of Gene, of his planless days so violently and so senselessly ended. But try as he would he could not dwell on that. The tragedy of death seemed incidental, ended utterly in contrast with the continuing tragedy of the girl. He mouthed soundless, reverent profanities. With a vague, clumsy gesture he wiped the sweat from his forehead. The blood pounded in his temples. A vision of her crossed his mind, of the pale drawn face against his coarse shirt, the relaxed young body in his arms as he carried her over Djombé River bridge. Why, she was a beauty.

He kicked through a clump of grass and gazed with fierce detachment at the gathering clouds in the sunset sky.

"Yes, now what?" he asked half aloud. He shook his head seriously, helplessly, decided on postponement. With a physical shock he observed his ragged trousers.

Jeff, ill-at-ease in a white suit that had mysteriously shrunken during several years' retirement, stood waiting at the edge of the porch. He heard light steps behind him, but in an access of acute embarrassment did not turn. Marion, not realizing he was aware of her, studied him for a moment.

Totton was a type of man she had never before known. His watchful gray

eyes, the breadth of his shoulders, the easy poise of his long body gave him a look of calm and purpose. He seemed effortlessly to dominate the silence, the whispering desolation all about them.

She stepped beside him. "This is an awfully nice bungalow," she offered.

He smiled down at her. "It has a roof and four walls and it keeps the weather out. You can say that much for it."

She shook her head. "No, really . . ." She looked out over the rolling meadowland of dark tree tops under them. "This is the most beautiful country, you know, that I have ever seen."

He looked at her wonderingly.

"It makes me feel," she went on softly, "that I have come back to the beginning. It seems . . . I don't know just what to say. It seems as if it were waiting . . . that perhaps when the waiting was over, the beauty would end. Is that a very silly thing to say?"

"Waiting?" Jeff echoed. "It's a great place for waiting, all right. I've been doing that as long as I can remember." He examined her admiringly. Except for a look of weariness about the corners of her mouth and eyes, there was little trace of the bedraggled waif of the afternoon. She wore a sleeveless white-linen dress. She stood erect, courageous, young. Her lips were slightly parted, tasting the sunset air.

"I'd like to say, ma'am," said Totton earnestly, "that I certainly do admire your nerve. You show more courage than I should if I'd been through what you have." He hesitated, fumbled uneasily with his unfamiliar necktie and looked away from her. "I'll tell you why I mentioned it. It crossed my mind that maybe you were keeping your end up on account of me, that you and I not being acquainted very well, maybe put you on your good behavior. Because don't." He put his hand on her shoulder, suddenly conscious, lowered it again. "I knew Gene pretty well, you know. So I mean to say if you want to talk about him . . . or anything . . . go ahead."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that. But thank you anyway. You are awfully kind."

He shifted impatiently. "No use saying that."

Aloki, behind them, announced dinner.

In a sort of hushed casualness they talked of food, of the difficulties of a jungle garden, of the aggravation of all cooks, of the obvious excellence of Aloki, of a boy Totton had had in Bolivia and lost from an overturned canoe on a tributary of the Rio Madre. (The inappropriateness of this tale upset and silenced him.) But for the most part they said nothing. Marion's thoughts seemed turned in upon herself. Her fingers ran incessant, nervous little courses among the things in front of her. Her manner, it seemed to Jeff, was thoughtful rather than sad, as if, he guessed, the future occupied her to the exclusion of the past.

He was content to look at her. There was no harm in that, he argued. A man would have to be blind or senile not to. He worried whether she was really as exquisite, her skin as smooth, her eyes so deeply blue, her mouth as tender as they seemed to him.

Aloki cleared away the things, made a bundle of the wrinkled cotton tablecloth, and ducked out under the hanging net for the last time. The silence that followed his going was oppressive. Except for the occasional faint angry rattle of termites in a mud nest somewhere in the roof thatch, the eternal roar of distant Djombé falls, and the sawing of cicadas in the outer dark, the quiet was absolute.

They listened to the night. Marion's elbows were on the table and her cheeks leaned upon her palms. She glanced thankfully toward Totton. The line of his jaw, the seams in his sun-darkened face, his straight mouth made a rigid pattern which she found consoling. The mood of the woods was so intangible, amorphous.

"Mr. Totton," she said at last in a low voice; "If you don't mind I'd like to talk to you. I owe you an explanation."

"You don't owe me anything, ma'am."

She shook her head. "Yes, I do. I mean an explanation of myself." She hesitated, then went on steadily, her eyes on the table. She had torn a splinter from the rough board top and drew tiny shapes with it. "You must think I'm a queer sort of widow. I must seem terribly hard. About Gene. Not to seem more sorry." She considered. "Of course I am sorry. It was a fearful, a ghastly thing." Her mouth puckered but quickly became firm again. "But it was a way out. He didn't want me, Mr. Totton."

Jeff made a clucking sound in his throat.

"No. I mean it very seriously. He was only being sorry for me. I didn't of course realize or I should never have come." She looked up pleadingly. "You can't realize how tired I am of people being sorry for me." Her eyes filled suddenly with tears and she brushed them peevishly away. "Really! You see, my mother died when I was a baby so I was 'poor child' to everyone for as long as I remember. Then when my father became ill I took care of him. So I was 'poor Marion' then. . . . I can't tell you how kind everyone has been to me, how they've pitied me, or how I've wished they wouldn't. I suppose you think that's childish and ungrateful?"

"No-o."

"It is, but I can't help it. When Gene came back from college I thought it wasn't the same. Honestly, I don't think it was. At least I like to think he loved me for a little while. But he got over it out here, and I was so foolish I didn't realize that of course he would. I'm sure, though, he pitied me! I knew it was that and only that the minute I got off the boat. But I was too cowardly to let myself know it. I simply . . . I simply didn't know what else to do."

Jeff cleared his throat. "I shouldn't be too sure of that. You can't know . . ."

"Yes, I can." She nodded vehemently. "Of course I can. He didn't want me. Not for anything. He never even touched me, Mr. Totton, do you see? No man can know how bitter that is for a woman. How it destroys all one's childish vanity. I felt so horribly lost. Do you understand? You see, I wanted him or someone so much. To look forward to life for a long, long time. . . . This whole thing, Africa and getting away, and a place for me at last. . . . Oh, I was so hopeful!" She steadied her voice and looked at him. "You are awfully good to listen to me go on like this, Mr. Totton."

"Why, no indeed. I don't see why we can't be friends."

"Thank you." Her glance wavered, left his face, roamed desperately. The night wind shifted, rustled like approaching ghostly voices through the trees. It brought the sound of Djombé River nearer. She listened, and her face drooped forward on her arms. "I don't know why the dickens, though, it couldn't have taken me instead!"

The muscles of his throat were tight and his lips dry. So long, so long to have been away from all important, human things! He felt strangely, in that instant, younger than she. He leaned across the table and tried to touch her hair. It was an insistent need for him, far more than simple gentleness. As if he must reach quickly back across the empty years. His fingers fell just short, and he rose and came around the table to her. He cupped her shoulders in his hands and steadied her. A kind of strength flowed up to him. With an effort he controlled his breathing. He said nothing for a long moment, then bent down.

"We've got plenty of time ahead of us, you know," he said. "You've had a long day. Why don't you turn in now and we'll . . . we'll see about things to-morrow? What do you say?" Her head nodded, and he half lifted her

to her feet and turned her to him. Her face fell back and she staggered a little. He put his arm about her waist to steady her. Suddenly he strained her to him and kissed her mouth. Her lips seemed lightly to answer his.

He stepped back, his face hot with confusion. Without a word he lifted the edge of the net for her to pass under. They walked the length of the porch and turned in the door. At the entrance of her room, dimly visible in the light of a smoking lantern that hung from the ceiling, he spoke again, by an immense effort of will keeping his voice under control. He moved and spoke like an automaton.

"Good night. I guess Aloki has fixed your lamp and everything. If you want anything just say so. I'll be right in here. Good night."

"Good night."

An hour later Jeff lay staring wide awake at the feebly lighted roof. His lamp and hers in the next room had been left partly on, and the vague rays mingled above the partition. It had begun to rain outside, a booming, lashing, tropic rain that made the house creak and faintly stir, seem doubly isolated in the black and streaming vastness of the woods. But the thatch was sound and the smoky lamps burned steadily.

He turned twitchingly, put out one hand till his finger tips rested tightly on the wall. The bed in which she slept, the big reed bed he had built in the past month as a surprise for the bride and groom, stood immediately next his with only the wall between. He could hear her. She was sobbing, hopeless, buried sobs that tore him like whips.

"Poor child, poor child," his lips formed over and over again. How beautiful she was!

He tensed out his long legs strongly and pressed his calloused palms hard down upon his eyelids. The scent of her breath, the touch of her moist mouth, the pulse of her body against his consumed him like fire. And he pitied her. His eyes felt dry with aching sorrow for her. The two emotions seemed to touch and intermingle.

"My God . . . my God," he whispered.

A wistful cry, muffled and made almost inaudible by her pillow, came through the wall. With overwhelming resolve he swung his feet to the floor, found his slippers, and put on a ragged bathrobe. He opened his own door and walked shakily to hers. With hand lifted to knock he hesitated. He was trembling violently. What was he going to say, do? In a moment he nodded decisively and tapped.

The sounds abruptly ceased. At last a voice answered, "Yes?"

"Can I come in for a minute?"

Again a pause and again a "yes." He turned the knob and entered. She sat diagonally on her bed, her bare shoulders propped against the wall. Her hair, shadowy and ill-defined in the half-light, hung about her shoulders. Her lips were parted and her eyes wide.

He paused irresolutely halfway in the room. "I beg your pardon, coming in like this. But I couldn't sleep, hearing you. . . . I guessed maybe you were worrying about what was going to happen? What you were going to do, I mean. And I thought of something. I thought of it before, but I'm such a damn' fool I . . . I forgot to mention it."

He came to the edge of the bed, sat upon it, and took her hand uncertainly in his.

"I thought of something," he repeated heavily, "and I wanted . . . I had to know what you'd think." She gave him no help and he continued. "I wanted to say that if you didn't want to, you didn't have to go away from here. That was it. Just feel it's your place as much as mine. You have a right to it, you know, because of Gene . . . and everything. Don't be in a hurry, that's all I mean."

"I . . ."

His grip tightened on her hand and he lowered his face ashamedly. "Don't

say 'thank you.'" His voice thickened pleadingly. "Good God! you can't realize what it would mean to me if you'd stay awhile. You don't know how damned lonesome it gets. I've just dry-rotted my life away. Maybe . . . maybe I shouldn't say this. So soon after Gene . . ." he broke off. That somehow did not matter. Even the ghost of him was gone. All things had burned away but the sense of the waste years, their loneliness, and his desire.

Her mouth grew curiously gentle, but a long minute passed before she spoke.

"You mean you want me to? For my own sake?" She put out her other hand and covered his.

"Yes . . . yes. For mine."

The lashing rain outside seemed to force them together. It was as if they were lost. She tried to move nearer him, came up kneeling. Her mouth was close to his. "You're not just being kind? Sure? Sure?"

"No . . . Lord, no."

She put her arms about his neck. "If you're really sure."

She relaxed against him and his mouth found hers. His eyes filled boyishly with tears and he held her to him. His hand, trembling, moved along her back.

"I am so glad," she whispered.

At midnight the rain ceased as quickly as it had come and a chill wind renewed the sound of Djombé Falls. Once she moved uneasily and, still sleeping, his arm went over her.

He awoke from long habit and listened the next instant to the distant blast upon Aloki's horn. She did not stir. Her head, the dark hair disarrayed about it, lay pillowed on her arms. She slept serenely, curled up like a child. Cautiously, so as not to wake her, he leaned and kissed her side.

Quietly he rose and went to his own room.

An hour after daybreak she came to the verandah where he sat waiting on the steps. They pressed each other's hands and exchanged shy good mornings.

Aloki brought the long-delayed breakfast, his brown, blank face a mask of restrained but perfect comprehension.

"This food isn't much good," Jeff said. "Suppose you take that job over right now? You might try your hand at a garden. I've got a drawerful of seeds inside if they haven't all sprouted."

"Grand."

They smiled at each other.

Jeff cleared his throat self-consciously. "I've got another idea."

"What?"

"Want to get married?"

"If you do."

He leaned across the table and took her hands. "I sure do. That is . . . that is. Do you? It seems a poor sort of bargain for you—a dead old timber-trimmer like me. But it might be better, seeing . . . well, you understand."

"I told you last night," she said earnestly. "If you want me. I . . . I'm looking for a job."

"I'm no boy, you know."

"Oh, there's lots of time ahead. In a way we're both just beginning, aren't we?"

He got up. "Fine, then. There's a German missionary fellow about sixty miles to the northeast. We could make it in three days, easy. But I guess you're pretty tired?"

"Not at all."

He looked at her appraisingly. "You're a good sport, all right. I tell you. I figure the sooner we get any traveling done the better. The rains are coming stronger all the time and walking's getting hard."

"Do we cross the river?"

He shook his head. "No. Not on that road. It lies the other way." He held out his hands for her to rise. "It's pretty going through the woods."

"I'm sure it is."

They had made the journey and come home. Jeff sat on the steps. He

chewed a blade of citronella and gazed with admiration at the operations of a family of wasps beneath the thatch.

Marion in her room was unpacking her trunks and arranging things. A dozen times it occurred to him that an immense accumulation of work waited to be done, but the yellow brightness of the afternoon dissuaded him. He heard her moving about inside—his wife—and was filled with placid enjoyment. She certainly was better company than Gene.

"Jeff!" she called.

"What?"

She came out on the porch with a leather sack in her arms.

"Had you forgotten or were you just being polite? This is the mail I brought from Molala." She sat down and began to try to unbuckle the strap.

He reached out. "Let's see it. I know how to work that thing."

He opened the bag expertly and shook the contents on the floor. There were half-a-dozen letters, several rolled magazines, and a bulky package. He picked it up curiously and weighed it. "What the deuce is this? It's heavy enough."

She leaned over his shoulder to read the label. "'American Express Company, Paris.' What on earth?"

Totton broke the cords with a jerk and shook the contents out between them. There was a cascade of color. Pamphlets, time-tables, tour schedules, all brightly lithographed, piled in the sun.

Jeff snapped his fingers. "Gosh, I'd forgot all about it. I wrote five months or more ago for this stuff."

Her hands were busy among the papers. "What a grand idea! All my life this has been my favorite reading. 'Baden-Baden, Paris in Five Days, Côte d'Azur,'" she read aloud. "What fun! . . . What's the matter?"

His face had suddenly gone gray. He got up stiffly, averting his face from her.

"What is it?" she insisted. "Have I said anything?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, I tell you. You haven't said anything."

She scrambled to her feet and tried to put her arms around him. He shook her off angrily. "Nothing, I tell you. I . . . I just thought, there's a gang working to-day I've got to see. I'll be back around . . . around dinnertime sure."

He ran down the steps, strode, without turning his head, along the yard path, and vanished beyond the hedge.

Marion stood watching him, wonderingly. Her glance wandered back to the pile of folders about her feet. After a moment—a still and troubled moment—she leaned over and picked them up. Slowly she untangled the wrapping cord and retied the bundle.

The sun climbed to zenith. Week after week the thunder rumbled and for uninterrupted days there was nothing but the gurgle of the rain. Green slime grew upon boots. Lamps set burning continually in the clothes presses were ineffectual against the mold. A cloud of driving mist hung forever above the forest. Down the hill behind the cook-shed one might see the shabby huts of Lolill town, the smoke spiralling through the soggy thatch. The rough bamboo doors were always up and no one moved abroad. Africa was waiting for the terror of the year to pass.

The sun, so rarely seen, veered northward up toward the far-away desert. The rains dwindled, and at last the jungle steamed in yellow glare. At night one heard again the far-away hoarse shouting of the apes. The vivid dome of sky was cloudless and a new quality of silence settled down.

Imprisoned by the rains, they had talked endlessly, and at length they had exhausted talk and fallen silent. The present, the drowsy, empty, waiting present supplied few incidents, few materials for thought. There were no people to gossip of, few books, no gaieties.

Their pasts, they found, touched nowhere. His was concerned with places, hers with people the other had not known. For weeks, intermittently, she

tried to draw him out and at long last realized that it was not taciturnity which slowed his tongue, but the mere eventlessness of his life. Thirty years of cutting timber in the bush. That was all. But the future existed. They could, of course, she told herself, not wait indefinitely.

Jeff explained one night that he was going away for two weeks. The river had sufficiently subsided and the time had come to move the year's logs down to the coast for sale.

"There's a Hamburg buyer coming up the river this year as far as a launch will bring him and he says"—Totton tapped a letter brought by runner that afternoon—"he'll give me the same price per ton they pay in Molala. I'll get 'em down and come back as soon as I've turned them over to him. He's setting up a factory. And I'll bring back some supplies. Figure out what you need."

He studied her face as he spoke. "Feeling all right?"

"Certainly. Why?"

He patted her hand. "Nothing, I only thought . . . You'll take care of yourself while I'm gone? Never forget your quinine or anything? I . . . I guess I'm not much at saying things. But I suppose you know what you mean to me?"

Totton's method of moving logs was unique in the Gaboon. It was the occasion of the year for him. Other woodsmen sent the timbers down in clumsy, bumping rafts. He rode them in midstream. The chances of the current berthed the released logs among the rushy shallows at the sides of a pool forty miles downstream.

On the third morning all preliminaries were done and at daybreak he began. He wore spike-soled shoes, khaki trousers and a ragged, short-sleeved shirt. The strap of his helmet was caught beneath his under lip. With marvellous precision he wielded a long pronged pole with a hinged thumb of steel.

With the delight of a dancer he ran out upon the lunging, rolling timbers, straightening, directing, disentangling them. New pieces continually pounded down. He received them, shepherded them and, two days later when the count tallied, started them by twos and threes upon the final course. Parties of laborers followed, but they worked ashore and in the shallows. On the shining, majestic flood he rode alone as master.

The vivid hours and days of dominance gave him complete peace. He had, he realized, grown stale and aged during the inactive months of rains. Lord, he'd forgotten how good he was! He vaulted lightly from a rolling log, found foothold on another, set it turning with a running motion of his feet, and freed it from temporary bondage in shoal mud. He'd forgotten Papa Djombé! What sweep, what grandeur, what self-sufficiency it had. . . . It came to him that in some way, in some insubstantial way, it had been contemptible of Gene to let Djombé get him. It had been too big for Gene. But for him it was just right. They understood each other. They were partners. They were bound for the sea together. He'd nearly forgotten the old contract they had made. He smiled.

Down to the sea! How the yellow river swam and bubbled between the high walls of jungle green. How superb was the feel of the pounding sun on his back. Down to the sea!

He rode a giant log, head up, lips parted gaily. An occasional slight shift of foothold, a casual tilt of the pole held crosswise of his breast sufficed to steady him. All about him like a school of colossal porpoises floated black lengths of timbers, bumping, rolling, sucking, all moving easily downward. And he—he, Jeff Totton, only fifty-one years old—was lord of it all!

In a shoal of elephant grass near one bank some logs were entangled. A dozen tall native men, waist-deep in water, their wet brown bodies gleaming in the sunlight, were struggling to set them

right. Their high soft-noted cries of direction echoed across the water to him. Totton spiked a nearby log, drew it lightly toward him, stepped off upon it, repeated the process twice, and jumped into the shallows.

The difficulty was obvious to him. With a friendly gesture he brushed aside the laborers and thrust his pole at the point where one log slightly overlapped another. One slight heave, he knew, and they would be quiet upon their courses again. The pole bent, and he grunted with exertion. Angrily he thrust and forced again. His hands slipped, he stumbled forward and fell, striking his chin on the coarse bark and splashing full-length in the muddy water. A half-dozen men solicitously helped him to his feet. His head swam drunkenly and they half carried him ashore, where he sat heavily on the hot ground. At a nod from him they returned to work. A young negro took the spiked pole, twisted it as he had done, and the timbers floated free. Someone brought the stick and laid it beside him. They continued on their way; in a moment were gone in the waving reeds.

Totton took off his helmet and with shaking hands wiped the sweat and water from his hair. He felt his stubbled chin. It was slightly cut and damnably sensitive. And his head felt heavy. There was no hurry, he told himself. He stared moodily across the glaring sheen of water to the high green barrier of trees on the far bank.

He spoke, half aloud, "Jeff, you're getting old."

He closed his eyes. The exhaustion of the week past seemed suddenly to overwhelm him. His fingers were tremulous, his heart was pounding too rapidly. The rivulets of sweat that oozed and ran upon his wet body made him irritable.

He pondered earnestly whether the young black had succeeded with the pole where he had failed because of their difference in years. At fifty-one perhaps a man did grow clumsy. He remembered he had read somewhere that after fifty the most notable change was that recovery of any sort was slower. Possibly. It was ridiculous to be so knocked out by a little tap on the chin. It wouldn't do to wait forever . . .

He opened his eyes. There, smoothly, agelessly, and forever, ran the river, the immortal, vagrant, majestic soul of the vast woods, Djombé River that he'd planned so long to follow away from waiting . . . away from the long, long waste of years. . . . As he watched, for the first time its inscrutable grandeur weighed on him.

His lips hardened. No damn' use in being childish about it. Might as well face it clearly. That dream was out. Marion had changed all that. There wasn't enough money for two and that was that. If they quit, the savings would last them no more than eight or nine years. Then there would be nothing ahead. There weren't any jobs for a tropical timberman outside of the tropics, certainly not for a man of fifty-one.

There was a long hiatus in his thoughts and then, like the turning of regular wheels, he began again.

He wondered very carefully if another might chance it. No, he thought not. Starting all over again wasn't the game for anything but youth. It simply wasn't any way possible. No . . .

Poor Marion. What a cruel trap it had been for her. But at least, he smiled sourly, she'd outlast him. She'd get away sometime. Get away on his money. As a widow. There was enough for one.

"For one." The words spoke themselves aloud. He moistened his lips, looked furtively over his shoulder to see if anyone was by to overhear. Sun-drowsed desolation only. He pressed his palms to his eyes till bright spots swam in the dark. What a queer chance stroke it would be if she should die first. Malaria, the river, there were a thousand chances. . . .

He could kill her.

A gasping, startled grunt forced out of him. He felt a sudden nauseated terror. He scrambled hastily to his feet and, grabbing up his stick, began to run, breasting the cutting grass, leaping over obstacles, splashing furiously through water till he streamed and panted in the sun. A vision of her soft mouth, her lonely eyes swam before him, and his heart ached with love for her. Oh, my God . . . He loved her. He loved her. It must be that he was going mad.

For a day Marion had enjoyed being alone. She deliberately relaxed, strove with fair success to banish all reflection, all troubling, whispering, confusing doubts. Then gradually the silence seemed to press upon her like an accumulating weight. She slapped shut the covers of a book—a poor and futile novel read through for the third time—and got up from her chair.

Aimlessly she began to walk about the house. The shutters were up, and the cool gloom inside, streaked with mote-filled lines of light, held a slight quality of mystery. Even in that drab and too familiar place one might still make discoveries. She smiled whimsically to herself. At least the dull old house at home had had an attic. How deceiving dreams were. To come to Africa, to the continent of magic and of danger, and mind because it didn't have an attic. Merely silence, silence and such a brooding loneliness it nearly drove one mad.

"Don't," she whispered aloud, "be an ungrateful little beast."

She examined the ragged row of books on a shelf above her husband's bed, wondering if she could recite the titles and authors accurately from left to right. She thought so. A narrow, short little volume nearly hidden between two stout treatises caught her eye and she took it out. She read the inked inscription on the board cover. "Personal Accounts of Geoffrey Totton." After a moment's hesitation she took it to the verandah to study it. Surely Jeff wouldn't mind.

For a time the figures were incomprehensible. The order was chronological only. The first record, in ink already turning brown, was of a deposit of one hundred and nine dollars in a New York savings bank eleven years before. Another deposit followed, another, and then the pages were thickened by innumerable little printed slips of paper pasted carefully in and interlarded with other inked insertions. One clipping seemed to be from a life insurance circular and dealt with expectation of life reckoned on from the years of middle age. Leafing through, she found a number of tables, on the heavily sized paper of tourist circulars, of minimum hotel rates and railroad passenger fares in Europe and America. Near the end were three pages packed with an incomprehensible medley of figures—but from them emerged a clear total and intention.

Marion, her eyes misting, examined them, then softly closed the book.

She understood. This, then, was the record of Jeff's life and the statement of his hopes. He had saved and put away a little over fourteen thousand dollars. And by his reckonings, his clippings, his childish, remote investigation of the world outside—the world he knew so little of—he had assured himself this money would suffice for him and for the time he visioned might remain to him.

The last note in the book bore a date three days before that humid afternoon when he had carried her in his arms across the hammock bridge. To judge by the dust, he had not touched it since. She had destroyed all that for him. She and Gene. And Djombé River.

That shabby, labored little book held hope for one but never in the world for two. For whichever one chance might select. For him or her. For one . . . for one. She covered her face with her hands and tried to think.

The roar of the river falls behind the hill seemed to grow in volume till it filled

the afternoon, to wash and stir and whisper in her mind.

Getting up, she found her helmet and walked slowly down the path, through the murmurous high woods and out upon the swinging bridge. She leaned against the latticed slope and fixed her half-closed eyes on the shining stream.

Very softly she asked aloud, "Djombé River?" The weird, live whispering went on.

The long months of drought were a trying time. The days that followed Jeff's return had been violent with a quality of passion they did not dare to understand. They had confronted each other white and timorous and sprung to refuge in a close embrace. But that mood also passed.

Totton found himself doing the work he had to do with a dull fury. Since the trip down river it had utterly lost meaning. Sometimes he would take a bright axe from a negro woodsman and clang it viciously, heedless of the sharp chips that snapped and jabbed against him. Again and again, when they sat wordless in the lamplight in the hot nights, without warning in the woods, in the leaden moments of the morning before Aloki's horn, the thought of the riverbank like a knife stab would return and he would wish her dead so that he might again be free. Then in a flood of terror, pity, and remorseful love, it would be gone again.

Totton returned from the woods one late afternoon to find her sitting in a canvas chair on the verandah, her hands folded in her lap.

He took off his hat, wiped the sweat from his face and neck and looked down at her. She returned his smile lightly.

"Tired?"

"No . . . What are you doing?"

Marion lifted her open hands. "Nothing."

He leaned back against a rough-hewn supporting pole. "Gets pretty dull for you, doesn't it?"

She shook her head. "No more than it does for you. Really not."

"Maybe that's so," he said heavily. At the end of a long pause he spoke again. "I got an idea. . . . How would you like to go down to Molala? Just for a vacation, I mean. It's not much of a place, but they have movies at the café. And there are some people to talk to. Judge Morin for one. It would be a change anyway. What do you think?"

She examined her hands in her lap and considered. "It would be fun. Of course." Her voice caught uncertainly and she stopped and looked levelly up into his face. "Can we afford it?"

"Sure." He sat on the steps, facing down the hill. "We haven't talked about it much, but I guess you know how matters stand that way as well as I do. I've got some money. I used to think it was quite a pile, but it isn't near enough to do anything real with. But in the meantime I don't see any point in hanging on to it so tight as I used to. I got you into sort of a jam."

"Or I did you," she interrupted softly.

"We'll let that pass. Anyway, here we are, and if we can have any fun around this rotten country we might as well. We could buy some things while we were down. I thought maybe a phonograph and some records would be nice. And we can buy every book we can find. Some loads of tinned stuff would be a change from country chop. And you can get some clothes."

"All right."

He turned to look at her, but her eyes were down.

"When did you think you wanted to go?" she asked.

"Why, right away. I been working so damned hard lately I'm ahead a little, even by myself. Six or seven weeks wouldn't matter. What's the odds, anyway? The company doesn't know any better'n my hat what happens off here just so long as they get a shipment every year. I'll have that for them always. It's got to be a habit. There's nothing to keep you, is there?"

"I suppose not."

"No social engagements or anything?" he asked bitterly.

"I'd rather wait just the same. For a month or two."

"Why?"

"Must I have a reason?"

He got impatiently to his feet. "You don't have to do anything. Not even talk sense if you don't want to. You're a woman." He stopped, then an idea occurred to him. "Don't put it off too long. The rains begin in March."

She nodded.

"And the river gets high."

"I know."

He looked at her queerly. "I don't savvy you at all. . . . Not that I care much. I'm used to this place in all weathers." He made a turn of the porch, his boots creaking noisily on the loose boards. He came to a halt in front of her again. "You feel like a little walk? I got to go down to the other side of the river and see how the boys are making out."

She rosè with alacrity. "I'd love to. Just a second and I'll get my hat."

When they reached the path in the forest she took his arm companionably. "Even if I am horrid and difficult, you know I love you, don't you, Jeff?"

"Sure. You're not . . ."

She pressed his arm tighter. "You know I'm not ungrateful? You'll remember that? Whatever happens?"

He looked at her hastily. He tried to speak teasingly but his voice cracked. "Certainly. But nothing's going to happen I can do anything about. Nothing bad, at least. But maybe I don't understand?"

"Perhaps not. Let's talk of something else."

They did not start until the rains began. Marion betrayed a quiet, unreasonable stubbornness of which Jeff had not known her capable. Her vegetable garden on the hillside could not be left. The unremitting heat of the Long Dries was far worse than rain. The discussion held an unreality which troubled him. A hundred times his lips opened to vent the one telling argument and as often snapped uneasily shut again. It would not do to remind her that Djombé flood had killed her fiancé. He reflected methodically upon possible danger. It existed, of course. Gene had proved that with terrible conclusiveness. But the prospect slid over his consciousness without finding entrance or deep meaning. Reasonable precautions, sober judgments, these things had gone stale in him since the plan of his life had altered. Yet his feeling of dominance of the forest and its chances remained. If life was beyond his handling, at least Djombé River and the jungled world was not. . . . Perhaps she was not afraid because she trusted him. Nothing would happen . . . quite evidently, nothing ever would.

The blast upon Aloki's horn the morning of departure found them already awake. They had been roused long before by the movement of the waiting men in the morning dark. Twelve natives from Lolill town were to porter for them. In sleepy silence they drank black coffee, strapped the final boxes, and gave orders for the start.

The dawn came as they were leaving the yard. The twelve men, the boxes on their heads, were already jogging down the hill. Marion touched Jeff's hand and turned to look back. The eastern sky was roseate and streaked with gold. Against it the squat silhouette of the little house seemed somber, desolate, a futile, ugly little human thing to be framed so magically. They had left it only an instant since, but emptiness appeared to have settled in eternally.

"A phonograph and things will cheer it up a good deal," Jeff suggested.

"In a way, I've loved it as it is," she answered. She took his hand and, bending her head a little, held it to her cheek, her eyes still fastened on the dark house and the grandeur of the sky be-

yond. "I've grown up, Jeff," she said softly, "I'm afraid you think I've been discontented, but it isn't true. I've had a chance few ever have, deeply to know one person and one place. And our river. That, I know, is immortal, so it cannot matter greatly if I'm not." She gently released his hand. "There is so much time, Jeff dear . . ."

He could find no answer to that reassurance, and she went on as if there had been no halt, "People in Africa have always complained, haven't they, that they feel shrunken and trivial because everything here is so vast and old? That they feel overpowered?"

"I have heard something like that," Jeff answered. "Look here, those carriers will get so far ahead we'll be half the day catching up with them."

"There's no real hurry, is there? Please . . ."

Totton opened his mouth, shut it, and shook his head. "I guess there's no hurry."

"Why should anyone complain?" she insisted, "I mean of feeling small and unimportant? It seems to me that that simplifies things so much. . . . Jeff, when I was a little girl I used to dream that when I grew up I was going to be terribly important and should do important things. But I never should have, of course, and then I should have been unhappy. . . . It's much more comfortable," she ended slowly, "to realize that all a little person needs to do is a very little thing."

Totton laughed abruptly. "You give a man the fidgets. I'll bet you don't know what you're talking about any more than I do. Let's get along."

They looked together once again toward the bungalow. Marion waved her hand.

"I feel kind of funny, leaving it," Jeff confessed. "Suppose when we come back we pull the damn thing down and build a new one? I can order some stuff in Molala. Hardware and things. We can figure out what we need. No point in not being comfortable."

He scuffed his feet through the low grass, dully regretted having spoken. He had meant to be enthusiastic, boyish; and he realized he had failed. Marion made no response and, quickening his pace, he strode ahead. The trail, after all, was too narrow for them to walk abreast.

Within an hour he overtook the porters. They sat by their loads, their tiny clay pipes in their pursed lips, and long before he came to them he could hear the gentle singsong of their talk, talk as eternal and as mysterious as their jungled world. They stopped and watched him shyly as he passed. From then on the caravan kept consistent order, Totton, then the carriers, and Marion alone behind them all.

The men reached the town at the end of the day's march so long before her that Totton spent an hour of irritable concern. But when she came in sight he gulped his anger with a sensation of remorse. There was, of course, no hurry. There was so much time. In the immortal woods haste was as ridiculous as life itself. . . . There was bitterly little satisfaction in that faith. Soon the long shadows of the trees reached out to shelter the twilit town.

Toward nine o'clock the third morning from Lolill the path sloped upward, the trees thinned and gave way to shabby, littered native fields. In a few moments Totton heard the sound of swiftly running water and quickened his pace till he reached the high bank. Below him swirled the river.

This was the place where Gene Bryce had drowned. On just such a gray and murmurous morning, a year ago, almost to the day. From this place Marion, because she had not known what else to do, had kept on along the path, along the path to where he waited for her.

His lips felt withered and he licked them carefully. He focussed his eyes on the current until they felt dry and strained. He wet his lips again, with measured care took off his ragged helmet,

found a handkerchief, and wiped the rain from the channels in his cheeks. A wood-pigeon cooed in a tree top. A breath of wind rattled the raindrops noisily amid the leaves.

So this was where Gene had died. . . . What a slender, slender chance to cause such changes. If it had not happened, what different courses would their three lives have run? A chance, a mere trick, an accident. And yet—the idea spread insistently through his consciousness—how curiously hard it was to associate empty chance with Djombé River. If ever a thing bespoke more certain plan. . . . He laughed shortly, uneasily. Africa had made him as superstitious as a native.

But what . . . but what if the chance —or plan—had taken her instead? He would never have seen her, never loved her, and he would be free. There was enough for one.

"Oh, God damn it!" The words came out of him aloud in a grunting cry. He shook his head like a dog with burrs in its ears, squeezing one hand over the other so violently they hurt.

The voices of the carriers became audible, and he tensed his long body stiffly and began an examination of the crossing. For the first time he became conscious of the bridge tree they had felled to take the place of the one that had been smashed away. He saw that it was dangerously slight, less than a foot in diameter. The trouble of his mind turned to irritation.

The porters had come up and stood behind him. He turned to a man he knew had been one of the caravan on that past occasion. He shook his fist in his face and pointed behind with the other hand.

"What's the idea?" he shouted. "You no savvy small stick no be fit for bridge? You black bastards too bloody lazy to cut big size, huh?"

The wet brown forehead, wrinkled by the weight of the heavy box above it, puckered with mystification.

"No, sah, yes, sah!" the porter spluttered.

"'No, sah, yes, sah,' you damn' fool!" Totton's open hand slapped the man's face.

Marion's voice made him drop his arm. His breath came gustily.

"What's the matter, Jeff?"

He took her by the arm, turned his back on the startled blacks, and conducted her to the riverbank.

With an effort he steadied and lowered his voice. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm tired or something. Don't say anything to that poor devil. I . . . I . . . can't think what got into me. But look," he pointed to the log, "that fool job made me sore."

"You mean it's small? Don't blame them. If it was wrong I should have said so at the time. We crossed quite easily a year ago by holding hands."

There was a pause. Her hand in his, they watched the running stream.

"Aloki told me, Jeff," Marion said dreamily, "that the natives believe Papa Djombé is a god, all-powerful and all-wise. I wonder . . . I wonder if that isn't true?"

"People out here get queer ideas. . . . Let's get along. You've got into the worst habit of wasting time."

"I promise, dearest, I won't any more."

Jeff beckoned. "Come on, you boys."

One by one the negroes scrambled through the lopped and withered branches till they stood upon the trunk. They balanced their loads carefully on their heads and caught hands. The lead man began slowly to sidle across. The carrier Jeff had struck hung back doubtfully, his soft eyes on his master. Totton smiled at him kindly.

"Come on, boy. You catch hold here and Mammy, she go between us."

He helped the man up and adjusted his load for him. He assisted Marion to a position between them. The porter took one of her hands and he the other. They were in a linked line now, with the first man already two-thirds over.

Marion disengaged their grips and took them by the wrists instead.

"This way will be better, Jeff," she said.

A muffled quality in her voice made him eye her curiously. They moved out along the bridge. The river, a yard under them, swam dizzily. One pace, two, three. . . . The line tautened, stretched out till their arms were lifted high, hands pulling hands. Linked fists along the way see-sawed erratically to preserve the delicate balance. The log was so narrow no one dared lift his feet. They slid and shuffled sideways.

Totton's position was most difficult. As last man his support was slightest. He wished Marion had not insisted on taking his wrist. It gave him no control, complicated his equilibrium . . .

With a spasm of sudden nausea he felt her grip relax. He teetered, waved his arms. He saw her hands go up.

She lunged down so swiftly it almost seemed she leaped. The splash she made flung water in his face. In the same instant he saw the man ahead, unbalanced by his heavy load, begin to fall. Jeff staggered forward, seized the porter by an arm, and they fell together crosswise of the log, clinging by knees and elbows. The breath smacked out of him. The porter's pack struck the water with a second splash. By the time he had turned about Marion had vanished.

Totton hung to the trunk, stunned. His mind was reeling and he felt as if he were strangling from shock and horror. Somehow he regained foothold, with a great cry scrambled back to the near bank and leaped down. The other porters had reached the farther side in safety and were running through the grass downstream.

They searched through the reeds at every bend all that day and camped at night at the crossing in hastily made grass shelters. They had not found her. Djombé gave up nothing.

At dusk the carriers made little fires and crouched around them. Totton sat apart from them on a charred, wet log that lay half concealed in weeds. His manner was dazed and dull and old. Since the morning his lips had been locked in a thin, gray line. A thorn had torn his shirt nearly from him and his bronzed shoulders, relaxed and queerly futile, showed through.

He rose stiffly and walked to the river's edge. The negroes by the fires raised their eyes and watched him furtively. A yellow moon, low in the sky, illumined the commencement of the night. A shimmering lane crossed the black water.

Marion was dead.

Papa Djombé . . . Djombé River . . . had got her too.

And the fault was his.

That realization had slowly permeated all his mind. She had missed her footing, thrown up her hands to save herself, and fallen. And he had saved the negro. The devil in him that had wished her dead had made the choice. It was clear to him.

He was sure, now that the day was done, that he had worked it out. Their hopeless seeking in the muddy reeds had given him no respite from the painful winding and unwinding of his thoughts. He was not an imaginative man. But surely all things must have cause and reason. Sometimes they were obscure, but he held the deep conviction that there was one certain guide. If one faced things squarely. His father back in Michigan had called it conscience. . . . Yes, he could have caught her. There had been a choice and, driven by the fearful wish that had so tortured him, he had let her fall and had not put out his hand. The bitter self-accusation was a strange relief. Amid the shattered ruin that his life had suddenly become the placing of the blame was one thing solid. If destiny were wholly foolish chance one would gropingly go mad. There were accounts that must be balanced, penance to be paid. . . .

His tongue felt woolen. His lips opened stupidly, and a word came through.

"Murder!"

He fuddled the syllables like a drunken man. The mask of his face in the moonlight bore no expression. Only his eyes seemed alive. They watched with wondering intensity the flow of the current where it vanished in the blackness under overhanging trees.

Judge Morin sat with friends on the terrace of the Hotel Grand. Although it was not yet six, the café was already nearly filled. The barefoot waiters shuffled busily between the little green iron tables. Occasionally a loud fizzing and the rattle of a Perrier top on the concrete floor sounded out above the hum of talk.

Pernod—Grenadine—Rafael—Byrrh—the glasses clinked and lifted happily and the gay talk ran smoothly on.

The young Port Chief interrupted himself in mid-epigram. "Look, Morin, is that not your friend?"

The Judge leaped to his feet and rushed forward.

"My dear friend Totton! But how delightful! You have arrived just now?"

Totton shook hands. "I wanted particularly to see you. I went over to the Tribunal, but when there wasn't anyone around I figured you'd be over here." His drawn face lighted in a fleeting smile, then settled to lines of dogged pain.

"Ah, I see." Morin bobbed his head with quick understanding. "I suspect you mean privately. Then let us sit here." He scraped back a chair. "It is so pleasant to see you—still more if I can help you."

"I don't want to take too much of your time. Keep you from your friends." Jeff leaned back with drooping shoulders, and his hands fell mute between his knees. He looked wearily ahead of him.

"I want you to understand I came to see you not because you were my friend . . ." The words were spoken so flatly they seemed to have no meaning. It was as if they had been memorized.

"But because of your job," he went on. "Officially, understand? I came to give myself up."

Morin moved creakingly in his chair. An explosion of loud laughter came from some men at a nearby table. He leaned nearer. "Perhaps," he suggested quietly, "you had better explain from the beginning?"

Jeff gave him a quick look and his eyes fell again. "You knew I was married, didn't you?"

"The missionary Günter came through six months ago. But tell me as if I knew nothing."

Totton cleared his throat with a nervous jerk and after a moment's fumbling began. One clipped, matter-of-fact sentence followed the next through the whole, long, weary story which he told. Once he stopped and with shaking hand carefully wiped his mouth. Morin smoked a cigarette and watched the gray smoke droop away. Now and then it was necessary for Jeff to raise his voice to be heard above the crackling laughter and the pop of corks.

"I didn't think about the money for a long time . . . I was in a kind of dream at first. Then it came to me, just as a proposition, you know, that if she were dead, everything would be like it was before. . . . Though I loved her, I couldn't keep it out of my head. It kept coming back and back. It wore me out. . . . I'm getting old, Morin. . . . Somehow the river was all mixed up in my mind. I didn't think at the moment, though she said something queer, but she made us let go her hands and took the boy's wrist and mine and held on that way. . . ."

"What was it she said?" Morin interrupted softly. He had let his cigarette go out.

"She said, 'It will be better this way.' . . . It seems funny now. The point is, something made me grab for the boy instead. And I could have saved her if I'd wanted to. It's the same as if I'd done it all. . . . So I thought it over that night and came on down

here. There wasn't anything else to do. . . ."

There was silence between them for a moment. Morin ground out his cold cigarette with elaborate care.

"Have you, then," he asked almost in a whisper, "no longer your desire? There is—" his voice caught—"there is a ship to-morrow."

Totton wiped a hand tremulously across his face. "Why, why no. No, I don't believe I have. Not after all that's happened."

Morin bent nearer. "Ah, but why not?" He touched the back of Jeff's hand with a soft forefinger. "Is it really possible that you do not understand? That you do not realize what that girl has done? And why?" His brown eyes misted surprisingly.

"What do you mean?"

"'It will be better this way,'" he quoted. "Surely, surely you understand—your river and she?"

"I don't know what you mean. I thought it all out and I came down to you. . . . You've . . . you've got to arrest me. I've got to make it square."

Morin jerked a hand through the air. "Dismiss that, please," he said impatiently. "Please," he repeated. He took one of Totton's hands in his with the delicate gentleness of a woman. "I would so like to be of help. We must find a reason—we must; we are so small we must explain." He hesitated and moved his left hand in a vague gesture. "Africa, Africa, in her rivers and forests, it is all here if we might grasp it, M'sieu Jeff. I am sure of that. There is something final and assured. In Africa there is no conflict, we are too small for that; there is merely—there is merely the solution."

He continued, almost pleading, "For you, your river points it. For me . . . I am not yet sure . . . But in this immensity a man need have no sense of waste. Follow your river, my dear friend. Call it simple accident, if you will, but just as it carries your logs and has ruled your life these many years, it has now made all clear for the time ahead. It willed, she helping, that her time and her adventure were complete. She was, I imagine, quite content. Her love for you found out the perfect gesture. . . . Do not, do not betray her plan! Follow your river!"

He rose to his feet, trembling with the force of his sympathy. "I seem abrupt, but let us talk no more at present. There is so much, so much to think. To-morrow. Sleep well to-night."

Totton watched dumbly while Morin's short figure vanished through the doorway in the dark. He had put out his hand too late to stay him. For a moment he looked dazedly over the heads and shoulders of the café crowd. Then he put on his helmet and climbed the stairs to his room.

He sat for a long time trying to review his thoughts. A deep lassitude pervaded him. He felt vaguely cheated. Perhaps he had been mad, but there had been so much satisfaction in the decision to come to Morin and confess. It had set a period to wondering. . . . But he had, he *had* grabbed the boy instead. You couldn't altogether get away from that.

Suppose . . . suppose Morin was right. That she had leaped deliberately. That she had loved him so much as that . . . Extraordinary it hadn't occurred to him.

If she had done that, for him! A low moan came through his parted lips, his back bent, and he buried his face in his hands. No, in God's name, not that . . . better anything than that.

Then what to do?

He looked at the row of trunks along the wall—his things and Marion's. If he was going to go away he'd have to make arrangements. Have to repack and get rid of things. Have to go back to the bungalow—to the empty bungalow that stood so lonely on the hill against the sunrise. Have to arrange for a successor. A living man couldn't simply quit. . . . How futile it would seem. How empty everything

must seem forever. Love had gone and there could be no more adventure.

A scraping phonograph began to play downstairs. He got up, locked the door behind him, and left the hotel. The unlighted streets were ghostly and deserted.

Occasionally a shape would pass him in the dark and a soft voice give him salutation. "Evenin', massa . . . *Bon soir, m'sieu.*" The vague figure would dissolve and leave him alone again.

The road he followed aimlessly ended on a rise that overlooked the silent harbor. He stopped and the scene enveloped him like a caress. The yellow crescent lay a shining trail across the water. The mastlights of a ship moored in midstream swung a little back and forth across the blue-black sky. Tiny fires along the water's edge showed where native boatmen cooked their evening meal. His memory harked back. Memories now must always take the place of dreams. There was nothing any to-morrow could offer half so precious as the past. "This is the most beautiful country I have ever seen," she had said to him that sunset hour a year ago. . . .

He slowly picked his way down a steep path that led to the waterside.

Where the trail went through deep shadow near the border of the road he stumbled over someone and nearly fell. A figure hastened apologetically to its feet.

They moved into the moonlight. It was the man he had saved from Djombé River.

"I sorry, massa. I sleep and I no see you."

"That's all right. Go back to sleep. Good night." They both spoke softly, in voices appropriate to the night.

A hundred yards farther on he passed the last of the silent stores. A spit of land sloped down to the river's edge. He went down it, avoiding the littered refuse in the grass.

The tide ran out and the ripples of the current softly lipped the land. Beyond there somewhere in the dark Djombé River joined the sea. The great, wild river of the woods was here serene and old at last.

A calm peace came over him. . . . What was it Morin had said? "Do not betray her plan. . . . Follow your river . . . it has made all clear for you. . . . In Africa there is no conflict, we are too small for that . . ."

Yes, of course.

Djombé had adventured and now it was content to end. . . . Follow your river. . . . He too had adventured. They were partners. . . . Perhaps after all there was a plan, a cause and reason, some circle to be joined.

He hesitated, turned, and retraced his steps to the road.

By one of the warehouses he stopped and called softly.

"Boy."

"Sah?" The negro got sleepily to his feet and came to him.

"Boy, you savvy where my other boy be?"

"Yes, massa."

Jeff reached into his pocket and put a roll of paper money into the porter's hand.

"You get 'em sun time to-morrow and go for Lolill? You savvy?"

"Yes, massa."

Totton returned to the point of land. He took off his helmet, placed it on a discarded packing box, and put a heavy stone in it to keep it from blowing away.

"As if when the waiting were over, the beauty would end." She had said that too, on that afternoon so long ago. . . .

He walked into the water. Three long strides and he was swimming. With strong, easy strokes he directed his course out toward the open sea. In a moment the dark banks had faded, merged into the tropic night.

"Follow your river . . . Djombé River . . ." In this immensity a man need have no sense of waste. . . .

(*The End*)

THE CHRISTMAS BOAT

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

IT WAS the Christmas boat, and we were all coming home on her, to be back in time for Christmas. True, there were many other Christmas boats sailing about that time, and all due to arrive in good season; but this particular one was very little, and also very cheap. Someone told me about her, and I felt the spirit of adventure stirring. Why not? Why always a crack liner, the biggest afloat? Why be such a Proud Maisie? Besides, I had a black cockatoo to consider, and I thought an American boat, even if small, was likely to have a good radiator in the cabin. I ran over all the reasons for taking a small boat, one by one, and they all seemed sensible. I swept aside as unworthy certain qualms about a cargo boat in the North Atlantic in mid-December. A cargo boat of seven thousand tons.

Having made my decision, I went to the shipping office in the city to arrange for a cabin. At that point I began to feel a curious reluctance, a marked reluctance. But such misgivings were nonsense. I quickly asked for the cabin and was told I could have it.

"To myself, of course?"

The agent seemed doubtful. Possibly, if the boat was not full. Very probably, at this time of year—he could not be certain. . . .

Here was a heaven-sent excuse to get out of it—my misgivings had been mounting even as I talked to the man across the desk. Having said I was going home on a little boat, having announced it widely to my friends, I could not back out without a sufficient reason—but here it was!

"But I shan't go unless I have a cabin alone," I protested, "I'm traveling with a cockatoo."

"In that case, madam," replied the agent, "I can guarantee you a cabin alone."

That clinched it. My one excuse was gone, all through that gratuitous remark about the cockatoo.

I have crossed the ocean at least forty times, but never before with such a feeling of apprehension as when I found myself committed to that particular boat. With the ticket in my pocket, I left the shipping office with a feeling of anxiety, of incomprehensible dread. The December seas—in a cargo boat!

All through the week before sailing that curious feeling of apprehension became more and more marked. It became a real sort of fear, so real that it took actual will power to hold on to my determination to sail on that wretched little boat.

Katherine said she would see me off at the docks—the Surrey Docks; for the boat sailed from London. Once, that fact had been a point in its favor, as being so nice for the cockatoo. So on a dull, cold December afternoon we took the long drive in a taxi, with the cockatoo perched in front, as its cage was too big to go inside.

Eventually we arrived at the docks and began to look about for the boat, which was nowhere in sight. Usually an ocean-going liner looms up. But this boat was no loomer. We peered around in all directions, but not a loom.

"Isn't it funny?" said Katherine.

"Do you suppose we are at the wrong place?"

"Or do you suppose it is *that?*" I asked. There was a low, rambling freight shed on the edge of the basin, and beyond the shed, projecting above the roof by about a foot, was a small red smokestack. One smokestack, attached to a boat the size of a Channel boat—or so it seemed.

"Good heavens! That's *it!*" we both exclaimed. Then we promptly and gallantly tried to be cheerful. We told each other that these little boats were so boatlike, with nothing of the hotel about them; that on a long voyage it was so nice to be on speaking terms with the passengers, and not stiff and unfriendly. At this point two other friends arrived to see me off—and to see the boat. We pointed it out to them in silence, and waited to see the effect. There wasn't a word about it being a world in itself, or as tall as the Woolworth Building—in fact, all these newcomers could think of was to remark that small boats were often so seaworthy. Awfully seaworthy—they quite warmed up to it.

We went aboard and found my cabin, which was roomy and large, with a good steam radiator sizzling away, against which we placed the cage. Then we went over the boat, which didn't take long—about five minutes. However, it was a charming little boat, very fresh and clean. On the upper deck were the cabins, all of them outside. They had to be, because there wasn't any inside to that boat. There was also a little saloon, about twenty or thirty feet square, with a cushioned bench running around the four sides, and wicker chairs and tables in the center. It looked cozy and comfortable, if rather small. The dining room was on the deck below, with long tables and swivel chairs screwed firmly down. My friends were enthusiastic.

"And we may as well tell you," went on one of them, "that all the storm signals are up. We saw them as we came along. But these small boats are so seaworthy—not like the big liners with so much superstructure to catch the storms."

After that, until it was time for them to go ashore, we talked about the seafaring qualities of small boats. Also about the pleasing informality of them. Farewell conversations are always inane, but this one seemed particularly so. Finally my friends took their leave, and said good-by with more tenderness than seemed tactful. Whereupon the little boat, the cockatoo, and I put out to sea.

II

The first phase was pleasant enough. There were only twenty-seven passengers aboard, and at our first meal, dinner, each one seemed busily explaining to his neighbor exactly how it happened he chose this particular boat. You never heard so many plausible reasons for having taken the cheapest boat on the ocean. This, I may mention, was the stock conversation for the first twenty-four hours. I felt my own reason was the best of any, namely, a steam radiator for a rare bird from New Guinea. However, there were lots of other ingenious explanations. But, to be honest, each passenger always concluded with, "Besides, it's so amazingly cheap!"

The third day out saw the beginning of rough weather, of that storm which had been predicted. Our little boat pranced about in lively fashion, and so did the passengers. The conversation now turned with great emphasis upon the remarkable stability of this type of boat—not an obvious stability, perhaps, but a general staunchness not possessed by a fast liner. At each lurch—pitch, rather, for that first day we had not got to lurching—the passengers all said to one another, "Think what this must be like on a big liner! There is so much more to pitch!"

I took no part in these conversations. I put the cockatoo's cage right side up, and he uttered his one sentence, "Well, here we are!"

As the day wore on it was obvious that we were running into a first-class storm, and that it was seriously impeding our progress. The ship's run by noon was pitiably small. At that rate, with two thousand miles still to go, it would be weeks before we got to New York. To die of boredom on the high seas was an unpleasant prospect.

By afternoon the seas began to get higher, or else the boat was shrinking. It had looked small enough in calm weather, but it now seemed a most inadequate craft to cope with those waves that were piling up all round us. A most fragile craft to have deliberately embarked in, though it was too late now to regret it. Besides, I said to myself, I am abominably spoiled, and it is disgusting to keep judging things by other standards. These waves might look high and menacing even from A deck of a big liner—they *might*, I kept repeating—they *might*, but they probably wouldn't. From our one and only deck they looked stupendous. "Well," said I, speaking to the cockatoo, "I have never experienced a first-class storm at sea. Now it seems I am about to. It is only by traveling on a little boat that one realizes the full possibilities of danger. And after all, how much one loses if one always travels by the biggest thing afloat. Now here is something coming that heretofore I've missed."

By late afternoon the seas became mountainous as a violent gale swept down upon us from the north. Then we learned something else about small boats—the impossibility of getting away from the sea—getting away from the sight of it. It is *always* visible. No matter where you go—to your cabin, to the saloon, to the dining room, there is that ocean always to be seen. There is no place to retire to, no possibility of going down to some lower deck where it's not so painfully apparent. There was no way of ignoring it—it was all round, plainly and furiously visible. Visible from the little saloon, where every porthole looked out upon a raging ocean. Visible from the stateroom windows—those much vaunted all-outside staterooms, separated from the rail by a five-foot strip of deck. Visible during meals, when portholes on three sides gave a full view of those awful, towering waves. And from whatever angle you saw the sea, it seemed to get worse and worse. It did not take long to get thoroughly fed up with it, though at first we thought it a magnificent spectacle. Later, the magnificence became too pronounced. Short of being in an open boat, we couldn't have seen more of it.

By nightfall the storm got worse. Our little boat dived nose first into those gigantic waves, then, like a cork, rose triumphant to the summit, hovered a moment, and then pitched downward into the abyss. Tons of water poured aboard, from over the bow, and dashed in torrents along the lower deck, while showers of spray dashed up to the Captain's bridge. And as the waves grew higher, as the boat reared straight on end and then plunged downward, other end up, things aboard began to break loose. Things in the hold, the cargo. There was the impact of heavy objects crashing about down below. Heavy objects shooting from side to side, and banging wildly from end to end. With the cellar just under your stateroom, you could not escape the commotion—the crashes and thuds of things skating about down below.

Then the siren tooted. Two short toots, followed by the sound of footsteps running from all directions—the crew running in answer to a summons. Then came a great sound of hammering from below, somewhere in the hold. What with the hammering, the pounding of metal on metal, and the incessant slamming about of heavy bodies, the din in the hold grew deafening. Had those toots summoned the crew to lash the cargo, or to close the bulkheads—or both? Again, in an hour's time, came more toots, and again the hurrying feet, to be followed by the ominous sounds of hammering. Yet nothing could stop

the pounding and banging of the things broken loose. In a small boat you hear everything—there's no secrecy at all.

There were few passengers in the dining room that night. At the head of our table sat the Chief Engineer, who replied to our questions with the most futile jokes. It was inane and maddening when he said, "Why, this is nothing!" He was right, however. It *was* nothing, that first day.

We all went to bed early, as bed seemed the only refuge from the physical discomfort of being jerked about by the pitching ship. Yet the relief of bed was not great—it only meant using other muscles to keep from being thrown about. Sleep was impossible owing to the noise in the hold—the crashing of the cargo and the incessant hammering. At intervals all through the night came those two short blasts of the siren, and the crew rushing to some fresh emergency.

The shock of the waves breaking upon the ship was terrific. The impact was like striking a rock. The boat seemed jerked to a standstill, as if gripped suddenly by giant hands—jerked to a standstill with a jar that jolted the whole ship. More and more frequently these violent shocks occurred—and then suddenly the engines stopped.

This was too much. Engines don't stop except for a minute during a burial at sea. I waited that minute, for the engines to start again, and then got up hurriedly and dressed. Something was wrong, and I wanted to find out what.

The small saloon was deserted and in an awful mess. All the tables and chairs had piled themselves up at one end, and the floor was littered with spilled ash trays. Two baskets swung from the ceiling, filled with gay artificial flowers, were spinning madly in all directions. An anxious steward appeared, half dressed. Sometimes stewards tell you things officers won't.

"Steward," I asked casually, "propeller gone?"

"I don't *think* so," he replied doubtfully.

"Feels like it to me," I remarked, "the way this boat is wallowing round."

"You're sure right," answered the steward; "she's got no way on."

She certainly had no way on—that was obvious. That curious rocking motion, quite silent, with the engines stopped, indicated something amiss. The boat lolloped about, up and down, this way and that, and the hanging baskets spun foolishly. I found out next day that the steering gear had broken, but I didn't find it out that night, so I finally returned to the cockatoo and put his cage straight again. After hours of hammering in the hold beneath, the engines started again towards morning, and I fell asleep.

The next day the storm was worse. The seas were more gigantic, and we headed straight into them. We turned off our course and headed north, straight into those mountainous waves. Diving down into the gulfs between them—rising sheer up the black sides, hovering a second on the ridge, and then plunging headfirst into the foaming depths. You could see all this nicely from the windows. And now and again came those frightful jolts like striking a rock, when a wave broke full upon us.

No, they told me, no, the propeller hadn't gone. It was still hanging on. *It*, mind you. We did not have three or four—just one! But the ship was practically stopped—hove-to, they called it, with just enough speed to steer with and to keep her headed into the storm. But I kept being very anxious about that one, lone propeller. Those pounding waves that wrenched the boat from one end to the other, might well do damage to it. You often hear of them coming off. True, we carried an extra one, but you can't change propellers at sea—you just keep it handy till you are towed into port. And our spare propeller seemed to be among the loose things below—you could hear it caroming about and bouncing from one wall to the other in the

hold. Everything else was racketing about as well—things equally heavy and ponderous, to judge by the incessant crashing and slamming. All day long, at intervals, the horn kept calling the crew to repair some new disaster.

When the day's run was posted at noon, we had made only one hundred and sixty miles, and that in the wrong direction. Not towards New York, but due north. The frozen north, to judge by the temperature. The boat grew bitterly cold, and our good little radiators could not cope with the icy blasts that leaked in at every crack. We were off our course, heading straight for the Arctic Circle, and apparently quite near it. Hove-to, and wallowing round in midocean. If not mid, then quite near enough. A thousand miles from Europe and two thousand from New York, with nothing between us and the fury of the gale which roared down from the Pole.

The attitude of the passengers was interesting. Not one showed any sign of nervousness or fear, yet it must have been as apparent to them as it was to me that we were in great danger. One was not imagining danger—it would have taken far more imagination to think the contrary. It was a question as to how long the boat could stand up under the violent wrenching and pounding—how long before some vital part gave way. A good deal had already gone wrong, and seemed still going wrong, under the terrific impact of those waves. Yet not one word of anxiety or apprehension was uttered. Whatever our private suspicions, nothing came to the surface. We talked about it incessantly, but made light of it—made light of it, by making much, by incessant joking, by witty exaggeration.

"Ah! *That* one didn't get us! We're still right side up!"

We were a mixed lot. An Oxford professor, a little missionary from Africa, and business and professional people, some English, some American. The only sign of the strain we were under was a desire to keep together. We all sat together in the little saloon, for no one seemed to like being alone—no one stayed in his cabin. This marked gregariousness, this desire for companionship, was the only visible sign to show that our minds were troubled. That, and the fact that we could not talk of anything but the storm. Apart from the storm, no subject interested us or could hold our attention—it was concentrated upon the fury raging outside. It dominated our emotions. The professor made gallant but futile efforts to distract us—he said eels were hatched in the West Indies and traveled to Europe to live in the rivers there. No one cared. But at that point he got knocked out of his seat, and I managed to get in a word about the propeller. It was curious how being silly over the propeller, or jesting as to how deep the water was in the hold brought about a relaxation of the tension.

The little saloon looked a wreck. In imitation of the swank of the big liners, nothing was nailed down. Consequently everything was piled up—a miscellaneous heap of chairs and tables huddled at one end of the room. They had piled themselves up of their own accord, but the stewards had lashed them together in some sort of order. The center of the room was bare, with a slippery carpet dangerous to cross. We all sat in a row on the cushioned bench that ran round the room, clinging on tight and not always successfully. We talked aimlessly up and down the row, leaning forward to speak to one another, until suddenly jerked back against the wall. The professor was trying it again, this time trying to divert us with accounts of the flowers in Spitzbergen. No one cared two hoots. Someone else mentioned the cinema—equally useless. There just wasn't anything in the world except that storm and what would happen next. Our lives had concentrated into just one point, and nothing else existed.

But curiously enough, as I have said,

we could talk of the situation itself and make fun of it. The propeller being my special charge, I was constantly asked to account for it. How was it holding out?

"Oh, it's not *that* that's worrying me now," I would answer. "It's the *oil!* How long can we drive northward into the Arctic Circle before the *oil* gives out?"

Such banter, even with much truth in it, always brought a sort of relief. Eels and flowers just irritated.

Dinner that night was a sketchy meal, served amid heavy losses. The Chief Engineer now gave up the pretense that the storm was nothing and became quite sensible. We had seen him working in overalls for the past two days, so we asked if he'd got the leaks patched. There is no secrecy in a small boat—you know everything that takes place. So he gave us news of the other ships hove-to like ourselves, and buffeting with the gale. There were a dozen quite near us, within a hundred miles or so, and we were in touch with fifty all told, all having the same hard time of it, all struggling with this same colossal storm that extended a thousand miles from east to west, all sending out the same report—high, dangerous seas!

After our six-o'clock dinner there was a long evening to pass, so we all sat in a row on the cushioned seat playing a foolish game called Pig. Suddenly one of the passengers was flung from his seat and struck his head violently against a radiator. He was stunned, and the blood flowed, and the sight of this first accident was a shock.

The nights were worse than the days. By day we had companionship, but the nights were spent alone. Alone, listening to the straining and creaking of the laboring ship, to the crashing and pounding of the loosened cargo, and to the wild whistling of the wind. The noise increased a hundredfold by night, though one was spared the sight of the raging ocean—a fearful ocean, white like a snowfield with the spray driven in sheets across the waves. But at night, while unable to see it, one felt its merciless power.

How long could the ship withstand the impact of those tons of water that crashed upon it at shorter and shorter intervals? That shook it from stem to stern, and stopped it in its tracks? How long before some vital part gave way completely? The screw, the shaft, a rudder chain? Lying in one's bunk, there seemed no future—nothing but an interminable present. Mid-Atlantic. And no way ever to get out. Nothing to do but lie there waiting.

There wasn't any future. There was nothing to look forward to. No Christmas. No homecoming. No plans. No greetings of friends. Nothing to look forward to. Nothing but this stupendous Present roaring in one's ears.

I tried to think what the little missionary must be doing. Praying, probably. There must be many people praying that night. I wondered what they were saying—what the little missionary might be saying, and what comfort she was getting? She might be saying that Psalm—how did it go? "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." But there must be more to it than that. That was not very comforting. Surely there was a middle part or a beginning? "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Maybe she got some good out of that. So after each gigantic shock I kept thinking the little missionary must be saying something.

Finally I fell asleep and had a curious dream, in which a friend said, "Yes, I know all about it."

"All about me? All about the things that hurt?"

"Yes. All. Everything."

"About how fearfully frightened I am? About how I try to keep up appearances and to pretend? I've been pretending so long—I'm so tired of pretending."

Then in my dream I became aware of everything that had ever hurt me in my whole life—every incident, great and small, that had brought pain, humiliation, disappointment. Just everything,

a whole vast piling up of all the whole pain of a lifetime, the hurt of things forgotten, put away, lived down, a vast, cumulative mass of pain, not piecemeal, but the whole of it piled together. And under the overwhelming agony of this I woke.

Woke, amazingly comforted. Calm and indifferent. The dream and the pain were still poignant, but the relief was intense. That's my life, I said to myself—that's the life I don't want to let go of. All that pain, hidden away and covered up and pushed into the background—all there, intensely acute. Unforgotten. And that is what I have been living with all these years. And I wanted to go on living with it. But I don't, now. Why, how marvellous that all that pain is shortly to be wiped out and obliterated! All that pain is to go—just be wiped out and gone! In another minute that door will be dashed open by a wave—the next wave, maybe—and that pain will all be gone!

III

This exaltation lasted for several hours, but wore off finally, and the strain of that third day of storm became almost unbearable. One was also weary with the acute physical difficulty of keeping one's balance, of hanging on to things, of perpetually adjusting one's self to the frantic pitching. It was impossible to read, to hold the book properly or to concentrate on its pages. We were all possessed by an acute restlessness—a compulsion to move from place to place, clinging on to things as we went, yet perpetually on the go from one porthole to another, to gaze upon the terrifying sea. No sign of any abatement of the storm—it just seemed to get worse. From each porthole it looked more menacing; yet we were continually shifting and crawling from window to window, as if fascinated.

We had all become very friendly during these three days, drawn close by the common yet unspoken anxiety that gripped us all. Anxiety never alluded to, save in chaff or banter. The whole atmosphere was extremely casual, and a sort of cameraderie existed between ourselves and the crew—little jokes with the stewards when the dishes scattered under the shock of an extra heavy blow.

"I can't read the menu," exclaimed one little lady, "I've broken my glasses—"

"Take mine, ma'am," answered the table boy promptly, removing them from his nose.

Oddly enough, no one was seasick, and we all struggled down to meals, to laugh and talk with one another from table to table.

"When that horn toots," remarked a lady, "I don't know whether it means that we are all to take to the lifeboats, or for all hands to man the pumps!"

"We *can't* launch the lifeboats—and all hands are already manning the pumps!" someone called back.

Which was true. The pumps had been going steadily for the past forty-eight hours. One could hear them working during the occasional brief lulls which occurred now and again.

"Where's the Chief Engineer? Why doesn't he come to meals?" asked someone else.

"Oh, too busy bailing her out, I guess!" came the answer. (We learned afterwards that some cases of tallow in the hold had been broken, and this clogged the pumps, making their action very difficult.)

After dinner a gentleman approached me. All along, as a "sensible woman" I had been given confidential bits of information which he had gleaned from higher sources.

"Do drop that chaffing about the propeller," he said to me. "It's past a joke—it may make some people nervous. You see, when the *Princess Alicia* was lost last month, she had dropped her propeller, and the water rushed in through the hole . . ."

"Good heavens!" I answered. "I

thought that boat had struck a rock! Of course I'll stop it, but only on one condition—that you'll tell me the velocity of the wind and what's the barometer?"

"A hundred miles an hour—and has been for three days. And the barometer is 27°. But don't speak of it."

That third night of the storm brought no sleep at all, even in snatches. The waves pounded upon us as usual, shuddering the ship from end to end, but their character had changed. They were now hitting us on the side, instead of smashing down upon the bow. They were pounding us broadside, throwing the whole boat over so that it seemed as if we must capsize. Obviously, it was becoming difficult to hold the course and keep headed into the wind—perhaps because of the water in the hold, and the shifting cargo. Perhaps other reasons made steering difficult. But whatever the cause, the waves now came crashing upon us broadside, at intervals of ten minutes—or less.

Long before dawn, on that morning of the fourth day of the storm, I left my stateroom and sought the little saloon. Other people were there already, and for the same reason—companionship, for whatever solace or comfort it gave us to be together, rather than apart. For four days this had gone on now, and we were intensely weary. Physically weary through the constant knocking about, and mentally weary through the prolonged strain. And this new, terrible crashing of the waves, striking us sideways, made us sense imminent danger.

The little saloon looked desolate in the early light, with its upset tables, the rubbish of scattered ashes and cigarettes, and empty ginger ale bottles rolling about the floor. The general air of forlornness and disarray was significant—as if it wasn't worth while to pick things up, if the boat was going to founder. And looking out through the windows in the dim dawn, there seemed to be no alternative. Like last survivors, we sat in rows along the cushioned benches, waiting. Just waiting—for that inevitable, final blow, whenever it might come. Jolted from our places, pitched into one another, our voices drowned by the howling of the wind and the clatter in the hold, we just made our little jokes—and waited. The suspense was almost unbearable. No one crawled to the windows any more, to look out. It wasn't worth while. We just sat there huddled together tight, waiting. Extraordinarily calm, and not one word uttered as to our real feelings.

"Don't we look funny!" said someone. "Like the Wreck of the Hesperus!" and we all laughed.

"Let's play Pounce," said a lady to me suddenly. "Pounce is a splendid game at a time like this. You can't think of anything else!"

With great difficulty we fished out a table from the pile of furniture, and covered it with a blanket, as the cards could not otherwise stick to the green baize top. We wedged ourselves into a corner, and managed to keep our places, though the table upset from time to time and threw the whole game to the floor.

For moments of tension, let me recommend Pounce. An exciting game which demands one's whole attention. Every few moments as the ship lurched and seemed about to turn turtle, the cards dashed to the floor, but we picked them up again and went on. Over and over, game after game, under the strain of that sickening fear, we continued to play Pounce. We played Pounce while waiting for the boat to go down!

Suddenly, towards noon, the purser rushed in, in shirt sleeves and overalls as usual.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted, clinging to the door jamb. "Hold on tight now, everybody! Hold on tight and keep your places! Don't move! The Captain's going to change the course!"

"What does that mean?" we asked in chorus.

"That we're *going!*" he exclaimed. "Going to run for it! Not going to try to ride out the gale any longer, but make a dash for it! We're going to run for New York!"

Action at last! To do something definite, no matter what might happen. The Captain was taking a desperate chance in changing the course in the teeth of a hundred-mile gale, but it was the only chance. We were being battered to pieces as we stood. The boat could withstand that pounding no longer—our one hope was to turn round and flee before the wind.

After the warning to hold tight, we all clung like barnacles to whatever furnishings offered a good grip and, after about ten minutes of this suspense, came a terrific lurch, and the boat seemed to turn clean over—to lie on her side with the windows resting on the ocean. Everything went sprawling, and the Pounce cards scattered in all directions. After an eternity half upside-down, the boat got upright again, and we sped on. We were going. We could feel the speed of the engines, and know that we were racing to escape. Then the tension snapped. The suspense was over.

"We're off!" someone shouted, "No more hanging round, waiting! Whatever may happen, it can't be worse! We're off to New York!"

As a matter of fact, our actual predicament seemed much the same, and as bad as ever. The waves still pounded us, but they came aboard from another angle. But we all *felt* differently—we all realized that we were making a frantic effort to get away from the danger, to escape into some clear, calm spot that lay beyond, and which meant safety.

And in about eight hours we reached this spot, outside the storm center. The waves became lower and smaller, and broke over us less frequently—and then not at all. By midnight all was comparatively calm, and we fell into our beds exhausted.

IV

The next few days (we were nearly a week late) saw us all in a curiously relaxed and garrulous condition. Talkative! We just talked incessantly, and about our feelings! About our emotions of terror and fright! We just could not talk enough, we could not tell one another enough, over and over again, repeatedly, what we had felt like during those awful days. All that we had bottled up and hidden and suppressed, all the anxiety and fear we had so carefully concealed, now came flowing out in flood. That handful of people, which had been so controlled, so gallant and courageous during those dangerous days, just suddenly broke loose in expressing themselves as to how they had really been feeling! It was so marvellously comforting, such a relief, to be able to admit at last how terrified we had been, to pour out to one another the violent emotions we had been through, which we had so tightly held in check. This ability to talk at last was the most tremendous release.

Just before we reached home, I found myself standing beside the gentleman who had been supplying me with the "low-down" all along, who had talked to me as a "sensible woman" and told me how serious things were. We stood side by side, looking upon that calm, blue winter ocean, so smiling and deceptive.

"Well, this has been a lesson to me," he remarked with a chuckle. "What would have become of *me* if anything had happened?"

"Well, what of the rest of us? Of me, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, *you*," he replied with a twinkle, "You might have had a millionth chance. But I've learned my lesson—never again to travel on a boat with traditions. Hereafter I'll pick out a boat from some country which has none of this nonsense about Women and Children First!"

THE DEATH OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE kernel of truth in the otherwise misleading formula that East is East and West is West and so forth is that the affairs of the one cannot be translated into the terms of the other. Their respective cultural languages differ too widely. If the twain have never been able to meet, as indeed they have not, the reason is mainly that the West has insisted on applying its own standards, conventions, and beliefs, and then on making judgments. We are a politically minded people, especially we of the English-speaking nations. We are absorbed in what may be called the public life of a country, in the narrowly restricted events that make up "situations" and "crises." For us the "problem" of a country consists of its domestic politics and foreign relations. But because such events have other values in the East, and sometimes have no significance at all, our judgments are generally wrong. If we do not misunderstand, we at least fail to understand.

This has never been more true than now, and no country is a better illustration of this than China. Knowing of China only what we read in the newspapers or in more pretentious expositions by experts, we see it as an orgy of civil wars, a nullity of law and order, a relapse into comic-opera government, and a crying need for "cleaning up"—the technical description is "chaos." Nor is this altogether inaccurate as a description of surface symptoms, of the superficial aspects of the public life of the country. But knowing so much, we know nothing of what is essential in China; seeing so much, we see distortedly. For what is really happening in China, what is important as history and fundamental in influence, is that a world is turning over. This is happening everywhere in the East, but in China it is brought to sharpest focus. A whole hemisphere seethes, and the revolutions, civil wars, disintegrated governments, nationalist insurgencies, and anti-foreign movements are but the froth at the top. They are interesting and dramatic, and enlivening as feature articles, and grievous to foreign offices, and sometimes tragic to those immediately affected; but they are unimportant in themselves. They are symptoms. They are effects, not causes. The truth about China, about the whole East, is much more serious than we think it is, than we are told it is in conventional channels of information. It goes deeper and, moreover, it is something we cannot "do anything" about. There is chaos in the East now, not as the word is used in the professional slang of writers on foreign affairs, diplomatic observers, and outraged "men on the spot," but in its correct sense of formlessness.

There is chaos in China because the old principle of order is no longer effective. For twenty-five hundred years China has been held together internally by a crystallized, highly developed, complex, and tenacious civilization, the oldest continuous civilization surviving into our own times and perhaps the most distinctive. For almost a hundred years the basis of its relations with the outer world has been the dominance of the Occidental Powers and the superiority of the white man. China was not con-

quered in the sense that it had lost entity as a state. But it had lost control over its own destinies and had to do the bidding of others. And it had survived as an entity only because no one of the aggressor Powers was strong enough to absorb it against the opposition of rival Powers, and partition was impracticable because they could never have agreed on division of the spoils. China was saved because the Powers hated one another more than they coveted China. By the gravitational pull of these two forces—a deeply rooted civilization and the dominance of the white Powers—China had been kept on its orbit. Both forces have now lost power of attraction.

The civilization of China is dead in spirit, crushed by the impact of a civilization of greater vitality, the machine civilization of the West. The historic culture is sterile. The traditions which determined the forms of Chinese society and the ways of living of the Chinese people are no longer binding. The old system of values is no longer accepted. Institutions are shaken. Beliefs no longer carry conviction. Customs are fluid. Even habits, handed down from generation to generation until become almost as unvarying as reflexes, are broken. The cement of the whole Chinese social structure, loosening for a generation, is now suddenly crumbling away. In America we are perplexed by what Walter Lippmann describes as the dissolution of the ancestral order. By comparison ours is a fixity. If *we* are groping for certainties, then the Chinese can be said to be stumbling amid ruins, blindly seeking a new path, even a new destination.

The dominance of the Western Powers has ended. It has been undermined by the sapping of our own ideas and shattered by explosives of our own laying. Democracy, nationalism, conscious patriotism, later reinforced by self-determination and the rights of weak nations—all the ideas brought with us in what we magniloquently called our mission to civilize backward peoples—have done their work. We have civilized the backward peoples more completely than we dreamed or desired: they have learned how to use the most destructive weapons of modern warfare and acquired the concept of nationalism as an end for which to fight. The restraints which might have served to check them before have ceased to be operative. Western ascendancy was established by force and subsequently rested either directly on force or indirectly on the white man's prestige, the belief in his superiority, not so much innately as because of his invincibility. That belief has passed irrevocably. We adduced too much evidence to the contrary. The World War was conclusive. We told too much about one another then by way of propaganda, too much that was true. And as if to point the conclusion, we took yellow and brown and black men to the fighting fronts and taught them to kill white men, thus demonstrating that it could be done by men of any color if only the right weapons were used.

Prestige having lost its symbol value, only force could sustain our position when the challenge came which the ferment of our ideas had produced. But the War left us physically unable or psychologically indisposed to resort to force. The Chinese, not alone among Eastern peoples, have taken advantage of the fact. The succession of crises between the Western Powers and China from the Washington Conference to the recent conflict with Russia is the result. In effect the Chinese have won. The details are not important. Whether this treaty or that has been abrogated or not, whether this foreign concession or that has been retroceded or not, the Chinese have recovered in substance most of what had been wrested from them in the long period of subjugation by the West. What is left to us is shadow. Most of all, more than the tangible elements of special privileges, rights, territorial encroachments, and other derogations on sovereignty, the Chinese have recovered a sense of

equality. They do not automatically yield to the white man as of a divinely ordered dispensation. At the moment, in fact, they have pushed their sense of equality to the point of self-assertiveness, as might be expected.

A white skin has ceased to be a *laissez passer* and guarantee of safe conduct, as I have myself unhappily observed. I have felt the steel of a pirate leader's gun prodding my throat as his followers ransacked my cabin in the foreigners' first class of a British ship on the Yangtsze quite as turbulently as they did the coolie quarters below decks. I have felt the sting of his knuckles rapped across my cheek by way of warning if I did not yield up what I had hidden. And by way of example there lay just outside my cabin the body of another American, shot down in as contemptuous indifference to the majesty and punitive power of his government as to the weakness of the government of the Chinese shot down below. As an ironic symbol of the significance of the episode, only thirty minutes' steaming up the river lay a fleet of British, American, French, and Japanese gunboats, presumably for our protection.

We on our part have forsworn our conquerors' airs and now move about with circumspection. The most conclusive proof is our vociferous repudiation of any previous claims to superiority. We not only admit Chinese into hotels on their own soil, but too agressively deny that they used to have to enter by the back door, as in fact they did. Too ostentatiously we point to the fact that occasionally a club of foreign export and import managers on Chinese territory permits a Chinese aristocrat and scholar to enter its precincts as a guest and not as a servant. And the Chinese now walk with impunity even in the public park on the Shanghai waterfront, until two years ago sacred from their profanation. Indeed, they walk where they like and do as they like even in the foreigner's presence, a social revolution the immensity of which cannot be appreciated by those who did not know the China of ten years ago when the English or American junior clerk was king and conqueror and god.

China will regain equilibrium first in its foreign relations. The basis will be independence. All that remains now is the formality of liquidating the regime of foreign hegemony. Diplomatic bodies are ponderous and move glacially. They may cling to the letter of treaties after the spirit is dead and to the outward forms of foreign privileges already nullified in practice. In the realities which the foreign official representative or business man in China must face from day to day, however, the old regime is gone. In time foreign offices, too, will recognize realities, and treaties will be made to conform with them. But that is merely the formality of routine.

A chapter in history has closed. Our day of might in the Far East is done. None like it will dawn again in our time. What we originally gained by force we have lost by force and can regain only by force. But we should be dealing now with a different China from that which we subdued in the nineteenth century with a few gunboats and a few regiments of infantry. It is no longer a giant asleep in the past, ignorant of the world and armed with the weapons of the Middle Ages. It has a sense of nationality, is alert to national perils and, while still ineffective from a military point of view, is learning fast how to fight. Only a real army could reduce China to the position it occupied only twenty years ago, and no Western country could send a real army. For political reasons Japan cannot. It would be restrained by Great Britain and America.

Our day is done, and I do not count it an unmixed evil. It may have saved us a greater loss than the fruits of conquest. If China had been as near disintegration twenty-five years ago as it is now, we should have speeded the process and then fallen to fighting over the pieces. Even if we did speed the process

now the pieces would not be ours anyway. The Chinese can unite long enough to keep the intruder out. When the Western world has recovered from its present exhaustion and, moreover, has evolved a new technic of penetration, a new era of imperialism may set in, but it will not be imperialism in the old terms and it will not be so easy to establish and maintain. It will take forms that cannot be envisaged now. Also, however, China may by that time have taken forms that cannot be envisaged now and that will preclude even attempts at aggression.

II

What of China internally?

In one of the larger provincial centers only recently I was talking to an old friend, then a member of the provincial central committee, the board of administrators who governed the province. In effect, his was the decisive voice in the committee and the province. I asked him what he thought.

"Yes, it is a mess," he said. "In my heart I know it to be all that the most contemptuous Shanghai foreign business man says it is. But what else could it be? Look. I was born in a village not far from here. When I was a boy workmen suddenly came along once and started putting up poles and stringing wires between them outside the village walls. I was curious, we all were curious. At first we were fearful of the effect on the spirits of wind and water that determined the fate of the village. Then my father came back from the county market town one day and explained. You could put a letter on those wires and in a day or an hour—that was not quite clear—it would arrive at its destination at the other end of the province, just traveling along the wire. I speculated long on that, but if my father said so it was true. Then it occurred to me that New Year was coming. I had a cousin living in a town at some distance, and I had wanted to send him a present. If I could send a letter along those wires, why not also a present? I got a nice pair of felt shoes and early New Year's morning I stole outside the city walls, stood under the wires, and flung first one shoe and then another up at them. They hit the wires and came down. I didn't understand. I ran home crying.

"And I am still in early middle age and I am supposed to have learned to supervise railroads, construct highways, organize and direct public utilities, plan irrigation and reclamation schemes, institute scientific farming, regulate the new factories springing up everywhere, think out the labor problem, organize and administer public school systems, and start modern hospitals. That is the adjustment I have had to make in half a lifetime; it is the adjustment we all have had to make in less than a generation. And, remember, I have had the unusual advantage of having studied in America and traveled in Europe. Most of us have not begun yet. I can take you out on the new automobile road we have built and show you peasants peering into the radiator of an autobus, looking for the concealed animal or spirit that makes it go. Of course we haven't made the adjustment yet. We don't really understand now, let alone know how to run this new kind of world. But it is the world we have to live in just the same. Of course, we are making a mess. Do you wonder?"

It is hard to give a more succinct statement of fundamental causes. It is hard also to sum up contemporary China's address to these causes more succinctly than in the same man's words. We were walking on the shores of a lake which is hallowed in Chinese legendry. Here in the golden splendors of the T'ang age poets came to sing of its beauties, painters to set them down in swift strokes on silk. Here emperors came to take their ease in pavilions of red beams and green-and-golden tiled roofs built for their pleasure. On the hills which gently rise above it monasteries lie in cool, serene retreat half-hidden in groves

of bamboo. About us lay the deposits of the greatness and glory of China's ancient days.

He was telling me of his plans for the "development" of the lake shore—he used that word. There would be a library for public use, with classes for the illiterate; there would be a building for commercial exhibits, and so forth. What kind of buildings would they be? I asked. Would they follow the architectural lines of those around us, with dipping roofs and broad courtyards and winding, shaded paths in old gardens? They would not, he answered vigorously, decidedly not. Would there be adaptations then from Western style to make them more comfortable and economical of space? No; that was chop suey, neither one nor the other. They would be Western, pure Western—as complete a break with the past as possible. Yes, these that were here now were beautiful. They could never be surpassed. And they embodied the traditions of the race. That was just it—they tied the race to the past. Above all else, those ties had to be broken.

Then he spoke with passionate intensity.

"If I thought it were necessary in order to make that break sure," he said, "I would tear all these down and put up New Jersey factory buildings in their place."

III

This is the mood of contemporary China. Now, as distinguished from fifteen or twenty years ago, it is not just the patter of what travel writers called Young China, showing itself in superficial changes on the outer fringes while the mass of the country went on as always, unaffected and unknowing. Nor does it reflect the hybridism of those ungrounded in their own culture and veneered with a little Western learning, to be patronized or ignored by the educated classes who made opinion and held power of decision. Now it represents the reasoned conviction of responsible men, intellectual leaders, and scholars in the old tradition, and it finds expression in a destructiveness that is awesome. A whole race is destroying its foundations. The most conservative race in the world, the most tenacious of its past, is consciously, deliberately demolishing all that it has held sacred, all that stands of a civilization which has endured for three thousand years and builded greatly in its course. What the times began, the Chinese are themselves finishing. If they walk amid ruins, they are also making them as they go.

The old educational system has been abandoned. The Confucian classics and the literature gathered about them, which have been for the Chinese a philosophy, a code of morals, a code of conduct, a text of political and social science, and an intellectual discipline, are no longer being taught. They have simply been dropped. They are not even respected. In Peking there is a school which was founded in the days of the monarchy by a group of wealthy literati for the teaching of the classics to sons of officials. It has always been the custom for the trustees—usually elderly scholars and officials—to attend the opening exercises for the orthodox ceremony of bowing to the tablet of Confucius, a ceremony prescribed through the centuries. Last year they went as usual. There was no tablet above the outer gate. They proceeded into the assembly hall. There the niche above the dais was empty. They made inquiries. The two tablets were found flung into a corner of the courtyard. It is so everywhere. In practically all the schools children are being taught nothing of what their parents learned. Confucius and Mencius are not only not taught, they are scarcely mentioned. In their stead are "subjects," a haphazard and ever-changing curriculum, too obviously stemming from the West. It is as if there were suddenly dropped out of our own education everything written before 1900. A generation is growing up ignorant of the foundations of Chinese

thought and without the real basis of any other thought.

A generation is growing up cut off also from the foundation of Chinese society, which was the family system—the family not in our sense of father, mother, and children, but rather father, mother, and sons, the sons' wives and their children, perhaps three or four generations in collateral branches, all living together under a patriarchate, or at least council of elders. In the larger centers where new ideas have penetrated most deeply the family controls are already so loosened as to be ineffective, and even in the rural regions they are relaxed. And since the family was the agency of government in all personal relations—law-giver, administration, and court of justice—there is the same anarchy in personal relations as in public relations, where they manifest themselves more recognizably as political breakdown and civil strife. Authority is no longer recognized. Ancestor worship is no longer the first duty or filial piety the highest virtue. The family is not accepted as the unit in the social scheme, its welfare the sole criterion. The individual is asserting himself and his rights. He refuses to obey the decision of parents or a council of elders as to where he shall live, how he shall occupy himself, what he shall do with his property and, most of all, whom he shall marry.

It is the law of the sages and immemorial custom that marriages be arranged by parents through the intricate negotiations of middlemen and that bride and groom neither know each other nor see each other until after the prolonged and elaborate marriage ceremonies, the bride then severing all connection with her own family and entering her husband's home, where she must render obedience and homage to his mother. Yet it was only an occasion for amusement when a few months ago the following advertisement appeared in a Shanghai Chinese paper: "Why go to all the bother of having a wedding ceremony in the presence of witnesses and with permission of elders? This is to announce that we are now husband and wife, having been married yesterday." It is untypical only in the bravado, but not in the sentiment that lies behind it. To the younger generation marriage concerns the individual and not the family and, therefore, personal inclinations alone must be consulted. There is open revolt against the right of parents to choose life partners, and in all the towns there are numerous marriages in defiance of the wish of parents. And to the parents a marriage so contracted is the equivalent of a companionate marriage to an American parent. In result, as always when change is sharp and sudden, there is personal tragedy.

IV

As everywhere, the break is most clearly and dramatically manifest in the status of women. Ten years ago I remember one of my Chinese teachers coming to me in Peking in distress. He was too worried to give me my lesson that day, he said. He had been recently married. His wife had gone to a mission school. He had not, but he was progressive, he said. And he had seen how it was between foreigners and their wives. It had come to the ears of his mother, who was old-fashioned, that he had gone with his wife to a mission school party, that he had appeared with her among strangers, and that he had been seen walking home with her. His mother was outraged. Was her daughter-in-law a prostitute? Did a gentleman parade in public with his wife as if he were a peasant and watch her talking to strange men as if she were a sing-song girl? Thus his mother; but his wife was equally outraged. Was he modern or not? Had he learned anything or not? And was he to be one of the "old heads"? She for her part would not be. For his part, woe was his portion. For his mother said quite rightly that filial piety was the first claim on one not an outcast. His wife said equally rightly

that he owed fidelity to his education and beliefs, to say nothing of her.

"How fortunate you foreigners are," he said. "Your lives are so simple."

I had lived in China five years and had numerous Chinese friends, many of them intimate friends. I had seen the wives of only three of them. When I last returned to China in 1927 I had been away for some years. The night after my arrival I was invited to a Chinese party in one of the new swagger hotels in Shanghai. As I entered I stood rooted, brought up by the shock of a picture framed in a distant doorway. There I saw women—Chinese women—and dancing. Dancing with men, and men not their husbands! And I thought of my Peking teacher only a few years before.

No doubt there are mothers who still ask whether their daughters-in-law are to act like prostitutes, but one also sees them with their daughters at tea-dances at the foreigners' hotels. One sees them even pathetically striving to seem modern themselves—their hair bobbed, the ends of their long shoes stuffed out with cotton to conceal the fact that they have bound feet. One also hears of marriages in which the bride stipulates that the bridegroom pledge himself never to take a concubine. On the other hand, I know of a case in which the wife, an American-educated woman and modern, finding herself barren, has insisted, against his objections, that her husband exercise his prerogative of taking a concubine in order to carry on his line, and has herself gone out to choose him one. While it is true that the "new woman" is now something more than a showpiece to be celebrated in foreign feature articles about "awakening" and "enlightenment," the past still survives. Precisely because it does, and because there coexist two entirely different and mutually exclusive sets of mores, life in China is something more than picturesque. It is also prolific of pain. For instincts do not change so soon, whatever the "views" may be. For many conform and willingly; and, with conforming, hurt. There is also reason. When one system of controls is abandoned, presumably for another, there is always a hiatus between the two. In the interval before the new one is understood and adjusted there is a vast deal of human wastage, especially when the old restraints have been rigid and unyielding. More particularly have young Chinese women in large cities a caricatured idea of the freedom of Western women. The younger generation may seem a problem to the American parent. By comparison the Chinese may still wistfully envy us the simplicity of our life.

The breakdown of the Chinese family, which is to say the breakdown of all standards, is not just a matter of modernism or the acceptance of ideas. It is only partly conscious. New forms of production have dictated new ways of living, regardless of intellectual conviction or choice. The factory worker follows his job. Industrialism means concentration of labor supply where production is most economical. The peasant can keep his clan about him, for they all work together. So can the worker in household industry, whose family provides artisan, apprentice, bookkeeper, and clerk, and whose radius of operation is the immediate neighborhood. In China, as in England one hundred years ago, new industrial centers create new population centers. The worker is willy-nilly broken from the old discipline, physically broken because he no longer lives at home and psychologically because he has to form new habits. What happens is that one body of sanctions is gone before another can be formed.

V

Essentially China is in vacuum now. One may almost say there is no China. The China that was has passed or is passing. Away from the centers of dissolution there are vestiges of the old China, outwardly as they always have been but inwardly without life. What

is in China to-day the mind cannot grasp because the eye can form no image. It shifts too rapidly for focus. The China that will be cannot even be envisaged. Dim foreshadowings of what it may be flicker here and there, too blurred to form an outline.

Can a race have two lives? Can any people have a rebirth? Can it detach itself from the civilization in which its spirit has been poured, tear itself up by the roots, roots gnarled in the soil for three thousand years, then bear fruit again in another civilization? No race ever has. All others that have decayed once have survived only as wraiths among their memories. There is evidence that already in the T'ang dynasty, more than a thousand years ago, the Chinese were old and weary, over-refined and disillusioned, oppressed by the futility of effort and the vanity of all things earthly. It may be that China's easy subjection in the last century and its present disintegration are proof that its vitality is irrecoverably spent. On the other hand, Chinese history has always moved in cycles, and this may have been only the under-swing of the curve. The Chinese have dropped as low as this before, and always emerged. Their very survival in the last hundred years may be evidence that the race is not yet enervated. The ability of their emigrants to venture into all parts of the world from the arctic north to the equatorial tropics and everywhere to establish themselves securely or even to dominate in fair competition is further evidence.

At any rate China has entered a new phase. In can never go back. It may survive only biologically—so many individuals of certain physical characteristics, but dead in spirit and a prey to conquest. It may be merely an imitation of the industrialized West, Western in exterior, in all except the dynamic vigor of the West—its historic identity entirely lost. Or, it may take over Western science and the machine technology and make them its own, combine the power of mechanization with its old creativeness, acquire the West's command over nature while remaining Chinese in spirit. If so, with its vast area, its resources, its population of one quarter of the human race, and the qualities which before have made it a dominant empire, will it be the most powerful nation on earth? What then? In the answer may lie the key to the future of more than one continent.

This, then, is the real problem of China, not that which occupies the minds of diplomats. And it is more interesting, more dramatic, and more important. The chaos of China is the breaking of a civilization, not that which figures in news of political intrigues and civil wars; and it is more serious.

PORTRAIT OF A MALE BUTTERFLY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

IF, AS the saying goes, you know the right people, you are bound to meet him. Perhaps at a debutante dance, or at a smart dinner with bridge or the opera to follow, or even at a cocktail party among the intellectuals: he moves in all the best circles, and is usually among those present. When he is presented your mind conjures up no image of the town of North Eureka. He appears to be the perfect flower of the East Fifties, from which North Eureka is distant forty-eight hours by railway and three generations by birth. The railway, not the stork, brought Gerald Weston.

That was six years ago. In those days he was so unsophisticated as to regret his blond hair and fair complexion, for he would have elected to resemble Rudolph Valentino or John Barrymore, whose portraits adorned his room. In the interval the portraits have disappeared, as have certain other elements of Gerald's original equipment. He has discarded a Mid-Western accent; he has subdued an innate preference for violent neckties and vigorous scents; he no longer worships H. L. Mencken, Greta Garbo, and Gene Tunney; he is no longer excited by an invitation to a Greenwich Village studio party; and the obvious admiration of Miss Hall, the telephone operator at the Penshurst Galleries, has begun to bore him. He has lost a certain capacity for enthusiasm; he has become sophisticated. Messrs. Katzenstein and Cohen, the eminent specialists in early American furniture who operate the Penshurst Galleries, think well of him; he has "class." They are correct. He has.

Your impression of him is likely to be determined, at least in part, by the milieu in which you first meet him. At debutante dances he plays the discreet young man, indistinguishable from the others present. He is an excellent partner, and he could easily pass as a university graduate, for his vocabulary of approbation is limited to the adjectives "marvellous," "swell," and "grand." Any of the buds with whom he has danced will tell you that he has a snappy line and is a swell dancer. Press the point, and she will acknowledge that his fingers are as nimble as his feet, that he is mildly flirtatious but careful never to commit himself, and that he has sufficient sex-appeal to ignite a tiny flutter when he takes you in his arms.

Meet Gerald among the intellectuals, and you encounter a different young man. He arrives at cocktail parties late and somewhat limp; it has always been a trying day at the Galleries, and he can be divertingly malicious about the clients. He is likely to sit on a cushion at the feet of the smartest woman present. After two cocktails he is sufficiently revived to complain that there are too many parties; one never has a chance to see the people one cares for. "That's why I haven't called you up, darling," he explains, resting his head languidly against the lady's knee. "Why, I haven't seen you for years! Not since that night in Harlem when Marie got so tight." Presently he detaches himself; he must positively speak to Carl and Eddie, and isn't that Marguerite over there, the darling? For the amusement of a successful and slightly inebriated

novelist he attempts an imitation of Jimmy Durante's patter. Then he wavers away to a prominent singer. "Marguerite, darling, how superbly thin you are! And what a ravishing frock! Molyneux at his best! Have you been up to Harlem to hear Ethel Waters's latest numbers? No? Well, we must do something about that, darling. Let's make Eddie throw us a party some night next week. . . ." On these occasions Gerald circulates rapidly among the available celebrities. He is effusive, flattering, and fluent. He is frivolous, and amiably impudent. Should the conversation take a serious turn, he listens politely for a few moments and slips off to another group. If absolutely necessary, he can utter a few words about Stravinsky, Picasso, Modigliani, or Proust. A very few words, but enough to get by with. The intellectuals like his imperturbable affability. And he is useful at parties. He can pass cocktails without spilling them. He is glad to perform delicate little services like this in return for their hospitality.

Gerald's affability likewise recommends him to the society matrons and dowagers. Old Mrs. Cavendish Thwaite, for example, sometimes invites him, of a Monday evening, to dinner and the opera. Although she is deep in the seventies, she still enjoys being seen with a young, attractive escort. Most of the young men whom she knows, the grandchildren of her contemporaries, have no manners; they never seem eager to accompany her. But Gerald is receptive to her invitations and when with her his devotion is unflagging. At dinner, and during the intermissions, he is indefatigable in conversation. The old lady hears very little of what he says, for she is afflicted with deafness, but she likes to know that other people are observing his interest in her. She considers him a nice, well-bred boy. In her day, of course, young men usually sent flowers to their hostess, but she no longer expects an old-fashioned courtesy from the young. So, although Gerald never sends flowers and never pays a party-call, she is glad to invite him. Sometimes she wonders why no nice young girl has married him. He would make, she believes, a very satisfactory companion. But she rather hopes that he won't marry—for a while.

II

Old Mrs. Thwaite need give herself no concern. Gerald isn't contemplating matrimony, except as part of a future which seems so indefinite that he prefers never to think about it. At eighteen he was convinced that he would one day marry for love. At twenty-two, when he arrived in New York, he reflected that one could as well fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one. At twenty-five he had discovered that the families of rich girls share an unreasonable prejudice in favor of wealthy young men. Little Evelyn Hardy, who had a crush on him for three weeks, made this clear. "You're a lamb, Jerry," she told him as they were returning from a dance in her car, the winter dawn just breaking. "You cuddle marvellously and you kiss divinely. You're a hot number, darling. But you're not father's idea of the matrimonial news. None of us could marry you, my pet. Just stick around until we do marry, and then ring the bell three times, baby!" Although Gerald continues to attend all the debutante parties to which he is invited, he does so from a surviving romanticism which his practical nature despises. He knows that the day of the Horatio Alger hero has passed. Still, you never can tell. . . .

Gerald has few regrets about matrimony and few illusions about love. Forty dollars weekly, which is what the Penshurst Galleries pay him, will support few illusions of any kind. So Gerald has come to realize that love, which wealthy men often practice as a diversion, can be made an economic asset to a poor but socially ambitious young man who is able to practice it as gallantry. Gallantry will take such a

young man a long way, if his technic is adequate; a very long way indeed. And gallantry can be made to pay, for it will enable a young man to indulge his taste for luxury at no cost to himself. These things he learned from Ina Burdon, and fat Tom Burdon, Ina's banking husband, presumably paid for the lessons.

It was Ina who introduced Gerald to what is termed society. She came into the Galleries one day during the first year of Gerald's employment there. He couldn't help staring at her, for she was exquisite in sables. She returned the stare from under heavily lashed eyelids, deliberately examining him as if he were on display, for sale, like the furniture. Then she requested Mr. Cohen to show her a set of Duncan Phyfe chairs. Presently Gerald heard Mr. Cohen calling him. "We are delivering these chairs to Mrs. Burdon to-morrow," he said. "Mrs. Burdon has suggested that we send you to supervise the placing of them. Please arrange to be at her home at four o'clock. It was four that you said, madame?" Mrs. Burdon stared again. "I shall expect the young man at four," she replied.

Four o'clock of the following afternoon found Gerald in the gallery of Ina's apartment. Presently Ina entered in a flame-colored teagown and gold turban. For the fraction of a second Gerald reverted to the standards of North Eureka and the long discipline of the movies. This was a vamp. His mother would consider her a scarlet woman even if she wore a teagown of another color. How would Barrymore or Valentino behave? But Gerald suddenly recollected that he was there to arrange chairs. . . . He arranged them. "What exquisite taste you have," Ina murmured, bestowing a casual glance upon her new possessions. "Now for a cocktail. Come into my boudoir." She led the way into a white-panelled, mauve-brocaded room, stretched herself on a chaise longue, and rang for cocktails. "Now," she remarked, "we can talk."

Two hours later Gerald departed, his head whirling. Nothing had happened, yet everything had happened. Ina had invited him to dine with her on the following evening, to accompany her to a dance, to spend Thanksgiving week-end at the Burdon place in Westbury. Nothing continued to happen with invariable but exciting regularity. Soon Gerald had few free evenings. When he was not accompanying Ina to the theater, the opera, or parties, he was usually being entertained in the homes of her friends. He was leading an enchantingly luxurious life, and it wasn't costing him a penny. Simultaneously among Ina's friends there sprang up a vogue for early American furniture which brought Gerald his first increase in salary. And Ina was generous, too; she showered him with costly trifles that delighted him. A moiré wallet with gold corners. An evening scarf handsomely monogrammed. Lapis cuff-links. On his birthday, a gold cigarette case. The first gift embarrassed him, for he had never even given her so much as a box of candy. But he recovered quickly, and accepted the others as a matter of course. Was she infatuated with him, in love with him? He couldn't doubt it, but she refused to be what she termed sentimental. She kissed him, with enjoyment perhaps, but, so far as he could determine, without passion. She permitted no liberties; she was more prudish than any debutante. It was at this point that he lost his faith in Barrymore and Valentino. And the worst of it was that he couldn't decide whether he was in love with her.

Thanksgiving week-end. Gerald had become accustomed to luxury by now, so the Burdon place didn't take him by surprise. A large house-party. He knew many of the guests, and he tried to pretend that he was having a good time. But Ina was able to give him very little attention, and he felt that he ought to be jealous. He succeeded in being sulky. After breakfast on Sunday fat Tom Burdon requested his company for a walk. Ever since their first meeting Tom had

been exceedingly genial, though Gerald had noticed that Tom always looked at him in a peculiar way, as if wishing to say something but thinking better of it. At first Gerald had put this down to jealousy; then he had forgotten about it. They walked out now, through the gardens, toward the polo field. Tom cleared his throat. "You're a nice lad, Weston," he said, "and I hope that you'll understand what I'm about to say to you. I'm saying it because I like you, rather. Ina's got you at a disadvantage, and it's not quite fair. Don't get the notion that she's in love with you, my boy. She isn't. You amuse her, and she likes you. You're young, good-looking, a good dancer, and frivolous. You're never too tired to go out on a party and you're quite irresponsible. All the things that I'm not, you see. She likes to be seen about with you, likes other women to notice it. But just you try to make love to her in a serious way, and see what happens! Play the game, Weston. Your job is to be a cavalier, not a lover. I know. You've had predecessors, my boy, and you'll have successors. Ina tires quickly. She's restless, and requires constant change. She'll drop you for someone else whenever the whim seizes her. Don't be too surprised when she does. Don't take her too seriously. The only thing the matter with Ina is that she has too much money, too much leisure, and too much energy. Your predecessors and you and your successors provide a kind of safety-valve. You prevent her from becoming intolerably dissatisfied with me. So I'm grateful to you, not jealous, Weston. And the service is worth what it costs me; one of Ina's tame robins usually stands me about fifteen thousand a year. Don't spoil your party by making a fool of yourself, Weston. Play the game, and when it comes to an end, you'll find that Ina will be decent and pass you on to one of her friends."

Gerald knew that he ought to have considered Tom's remarks an insult. But one glance at Tom's kindly, genial smile had dissolved the impulse. And, as events proved, there would have been no point in being stupidly dramatic. For after Thanksgiving week-end Ina took up a new young Russian violinist. Gerald's vanity smarted for a week. Then he recovered, for Louise Dashiell began taking him about. "I'm going Colonial at last," she announced to her friends. Louise and Ina were intimates and, with Gerald and the violinist, they often went out in a foursome. It was all very agreeable. On the day before Christmas Gerald received pearl studs from Louise and, from Ina, a wrist-watch.

Gerald has no illusions about love. He is a well-bred young man, and he has the greatest contempt for gigolos.

III

Gerald's social technic is almost as faultless as his wardrobe. He very seldom attempts to mix his friends among the society set with his friends among the intellectuals. Few of the former know where he lives; they communicate with him at his place of business, and this serves him well with his employers. With the intellectuals, however, Gerald has no false pride. With them he makes a jest of his poverty and never conceals the fact that he lives in what he calls a "slum." Perhaps there is a bit of pose in this attitude of humorous candor, but if so, it is a charming pose, and his friends among the intellectuals like him the better for it.

Gerald's introduction into intellectual circles was effected by Frank Clifford, a young man then employed by the Galleries. Frank is now display manager for the decorating department of a Fifth Avenue shop. They share a flat in a decrepit old tenement in the Fifties near the East River. They pay forty dollars a month for the flat, and another forty dollars a month for the little car which they bought on the installment plan last summer. The car was an absolute necessity, for without it they could never have

accepted the agreeable week-end invitations which made a summer in New York quite tolerable. Eighty dollars every month absorb one quarter of their joint income; the balance goes in keeping their wardrobes in condition, and enough money in their pockets to get about on. Fortunately, they seldom buy their own dinners and they spend nothing on amusement, or on the reciprocation of hospitality extended to them. They are never ungracious enough to estimate what they receive in terms of money, but Gerald knows that Tom Burdon's estimate of fifteen thousand a year is not an exaggeration. Despite their economy, their budget often shows a deficit, and they go into debt.

Early in their acquaintance Frank invited Gerald to accompany him to a cocktail party given by Arnold Stevens, the author of *Have You Any Wool?* Gerald had read this novel, and had noticed that his favorite columnist had compared it with the best of Ronald Firbank's work. Gerald hadn't read Firbank, but felt that he knew enough to make a start with Stevens. He looked forward to the party with some eagerness, for Frank had told him that at Stevens's one met everybody who was anybody, everyone who "did things." They arrived to find a large living room smoke-filled and crowded. The carpet bristled with celebrities. A three-hundred pound negress was beating melodies from a piano, accompanying them with lyrics that were more than equivocal. Four people were passing cocktails. One of them was Stevens, who resembled a commemorative monument to some anonymous public character. It was clear that he was enjoying his own party. Frank introduced Gerald to innumerable people whose names he had occasionally heard mentioned by his society friends. All of these people seemed to know one another very intimately. Gerald did his best to talk with them, but despite their courtesy, there didn't seem much for him to say. One man whose name he hadn't caught asked him, "Do you write, paint, play, compose, or sculpt?" Gerald fled abruptly. In a far corner of the room he came upon a woman standing quite alone. She smiled, and he joined her. She proved adept in putting him at his ease, and presently he had recovered his usual carefree manner. "No doubt you're one of Arnold's new young writers?" she suggested. He hesitated, then grinned and replied, "I'm a furniture salesman." It made a hit, he perceived, so he followed it up with, "Tell me who you are. I'm lost here, among the great. My only friend is Duncan Phyfe, and he's been dead for a century." She laughed again, and replied, "I'm a person of no consequence. My name is Gilda Dorrance. I happen to be Arnold's wife. That doesn't matter, either." "To him or to you?" Gerald inquired pertly. She flushed and said, "To our mutual friends."

Stevens and his wife were at home to their friends on Sunday afternoons throughout the winter. At their invitation Gerald returned, and soon formed the habit of dropping in for an hour every Sunday. In this way he became acquainted with many of the members of Stevens's circle. At first he found it strange that this group of people, all of whom knew one another intimately, should take pleasure in meeting so frequently. But as soon as he was accepted by them he ceased to find this strange. In the beginning, too, he stood somewhat in awe of the literary and artistic folk with whom he assumed Stevens liked to surround himself. These celebrities, he was certain, would enjoy only highbrow conversation, and he was aware that his own line was sheer frivolity. So he was diffident in the beginning, and he clung to Gilda Dorrance as tightly as he dared. She seemed more approachable than the others. But gradually his awe of them diminished, then disappeared. Their social gestures were not unlike those of his society friends. They promptly discouraged any attempt to be highbrow, for they didn't want to be serious but to play. Gerald was slightly shocked the

first time he heard one well-known writer spend an hour imitating the barking of a dog, and another imitating the fog horn of a steamer. Yet these people had a disconcerting habit of becoming excited by a book, a picture, or an idea. . . . Gerald adopted an attitude of total ignorance of all affairs literary and artistic, and this proved to be very successful. "I never read anything but my mail, and the only pictures I like are moving pictures," he remarked flippantly to Gilda. She repeated it, and this remark established Gerald's reputation as an amusing young man. Shortly he began to be invited to join the expeditions to Harlem night-clubs organized and paid for by Stevens and his friends.

The more often he saw her, the more Gerald came to like Gilda Dorrance. In his fondness for her there was admiration, in his admiration, respect. "She's a real person," he reflected, "she's genuine, and has the courage to be herself." He noticed that she could not be persuaded to do what other people were doing if their activity did not appeal to her. He felt that her impersonal courtesy, so unlike the effusiveness of her friends, concealed a fastidious discrimination. But as time passed and he began seeing more of her friends, he saw less and less of Gilda. Once or twice during the winter he fancied that he noticed a slight change in her manner to him, as if a measure of indifference had replaced her earlier friendliness. But he assured himself that he was hypersensitive, and ceased thinking about it. One Sunday early in the spring he found himself alone with her for a moment, and impulsively asked her to have tea with him on the following afternoon. The invitation was entirely unprecedented in his social career. She considered it before replying, and he had a premonition that she would decline it. Instead, however, she accepted. She met him at The Plaza. They sat at a small table in a far corner of the great marble room. He pointed out various society folk whom he knew, and tried to divert Gilda with the latest gossip about them. But he noticed that Gilda was not amused. Cool and detached, she was taking no interest in his chatter, and soon embarrassment overtook him, reducing him to silence. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he stammered a question. "Are you angry with me, Gilda? What have I done?"

She smiled at him mockingly. "Angry with you? Certainly not!" She tamped out a cigarette, and proceeded. "If you wish me to be truthful and precise, Gerald, I must tell you that you bore me. I have scant patience with shallow, pretentious people. You've done nothing—to reply to your second question—and that's why I find fault with you. When you first came to us I fancied that you had good stuff in you, and that contact with a kind of people whom you had had no previous opportunity to meet would bring it out. I've watched you for six months, and you're precisely where you started, except that you have adopted the most objectionable mannerisms of Arnold's most negligible friends. A great genius is likely to be a lonely man, for he is usually incapable of accepting the attentions of people for whose character or intelligence he has no respect. But a merely mediocre talent, especially if aware of its mediocrity, is apt to be vain, susceptible to flattery, and lacking in discrimination. Arnold's talent is mediocre; nobody is more aware of this than he is. Perhaps his mediocrity accounts for his success but, in any case, he has become the dupe of that success. His vanity is made uneasy by his sense of his inferiority. That is why he so readily surrounds himself with worthless people whose adulation pleases him. Many of them are only climbers; others want to take advantage of his influence or generosity. Most of them—particularly the younger men—are parasites, completely lacking in character or moral fiber. If I thought you were unlike them and was mistaken, I don't blame you, Gerald. It isn't your fault. You've been incapable of learn-

ing anything from those of our friends who have real character. They are the ones who are achieving something in the world. You've preferred to associate yourself with the sycophants and parasites. Like them, you've imitated all of Arnold's mannerisms, and some that are not his. And you have no talent, however mediocre, to urge as an excuse. You're dishonest. Even your mechanical effusiveness does not disguise the fact that you have no emotion, no consideration, for anyone but yourself. You take and take and take, and you give nothing in return. You possess nothing but your youth, your good looks, and a pair of reasonably agile feet. And you bore me, Gerald! Lord, how you bore me! Another negligible young man! I've seen too many of them to be amused by any more. . . ." She took the check which a hovering waiter presented, and paid it. "It's quite all right, Gerald," she said, "quite as usual, in fact . . ."

IV

Subsequently, Gerald was never able to remember how he had parted from Gilda. It was as if she had flayed him with a whip, stripping away the last shred of his self-respect, reducing him to a quivering jelly of mortification. What Gilda said wasn't true, couldn't be true! He didn't resemble all those young men who are to be found at any party to which someone has tossed them a casual invitation. He wasn't; he'd make Gilda admit it. . . .

He was walking up through Central Park in the darkness of early evening, without a notion of how he happened to be there or where he was bound. The trees, the first stars, the sense of being in an open space reminded him of spring evenings in his adolescence, out in North Eureka. Thank God, he'd come a long way since then! He could almost see his mother, flushed and nervous, bending over the stove, busy with the preparation of supper. She'd always wanted him to make his mark in the world. He recalled that she had never permitted anything to interfere with his schooling, had forced him to speed up the chores so that he might have more time for study. She had never spared herself, however.

He sat down on a bench, suddenly tired. The evening was very warm, and on nearby benches the down-and-outers had already begun to congregate. Poor devils, they'd gratefully accept any hand-out. They had sunk too far into the abyss to have any hope of retrieving themselves. On summer evenings the parks were filled with them, wretched, emaciated men who furtively whined for a dime, a nickel, a cigarette. They slept on benches, old newspapers under their heads. Gerald shivered. Could it be possible that he might ever come to that? Twenty-eight years old. Forty dollars a week, and no very good reason why he should be worth any more. No money saved. No conviction about the future. He'd scarcely ever thought of the future. He had no definite purpose or career in mind. A drifter, an opportunist. Happy enough to have a good time without paying for it. No talent. No knowledge or experience that made him invaluable to his employers. They could replace him in ten minutes.

He got up from the bench and began walking. Was Gilda right about him, after all? Was he merely a parasite? He came out of the Park at Seventh Avenue, weary and hungry. He went into a drugstore to telephone Frank to meet him. Over the wire he heard Frank's voice, excitedly saying, "Where the devil are you? Nancy Driscoll just rang up. She's taking a crowd to the new Noel Coward show and on somewhere to dance afterward. Two of her men have dropped out at the last minute, and she wants us to replace them. What shall I say?"

"Tell her to leave our seats at the box-office. Say, seats for that show are bringing sixteen dollars apiece! Get out my shirt and other duds. I'll be there in ten minutes."

The Lion's Mouth

HOW CAN WE MODERNIZE OUR FAMILY FIGHTS?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THIS is the time of year when most major sports are at a standstill. The football season is over, the baseball season has not yet begun, and if golf and tennis are still being played in a distant, exotic fashion in Miami or Honolulu, they might, for the majority of us, be confined to Saturn. Nevertheless, I have a suspicion that this is the time of year which most sportsmen especially enjoy. It is the season of reminiscence and anticipation but, being Americans, we enjoy it in a peculiarly American way. Unlike other nations, we do not dream of the chase over walnuts and wine. We take a pencil in hand to review and codify. We like to mass figures proving that Maloney of Siwash gained more yards per kick-minute than did Zabrowsky of Florida Tech; we like to issue tables showing how Ty Cobb would have ranked with Goliath; and especially—still being Americans—we have a childlike passion for making new rules. Already some august body has changed the size of the golf ball—as if that would do any good. Plain auction bridge is as dead as parcheesi, and the only thing certain about next year's football is that it will probably be played with a ball.

With all this zeal for system and regulation, it seems odd that no one has yet attempted to modernize our greatest pastime, one that continues winter and summer and is enjoyed by all classes. I mean the great game of family fights. When charging halfbacks will stop instantly at the sound of a whistle, when cursing little jockeys live in terror of the racing stewards, and when even warfare in China can be controlled from Geneva, is it not ridiculous that civilized households still play their favorite game with the same primitive rules which were used by Socrates and Xanthippe? To be sure, we hear less, to-day, of the flatiron and the rolling pin and, in certain limited circles, the use of crockery is regarded as no longer art; but the slammed door, the martyred sigh, the silent breakfast, and the flung shoe still exist to-day as they have existed for thousands of years. Is it not an anachronism? Indeed it is!

The first possibilities of what family life might learn from the other sports were suggested to me by my friend Sam Halliday. The home atmosphere of the Hallidays has been, for a long time, an inspiration to their friends, notwithstanding the fact that Sam himself is a man of decided ideas and Irma Halliday has a temper like a wasp. One never met, on visiting the Hallidays, that air of stiffened reserve or of sugared politeness which warns, in most homes, that an area of high pressure is moving slowly over the lake region, so, one day, I asked frankly:

"Sam, don't you and Irma ever fight?"

Sam laughed in a way that showed that I had touched not exactly unknown territory. "That would depend," he replied, "on whether you draw a distinction between a fight and a foot race. Why, yes," he added, presently, "we do

have our ugly moments, but, you know, I learned a great secret from Gene Tunney."

I must have looked my surprise, for I had never known that Sam moved in high social and literary circles, and Sam explained.

"You see, one night I heard Tunney talking over the radio—or someone talking about him—and he used the expression 'rock with the punches.' Do you know what that means?"

"Only vaguely," I answered. "You'd better define."

"I will," replied Sam, "for it's highly important. It is, in fact, the keynote of modern boxing. I always thought that a fighter's great trick was to duck the blows or to knock them aside, but apparently this is not so. A really scientific man does not avoid blows. He takes them, but he takes them 'going away.' If, for example, he sees a crack coming at his head, he rolls his head back in the same direction in which the blow is traveling, so it does little harm. It is just like a baseball player who lets his hands 'give' as the ball comes into them. The same thing happens in up-to-date football when a lineman, instead of trying to butt his opponent like a bull, lets *him* do the charging and pulls him on through.

"And that," continued Sam, "struck me as very good sense, so I thought I'd try the same plan with Irma. You see, the thing that we used to quarrel about principally was our respective families. My sister Louise had been visiting us about that time and, one day, Irma broke out in her usual fashion:

"'I may be narrow, but I have to confess that sometimes Louise does get on my nerves.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'Louise *is* a good deal of a slob.'

"Irma looked at me in a funny fashion, but I was just sympathetic and interested and she tried again. 'I suppose it is because I was brought up in the South and am used to the Episcopal Church, but can you blame me if I sometimes feel out of place with you blue-nosed New Englanders?'

"'My darling,' I said, 'you can't tell *me* anything about New Englanders. Of course, in a way, I have to put up a show of being loyal to my own people, but of all the tight, narrow, bigoted, selfish, low-bred individuals on earth, give me a New England Presbyterian.'"

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"What *could* she say?" replied Sam. "She laughed.

"Oh, Irma's a sweet child," he concluded, "but if she doesn't like the looks of a tie that I am putting on, I simply grab a dozen from the drawer and say 'Choose.' What's the difference?"

"But suppose," I said, "that some day she should suggest something really important—like going to Europe or moving onto Park Avenue?"

"Well, to tell the truth," confessed Sam, "I have begun to worry a little about that, myself."

Just the same, his theory did seem to me sound and, since that day, I have seen innumerable ways in which family life could profit by the other great sports. Consider, for example, how nicely modern football has treated the fumble, which used to be the nightmare of all college games. Five years ago, players who fumbled at a crucial moment would seriously consider suicide, would be made to feel that a cloud lay over their whole lives. To-day, apparently, a fumble is no more serious than a split infinitive or breaking a shoe lace. A whistle blows, the players all take a drink of water, and the game goes on as before.

Why, then, should any more terrible penalty be attached to a wife who lends her brother the one dress shirt that her husband was expecting to wear or to the husband who fails to bring home the spinach as well as the string beans, the half pound of coffee, the two yards of black binding braid, and the small-size bottle of almond cream? Why should not the offended party simply give a shrill

whistle, raise an arm, and shout, "Edna's ball. First down. One pair of gloves gained"?

At first sight the great flaw in this system would seem to be the necessity for some other umpire than one of the participants, but in tennis or golf there is seldom an umpire, and there are no games in which the niceties are more scrupulously observed. The first requirement would seem to be, rather, a simple set of fundamental rules understood by all married couples and left for their sportsmanship to follow. After a given date, such as July 1, 1931, these rules might be part of the marriage contract; but any husband and wife, married before that date, who wished to come under the code, could do so by taking the oath before any justice of the peace, commissioner of a federal court, United States consul in foreign lands, or, in the Island of Guam, before the naval governor.

As a tentative draft, subject, of course, to approval by the National Association of Dwellers at Home, I suggest something on the order of the following:

Rule One. Bounds. For purposes of domestic argument, it will be assumed that all husbands and wives are of royal blood, as are all their relations to the twelfth degree of kinship, and any suggestion to the contrary shall be ruled out of bounds. Any player driving out of bounds shall take his remark back to the tea table and try another, suffering only loss of breath.

Rule Two. Field and Equipment. The game of matrimony shall be played on any spot that the players may select, provided only that it is not somebody else's. Having once, however, accepted a field of play, both participants shall be ruled to have selected it equally and either player judging it inadequate or inconvenient shall be automatically invested with the responsibility of finding a better one.

Rule Three. Divots. Any lamp, vase, golf club, derby hat, or other object knocked down or marred, or any nail scissors, tooth paste, driving gloves, garden rake, or tack hammer borrowed and lost, shall be immediately replaced or restored by the player responsible, but personal articles owned by an individual player shall not come under this rule unless left by the owner in their proper places. Articles owned by one player but borrowed by another shall be scored against the borrower and not the owner, with the exception that arctics found on the dining-room table, powder puffs left in the library pen tray, cigarette holders abandoned in the bathroom soap dish, or garter elastic discovered anywhere except in a bedroom may be immediately confiscated, regardless of ownership, and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Rule Four. Foot Faults. Any participant who shall deliberately kick, strike, or hurl any inanimate object forming part of the equipment of the playing field shall at once take the injured article into his cupped hands and gently murmur, "All is love." Or, if the opposing player shall so elect, he or she may be granted a free kick at any other object belonging to the offending player.

Rule Five. Dead Ball. When any remark or act has been allowed to pass for twenty-four hours it shall be regarded as dead or grounded and shall not thereafter be put again into play for the purpose of increasing the score against the opposing player.

Rule Six. Fair Catch. All children, dogs, cats, canaries, or goldfish that may develop during the course of the play shall be regarded as equal liabilities of both players and no such remarks as "your children," "my dog," or "that damned fish of yours" shall be permitted. When either player shall discover a child, dog, cat, or fish in any overt act he shall at once raise his arm as a signal that he claims a fair catch, at which the other player shall immediately cease from scrimmage and not interfere with any discipline that the first player may impose. If the second player shall

so interfere, the first player shall claim a foul, the child or pet shall be taken back to the spot where first downed and play resumed at the point at which it was interrupted.

Rule Seven. Offside. Any newspaper, recent novel, or new magazine shall be regarded as anyone's ball, open to the first player who may fall upon it. When, however, one player shall have gained possession, the other player may not delay the action by asking for inside sections, by gaining and keeping on the plea of reading some single item, or by sending the first player on an errand and then picking up the desired paper or book. When one player is reading a newspaper no other player shall stand in front of him and read the items on the other side of the sheet nor shall any other player lean heavily on his neck and breathe into his ear. Any player who wishes to give a public reading from favorite authors may do so by posting a notice one week in advance, but when two players are each reading silently, neither shall insist that the other listen to all the choice bits in the first player's book. All these acts are classed as offside and form the most serious offenses known to the game.

Even from this rough draft it may be seen how the game of family life can profit by the experience of all the other sports, skimming the cream from each. The above rules, indeed, only touch the bare fundamentals and, when the national association gets to work, some very pretty questions are waiting for its decision. I have not, for example, thought it necessary to mention slugging; but what about ringers, ineligibles, and players with big names who slip off to play occasional dates in the outlaw leagues? Also, do we need a one-year rule to keep out the tramp athletes and boys with big prep school reputations but no solid qualifications for the greater game? Above all, the play must be open to changing conditions, and even if the spectators are sometimes confused or if oldtimers cry out that the game has been ruined, that will, in itself, only prove it to be a live, healthy, American sport.

THE LETTER-MEN

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

I HAD returned to alma mater after an absence of a dozen years. The bursar, whose duty under the new regime appeared to be that of backslapping alumni, met me at the depot in an empty ballyhoo bus and after a perfunctory handshake dumped me into the machine and headed at breakneck speed for the University.

"I'm glad you're back, my lad," he said, cocking one foot on the dash like an undergraduate. I noticed to my surprise that he was wearing a monogrammed sweater. "You're staring at my chest," he went on, fairly gurgling with pride. "Well, stare ahead. I made my letter and I don't mind who knows it, either. Siffell in the Math department hasn't made his yet and I don't think the registrar is going to get his."

The traffic stopped while I pondered this. Then a cop with a noseguard blew a referee's whistle and shouted "Hep!" and we charged on.

"Good old Fenwicke U.," I said reminiscently, caressing the University in my mind for the many things it had done for me.

"Good old what?" cried the bursar.

"Fenwicke," I repeated.

"It's not that any longer," he signaled with a shake of his head. "We've named it for Chick Meehan."

"You have?"

"Right. Meehan U."

"That's not so bad." The bus was careening along, picking holes adroitly in the traffic, following an ambulance for interference. Straight ahead of us, sure as I live, stood two marble goal posts,

and before I could say "Jack Robinson" we were sailing under them.

"We're going to a football game?" I asked accusingly.

The bursar looked at me patiently. "You haven't been back for some time, have you? No, of course you haven't. These goal posts are the portals of the University. Swell, don't you think?"

I did. The whole campus had been transformed. Beyond the portals and leading up to the quadrangle the grounds were laid out like a gridiron, with long rows of white flowers stretching across the approach like five-yard lines.

"That's a new building," I remarked as we sprinted on. "And it's cold here, too."

The bursar grinned. "Right on both counts. That's a new building. They're all new. And it is cold. You see—" he leaned over and shouted into my ear, "you see, we have a special cooling system here now, generated by a dynamo which the physics department invented, which makes it cool enough for football the year round. The head of the physics department got his letter.

"And the buildings," he added triumphantly, "they've all been changed to conform to the style of architecture set by the Stadium."

I looked, and he was right. The main building, at which we left the bus, was a Colosseum with gay flags about the top and a colonnade and cloisters beneath.

"This is nice," I said timidly.

"Nice? Do you know, my lad, that this school is the envy and the model of all American universities? You must have been asleep."

I rubbed my eyes. "But Harvard?" I said. "And Yale?"

"Oh, they're all coming our way," retorted the bursar. "There's nothing in the history of American skull practice quite like us just now, but we've set the model, you can bet your life on that." With this he slapped me resoundingly on the back and shouted, "Stay in there and fight 'em."

"But," I said, getting up, "skull practice?"

"My dear lad," he began as to a child, "that's merely the new terminology. In the old unspecialized days they called it education. A funny name, come to think about it. Skull practice has more punch, more meaning. For after all, what used to be called education is only skull practice for the great game of life. In it we learn the signals and the possible plays and combinations, the nuances of the whole scientific approach to victory and defense. But let's be getting on. I want you to meet the mentor of the University."

In a few moments the bursar and I were admitted to a large, sunny office with a rubbing table near one of the windows and Indian clubs and pulleys all around the walls. A giant whom I recognized at once as Tige Tiggert, All-American, came trotting over to greet us.

"I want to present—" the bursar began.

"How's business?" Tige asked, sidestepping the bursar's attempted introduction. "What did we do on that California game? And how many yards have we to make on this month's budget? Come now, tell me."

"We did half a million," the bursar hastened to say, "and we've only a few hundred thousand to go on this month's budget."

"This is the twenty-sixth," Mentor Tige reflected, scratching his stubby beard. "Almost the last down, we might say."

"There are two more downs this month—Army and Nebraska," the bursar reminded him, and to me he added in an aside, "He's carrying a heavy load, you know."

I nodded sympathetically.

"Doctor," the bursar was speaking again, this time to Tige, "I want to present to you an old grad. He was yell leader when he was here," he hastened to add, as though Tige would have devoured anything short of a yell leader.

"Didn't play, uh?" Tige queried.

"No, sir. I remember you, though."

This had no effect on him. He was examining me with curiosity. "So you were a yell leader?" He appeared not to have seen one before. This was strange.

"Your work is all done by machine now," the bursar explained to me. "We have jumping-jacks at all the games operated from a central office by wireless."

I felt very small.

"Show him around the place a bit," the Mentor ordered, prancing back to his pulleys.

"Does he play?" I asked as we passed out.

"No, but he has to keep in perfect shape to set a good example for the boys. We'll go down to the stables now and look them over."

"Stables?"

"Stables. That's where the team's kept."

"But—"

"No but's and if's about it, my dear lad. You don't think a good football player is any less important than a fine racing mare, do you? Don't you see that we can't let these fellows out to roam the campus and catch cold and play round with women and all those things? Now wouldn't that put us in a pretty fix, I ask you, what with Nebraska, Army, and Harvard coming along in a row?" The thought of athletes out roaming the campus chilled and depressed him. He looked around suspiciously to see if any of them had escaped. "You don't think they are any less important than race horses, do you?"

I admitted I didn't, and that seemed to pacify him.

The stables formed a quadrangle on a shady sward. Little attendants with bright red caps were running helter-skelter, and tawny-maned athletes stuck their heads out through the doors and bellowed orders. The doors were only half-doors and the top sections had iron bars across them.

"Are they dangerous?" I asked my friend, the bursar.

He shook his head at me sadly, too weak to answer so dumb a question. "That one over there," he said at last, pointing to a giant who stared out through the bars and snorted every few minutes, "has broken three ribs of every rubber we sent in to rub him down, sometimes four."

"Do you rub 'em down every day?"

"Four and five times a day."

"And you keep 'em penned up all the time?"

"We have to. It's a new educational custom, you might have said in the old days. They've got to have pep. And you haven't seen the half of it." He had grown secretive now and spoke to me in subdued tones. "Wait till I show you the experiments the chemistry department is making."

"But how," I asked, "do you get the teams into the arena?"

"There's an underground passageway," the bursar smiled. "It leads right up to the field, and the Stadium has bars across the field boxes, so that there is no danger."

I judged from the odors that we were fast approaching the chemistry building. And sure enough I saw from the flags flying on the building ahead of us that we were just upon it. It too was in the form of a Colosseum-stadium. But it was more than that.

"Here," the bursar commenced, "the modern athletic and scientific blend into a perfect unit. This building is in the form of both a stadium and a cell. The center of the cell is a glass rotunda nucleus running the whole height of the building. It forms the recovery room."

I was wondering what he meant by recovery room when I heard a terrifying screech on my left, and a naked man rushed past us, gibbering and foaming. He had hardly passed when a dozen internes, dressed like the waiters in Childs, were upon him, clubbing him into submission.

"This is the chemistry building," my guide informed me, "and here, financed by the alumni, we are conduct-

ing experiments which when successfully consummated will be of sufficient consequence to rock the whole structure of what you used to call the educational world. . . . Come with me."

He led the way through a labyrinth of corridors. "They make it this way so the specimens can't find their way out," he informed me. "They got the idea from the Medical Center in New York." We passed many doors and many turns, but the bursar led me surefootedly on until we came into a room as large as a general waiting room in a union station. Here there prevailed the same confusion that I had noted at the stables. Some men were running madly about. Others were kicking a ball, others tackling dummies.

"Oh," I said brightly, "this is where you practice."

"This is the lab," he replied curtly, "where we are engaged upon experiments to discover a very special kind of hormones which, when injected into a man, will make him a super-thyroid athlete of the most ferocious type."

As he said this he had opened a door and pointed to rows upon rows of laboratory tables, over which, with test tubes in their hands, were bent anemic researchers, balancing the contents of the tubes carefully and looking at them hungrily. They were working for their letters. Now and then an explosion broke the gruesome silence of the room. He closed the door, and I saw in the room where we stood six attendants inoculating a man with some kind of strange fluid. At the insertion of the needle he winced and when they released him he rose and gritted his teeth and made for us. I ducked, but the bursar stood his ground and swatted the advancing specimen. "You got to put fight in 'em," he explained to me a moment later. The attendants opened the gates and turned the new thyroid out into the indoor arena.

"They'll find it some day," he said, "just the kind of hormones we need. Then Meehan U. will put an aggregation into the field that no school can stop. Unless—" he stopped dead in his tracks—"Haughton U. beats us to it."

"Oh, they're working on it, too?"

"Certainly. So is every other school. But Haughton is closer than the rest."

I shook my head dejectedly. "But these men you experiment on?" I asked.

"Oh, them?"

"Yes. Are they students?"

"Not ours. They are the white mice, we might say. Sophomores captured from rival universities. There's a good deal of bodily risk involved, and we need all of our fellows.

"There's one other thing I simply must show you," he went on. "We are getting ready for commencement. It's to be held in the outdoor Stadium and we'll go there next."

One glance at the outdoor Stadium swallowed me up. The field was so far away that it looked like the ring at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago. "This is where the exercises will be held," remarked the bursar. "They will be broadcast to the outer sides of the bowl. But come, what I want to show you is below."

Through corridors we ascended into the bowels of the Stadium. Here innumerable men were working in their shirtsleeves. "They're getting the pop ready for the next game," I heard. In one room as large as a convention hall an army of ushers were training under a major-general. Off to one side of this room the bursar led me. There in neat rows on long tables were stacks of diplomas like cord wood.

"These," he said, pointing at the diplomas, "are for commencement."

"Oh," I said, half to myself. "Sheepskin, eh?"

"No," he replied, evidently straining with a great joy in his heart. "They're pigskin."

Editor's Easy Chair

A LOOK AROUND

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE biggest and most troublesome subject in politics is still the one that ran in the mind of Miss Ida Tarbell when she said somewhere (as quoted by Arthur Brisbane): "Is prohibition forcing civil war?" There is a good deal of killing going on about it as these words are written, and tempers seem to be getting worse.

What is in the back of Mr. Borah's head when he says enforcement is a failure and always will be so long as it stays in present hands? Where is he coming out? Does he want a rougher job?

In the interest of the Easy Chair a lawyer has been consulted on this subject, as follows:

"You see what Borah says about enforcement?"

"No good, he says. I wish I had the job."

"And what would you do?"

"Call for six hundred million dollars right away. Perhaps enlarge the army. Report every week to Congress on what had been done."

"You would have to build a lot of new prisons."

"No! No prisons; stockades!"

There you have a picture. Do you remember the South African War when the British kept the Boers in stockades? No doubt it is usually done in war.

Is that what Miss Tarbell foresees? The Wets in stockades? Men with real guns loaded with real bullets, marching up and down along barbed wire fences? Does she look to see a plantation of this kind, every twenty miles, say, in every direction up and down the country?

It would be interesting. But quite expensive! Probably the Drys do not even now appreciate how much fight there is in the Wets nor the reasons for it. The best reasons are outside and far beyond the mere question of drinks. It would seem as though reasonable Wets and reasonable Drys could come to an agreement about the sort of law most conducive to temperance and sobriety. But are there nowadays any reasonable Drys? Have not all the reasonable Drys turned on Prohibition since they saw how it worked? Prohibition was carried in the legislature of New York State; but by a popular vote taken since, three quarters of the voters appeared against it. That looks like a considerable conversion of reasonable Drys to a desire for a better law. In Canada, now that observation and experience have modified opinion about prohibition, they can do something. When a sufficient number of Drys have been converted they change the law. Here, of course, we are embarrassed by having the Constitution used as a garrote to choke us off from experiment.

President Butler says it is nonsense to say, as Grant said in a message to Congress, that the way to kill a bad law is to enforce it. Roosevelt said the same when he commenced Police Commissioner of New York; but it does not work, at least not soon enough. Doctor

Butler says some laws are to be kept, some to be broken; obligation being equal in each case. Mr. Borah ought to know whether that is true or not. He is not stupid. But is he a searcher after truth in his dealings with prohibition, or is he merely forging a political thunderbolt?

The lawyer consulted, as stated above, was full of sympathy, or seemed to be, with Borah. "If I were in his place," he said, "and responsible for the politics of the Republican party, the way prohibition enforcement is knocked about would make me madder than a hornet." Whether Mr. Borah believes now in it or not, Heaven knows, but he has been a Dry. One does not recall that he has said whether he would have it in the Constitution or out of the Constitution; but he does know that Hoover committed himself to the Noble Experiment to catch Dry votes (quite unnecessarily) in the late campaign; and it may be that he feels it his duty to show Hoover up as in a quandary between what he knows to be common sense and what in his own case he believes to be a political necessity. Mr. Hoover is no fanatic. He is probably for temperance and, strongly and constantly, for the elimination of prohibition from politics. He does not want to be bothered with it. He practices to put it off on anybody he can find who will carry it away with all its stenches and bury it. He appointed Mr. Wickersham to that office, but at this writing uncertainty obtains as to how far Mr. Wickersham is going to be faithful to the trust that Mr. Hoover invested in him.

Curious are the destinies of prohibition to be in the hands of such people as Mr. Hoover, Mr. Wickersham, and Mr. Borah, whose thoughts about it no one really knows. Probably they all think it a fool law, though possibly Mr. Borah does not, for there are some queer kinks in his mind. But why is not prohibition entrusted to the Dry leaders? Why? Because they are plainly unfit to make laws for the rest of the population of the United States; because they are political fanatics; because to have them and their like installed as rulers of the United States would be a calamity that might bring on the appalling results which Miss Tarbell talks about.

PERHAPS this whole incident, this full experience of the ins and outs of prohibition has been imposed on us to teach us a lesson in government. If that is the case, we had better bear with it with patience and learn what can be done by law and what are the limits of the powers of majorities, which is tremendously important. Our fathers fought the Civil War to determine that states may not secede. Let us hope that it may not be necessary to fight another war to determine that neither a majority nor a minority of the voters of the United States may prescribe unalterable rules of private conduct to their fellows.

The hitch is in "unalterable."

The main trouble is not that the Eighteenth Amendment is bad, but that it cannot be corrected, except by a political convulsion. The crime was in putting it into the Constitution, where it had no business to be. Bad laws are made every day, but when intelligence and experience overtake them they can be repealed. Not so amendments to the Constitution. Good or bad, they stick. If the Eighteenth is ever struck out, it will be an exploit for which there is no precedent; but if it is ignored, there are precedents for that.

A good deal has been said about the necessity of national prohibition to make our civilization safe for motor cars. We now have national prohibition as far as it can be produced by law, and the statistics of the National Safety Congress put out in Chicago last September showed that an average of 91 persons a day, equivalent to 33,215 a year, were being killed in automobile accidents in the United States. Fifty thousand American soldiers died in the Great War in the course of two years; but we

are now told that in two years' time of peace 66,000 persons are being killed by automobiles, not counting the fatalities incident to prohibition enforcement designed to make them safe. That does not make Henry Ford's great argument look entirely plausible. Why so marked a preference for motor cars over rum as a destructive agency?

The Drys must learn the high necessity of what Almighty Wisdom has been so much criticized for doing—letting individual human beings experiment with life each in his own way. By no other means is progress possible. By no other means can be secured the usefulness of Earth as a preparatory school for mortals.

The Methodists seem to want to abolish sin. Great mistake! When they abolish sin they abolish virtue. Almighty Wisdom has always known that, and in the course of time will teach it even to the Methodists. He never calls, as they do, on the police to help him. He does not need to. He simply lets nature take her course and work things out under laws, which have been described as "true and righteous altogether."

But let us not get too excited nor too mad about prohibition. Let us remember that we owe it to selfish excesses of salesmanship by rum-sellers. Let us realize how great an educational adventure is proceeding and have patience with the processes. The idea that any law which can be injected into the Constitution has a moral sanction is gradually being shown up as untrue. An idea of the amount of regulation of private conduct which can be inflicted by legislatures on voters is being clarified and the line located that determines what degree of restraint of absolute free will is necessary to social beings in our present civilization.

The sentiment of the more fanatic Drys as they view their ailing patient has been and still is—"Better die than not take our remedy!" That view, however, seems to be losing adherents, as very likely will be more apparent before these words get to readers than it is at this writing. Hope is not very boisterous about the Wickersham Commission, and its preliminary report consisted merely of suggestions for the medication of some legal processes. It is not within its province to criticize the Eighteenth Amendment, but there is no reason why it should not have positive views about the Volstead Act and express them with any emphasis it likes. The practical immediate remedy for existing conditions lies in amendment to the Volstead Act which Congress can accomplish any time it has the will to do so. If, as has been suggested, the Volstead Act should be so amended as to leave to each state the responsibility for local liquor traffic while the federal power looks after importations and interstate shipments, that might be a useful palliative of what is now going on though, of course, it would not be a cure.

PROHIBITION is not the only thing that has run ten years. That is also the age of the League of Nations; and the League, unlike Prohibition, is looking up. More respectful remarks are being made about it and its importance and the work that it has done than have been made since Mr. Harding ran for President in 1920 and the famous group of thirty-one signers advocated his election as the most feasible means of getting into the League. Most of the senatorial die-hards who were out to beat the League and Mr. Wilson have departed this life, and the minds of those that are left are much concerned just now with trying to save the Republican party from peril of divided counsels and conflicting aims. It stood out in the last election as the party of the Drys, but that position seems to be rapidly outrunning its political value. Since the keeping of the peace of the world is now more important than anything else, that may furnish useful policies to parties in the years immediately ahead.

Then there are other matters. What is this suggestion of Dr. Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale, that we are running into trouble with the gold standard? The idea seems to be that there is not enough gold in use or in sight to serve as a basis for the business of the present world and that, barring new discoveries or increase in production on some basis, we are on the way to a deflation of prices due to the inadequate volume of gold. For people who know enough to think intelligently about such things this may be a proper subject for thought. Doctor Fisher has been a fairly eloquent Dry. His judgment about prohibition seems to have been faulty. But as a Professor of Economics and an able one, his deliverance about gold will doubtless help call attention to that subject. When, as he says, he looks for a twenty-year gold panic beginning in 1932, that at least is impressive. But forewarned is forearmed. If these apprehensions about gold are really well based, there should be something possible to be done about it and observers intelligent enough to do it.

Contemporary books about the Great War are deeply penetrated with a bad smell. Undoubtedly, the opinion of participants that it did smell bad is well founded. So far, perspective has not made the War look beautiful, but that may be because perspective is not yet deep enough. Our children or our grandchildren may see in it the beginning of the great terrestrial renovation. The War was destructive, but people who live in New York need not be told that fairly good things are often pulled down to make way for better ones. The same as to bad things—they also have to go before better ones can succeed them. Speculative persons who read the Bible and figure on the Prophets and the Book of Revelation and compute measurements of the Great Pyramid tell us that this year 1930 marks the end of Gentile rule. So far so good apparently, since the Chosen People, whoever they are, cannot get the direction of affairs until the Gentile ascendancy has ended. The Great War presumably was the means selected to administer its knock-out. It left a lot of institutions shaking in the knees and made a vast reconstruction indispensable and inevitable. We are entitled to hope, if not to be entirely confident, that that reconstruction is in process of doing and that at the end of it our world will emerge quite cheerful however changed in methods, fashions, and velocities. Meanwhile the expectations of the foreseers are quite dubious. Professor Fisher, as said, suggests a gold panic lasting twenty years. That is too long for any panic to last. After a couple of years we might substitute potatoes as a basis of currency, thereby helping the farmer. If not potatoes, something else—whiskey, perhaps, as has been done before. We certainly should not go to pot for mere lack of tinkering our basis of exchange. The old men who dream dreams and the young men who see visions predict recurring excitements for us for the next ten years, some more, some less. Perhaps we ought to be more excited by it than we are; but how can anyone be excited any longer whose daily food is the headlines in the newspapers? Certainly they are adapted to harden us in our contemplations.

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard thinks a little timely check to public games for the colleges is about due and would be a good thing. He says the Greeks made physical development the controlling purpose of athletic games whereas the Romans used them for popular entertainment. He says the faculties of the colleges prefer the Greek idea, but the graduates seem inclined to the other one. It is to be feared that we are a good deal more like the Romans than the Greeks. It is time though that there should be a discussion of intercollegiate games, and since Doctor Lowell has started one, he is likely to get ample help in the discussion.

Personal and Otherwise

ONE thing is clear from the flood of comments on Doctor Fosdick's "Religion Without God?" which has come into the HARPER office: the readers of this Magazine are genuinely concerned with the quest for a religion, or a philosophy if you will, which will square with their knowledge. On no question at issue to-day are candor and clear thinking rarer or more appreciated. This month we give the leading position in the Magazine to the plain-spoken opinions of a layman. The name of ***Elmer Davis*** is familiar to our readers. They may recall that he was a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, that he taught ancient history for a time in an Indiana school, that he came to New York and became a crack reporter for the *Times*, that he left the *Times* a few years ago to do free-lance writing and brought out several amusing novels, and that since 1926 (when he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric") he has been one of the mainstays of HARPER'S. They have only to read "God Without Religion" to realize that his arguments, urgently as they may be opposed, are not lightly to be turned aside.

H. R. Wakefield, creator of Corporal Humpit, is a new contributor, an Englishman who has written hitherto chiefly for the London *Mercury*.

If the readers of HARPER'S were asked to name the first citizen of the United States, we wonder if Mr. Justice Holmes would not lead the ballot. He will be eighty-nine on March 8th. We hope he will regard the superb portrait of him by ***Harold J. Laski,*** one of his disciples, as a birthday tribute from us as well as from the author. Professor Laski's previous articles have included "The Dangers of Obedience" (June, 1929) and "Can Business Be Civilized?" (January, 1930). Some ten years ago he taught for a brief time at McGill and at Harvard; since then he has been a professor in the London School of Economics. He has just been asked by Premier MacDonald to lead in an investigation of the administrative machinery of the English government, which may—according to the news dispatches—result in several changes in the British constitution. Incidentally another portrait by Professor Laski will appear next month. The subject will be the redoubtable Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden.

Charles J. V. Murphy, who has written "How Safe Is Flying?" in consultation with several aeronautical engineers and pilots, was formerly an aviation writer for the New York *Evening Post*, and as a member of the staff of the *World* had charge of the rescue plane that flew to Greenely Island in 1928 and brought back to New York the crew of the *Bremen*, the first plane to make the westward crossing from Europe. When the fever of trans-Atlantic flying was at its height Mr. Murphy wrote for us an article calling attention to the hazards and limited value of such exploits. He is now free-lancing; his book on parachutes will appear this spring.

The innocent crimes and misdemeanors of Mr. Clarke are described by a fellow-Philadelphian, ***L. M. Hussey,*** who has contributed often to other magazines but is a newcomer to HARPER'S.

It might be well if college trustees and alumni, as well as teachers, pondered upon the wisdom of ***Alexander Meiklejohn's*** article. Dr. Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst, is now Brittingham professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin and chairman of Wisconsin's new Experimental College, which has attracted the cordial interest of proponents of liberal education the country over.

McCready Huston is a Pennsylvanian who is now doing newspaper work in South Bend, Indiana. He is the author of *Dear Senator* and other novels, and has had one previous

story in HARPER'S: "Tenth Sunday After Christmas" (August, 1928).

Hitherto ***John R. Tunis*** has written for us only on sport. His latest HARPER article (published last November) was "Football on the Wane?" But even sports writers must have their vacations. A recent stay of some duration in Bermuda led Mr. Tunis to write about the American invasion of the island.

Mabel Loomis Todd, friend and neighbor of Emily Dickinson in Amherst, was chosen after Emily's death, by her brother and sister, to edit her poems and letters, of which the first volume appeared in 1890. Mrs. Todd edited Emily Dickinson's *Poems, First, Second* and *Third Series*, the two first with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and two volumes of her *Letters*. In the centenary year of the poet's birth, this first account of her appearance in the world of literature is written by the one who was chiefly responsible for it.

A consuming interest in native negro civilizations has been responsible for ***John W. Vandercook's*** two published books: *Tom-Tom* (a study of the black men of Suriname) and *Black Majesty* (a life of the one-time negro emperor of Haiti). But in his travels through the jungles of South America and Africa Mr. Vandercook has not overlooked the drama of the white man's conflict with his savage environment. A couple of years ago he wrote for HARPER'S a two-part story called "Fools' Parade," which told of an attempt by several French convicts to escape from Devil's Island through the jungle; and now in "Djombé River," which concludes this month, his central characters are again white men. As an aid to memory we summarize Part I of the story:

Jeff Totton, a middle-aged American, had been working for many years on a timber concession in the African jungle, hoping to save enough money to retire and live in civilized surroundings, when he was joined by an assistant, a well-intentioned but weak young fellow named Eugene Bryce. Bryce was engaged to an American girl, and one day he received a cable that she was coming to join him in Africa. He journeyed to the Coast port to meet her, but on the eve of her arrival he succumbed to the charms of a French woman. Marion arrived; she and Bryce were married by a French official; but he was overcome by shame at what had happened and kept aloof from her during the march inland—until, as they were approaching Totton's concession, he fell from a log-bridge into Djombé River and was drowned. For Marion there seemed to be only one thing to do: to go on with her black porters to Totton's bungalow and to ask the protection of this American whom she had never seen.

Of the great storm of last December it might almost be said that a vessel which succeeded in riding it out would ride out anything. ***Ellen N. La Motte*** gives a graphic account of how the small cargo-boat on which she was a passenger came through it. Miss La Motte, a trained nurse who spent many years on public health work in tuberculosis, is an authority on the international drug problem; her books have dealt both with the opium trade and with her travel experiences.

Nathaniel Peffer's account of the state of affairs in China is no casual traveler's tale; Mr. Peffer has lived in the East during a large part of the past fifteen years, and spent over six of them in China as editor and correspondent. His book on imperialism, *The White Man's Dilemma*, appeared in 1927; during 1928 and 1929 he was in China on a Guggenheim Fellowship, preparing a book which will appear this year. He is now giving a course on the Far East at Columbia.

We have published several type-studies by ***Lloyd Morris,*** lecturer at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan* (a study of Hawthorne), including "Mammon, M.D.," "Portrait of an Hospitable Lady," etc. Mr. Morris now hangs in his gallery a study of a type which abounds in the large cities.

❦ ❦ ❦

If men outnumber women among the prose-writers of the month, it is the other way round among the poets. They include ***Margaret Emerson Bailey,*** who teaches school in New York, lives in New Canaan, Connecticut, and has contributed to HARPER'S both stories and (more recently) verse; ***Virginia Moore,*** author of *Not Poppy*, a newcomer to these pages who is now living (appropriately) in Virginia; ***Katherine Garrison Chapin*** (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, who wrote "Ice Storm in Spring" for our February issue; and—as the sole representative of his sex—***Samuel Hoffenstein,*** who leaped into

the best-seller lists a year or two ago with *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing.*

❦ ❦ ❦

In the Lion's Mouth we have a thesis on domestic relations by ***Philip Curtiss,*** whose dog story, "The Honorable Charley," in our June issue was so successful that it is about to appear all by itself in book form; and a picture of the future of American college education by ***Charles W. Ferguson,*** who edits religious books for Doubleday, Doran & Co. and is the author of *Confusion of Tongues* (a study of religious cults in America).

❦ ❦ ❦

The frontispiece of the month is by ***Gerald K. Geerlings,*** a young Milwaukeean who studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, was awarded second in the Prix de Rome (American Academy in Rome) in architecture in 1922, more recently studied etching in London, and now is living in Princeton, dividing his time between etching, painting and writing. He is the author of three books on architecture. Recently his etchings have begun to make their way into the best exhibits and into the permanent collections of the museums.

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More facts for would-be concert artists, from a Brooklyn reader:

"The Twilight of the Concert Gods" by Jeanette Eaton is a frank and sorely needed discussion of a will-o'-the-wisp which is yearly leading thousands of young people to disillusion, bankruptcy, and loss of confidence and self-respect. What music needs, and particularly the vocal art, is the plain, cold truth. Young singers need to know that the life of a professional is one of rigorous self-discipline, vicious competition, and financial strain. Swarms of young hopefuls with a little cash and a lot of ideals, courage, and faith flock into New York every year. They plan to get a "church job" and to do a bit of radio work to piece out the budget, and of course to meet the person who will make the way plain.

In former years the churches of New York gave practical experience and fair compensation to many of the serious singers who came here to study. But now the few—and they are few—large churches which pay one thousand dollars a year or over, are staffed by the older singers, many of whom have other means of livelihood, who know the standard repertoire, and are accustomed to each other and the director. Vacancies are practically unknown.

The majority of the churches pay from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars for eleven months' work (two Sunday services and extras on Christmas and Easter, to say nothing of the many musical services, which all entail extra rehearsals but rarely extra compensation). Most of the choruses are volunteer and the soloists already enthroned are more than likely to be business or professional people to whom singing is an enjoyable pastime. The artistic level is not in such cases very high and a serious singer who does get in is likely to be unhappy.

The choir director, who is usually the organist, is almost always a teacher of voice, and the chorus as well as the soloists find it to their advantage to study with him, or her. A few such directors may know something of that delicate, beautiful and mysterious process known as singing, but I doubt it. One wants all soloists to sing pianissimo, another forte, regardless of the timbre, size, or type of the individual voice and the conditions necessary for its successful use.

Positions are secured through a bureau, which charges a fee for registration and ten per cent of the salary secured.

And what of the ever-present radio? Broadcasters have for years had a positive obsession for "whispering artists." Stand close to the microphone, sing pianissimo, and let the monitor do the rest! No singer with voice or intelligence will do that, for it means absolute loss of voice within a few short years. True, excellent concert and opera stars have broadcasted beautifully, singing in full voice, but they are beyond the control of the station. Changes in equipment may presently change this but the fact is that at present most of the radio stars are the possessors of small voices inadequate for concert use and often unpleasant as to quality, but made presentable through the vagaries of the "mike." There is money to be made in broadcasting if the artist can make connections with a commercial account going out over a chain, but there are hundreds of singers for the few hours available. There is plenty of free broadcasting to be done, but no one can do more than a limited amount as advertising or to create a name for, as Miss Eaton says in effect, "singers must eat."

The future of singing requires that young people with talent be able to get *sound* vocal training in their own cities or close by. Let them sing for their own well being and the enjoyment of friends. If there arises one with voice, intelligence, health, robust nerves, personality, musical sense, courage,

and at least ten thousand dollars, send him or her to the large musical centers for repertoire and the necessary polishing. Living is too expensive in the big cities for a young singer to go there for the fundamental voice production.

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John T. Flynn follows up his paper on "Speculation and Gambling" by forwarding to us a news item of ironical interest. The other day a group of workmen, during the lunch hour, engaged in a game of craps in front of the New York Stock Exchange and were arrested. "Were they speculating?" asks Mr. Flynn.

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Where did the word "racket," in its modern slang sense, originate? John Gunther, in "The High Cost of Hoodlums," said that it originated in Chicago six or seven years ago. But J. Willets Outerbridge writes to remind us that in Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Wrecker*, Jim Pinkerton used the term, "my racket," and that what Pinkerton was referring to would now be known as the "wrecking racket."

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Many of the letters and longer manuscripts which Doctor Fosdick's article called forth made the point that he erred in his definition of humanism. But if there is one thing which these documents proved, it is that definitions of humanism differ. Helen K. Shipps, writing to us from Columbia, Missouri, regards Doctor Fosdick himself as almost belonging in the group:

After following with keen enjoyment Doctor Fosdick's logical attack on the illogic of humanism for several pages, it is startling to find suddenly a definition of theism which almost any 100% humanist would accept as a definition of humanism, namely: "Theism is a value judgment as to the worth and meaning of personality." But that could be skewed either way, and one assumes he is reading back into the cosmic order all the deepest implications of personality. And then one gasps again when he says, "On any sane philosophy this universe is engaged in a business too vast to be solicitous about merely individual desires." Surely this is humanism of the deepest dye. And now the reader is sure that the eminent doctor is hoist by his own petard. Far be it from me to suggest that he is a humanist—but surely, after this article, he will at least be *asked* to join!

❦ ❦ ❦

The number of manuscripts submitted to the editors of HARPER'S has increased during the past two or three months from an average of about seventy-five a day to an average of about one hundred. The other day the total reached more than one hundred and fifty. Whether this increase is due to the rising reputation of the Magazine or to the entry into literature of a lot of people who spent their spare time watching the ticker-tape until the prospect became too painful, we have not decided. If the manuscripts were all good we should cheer loudly at the heaped-up morning mail. But some of them —well, here is a sample of the sort of letter which occasionally accompanies a manuscript. (We print it exactly as it stands, harrowing as it must be to the compositor's soul.)

Los Angeles Cal

Haper Bros,
Publishing House
New York N. Y.

Dear Gentleman:—

I got a few Stories on hand, written by me, if you be pleased, I sent a few to you for consideration.

I have written a few song's and poetry with each Story,

and each song and poetry doth coincide with the Stories.

People wan't today somethig attractive.

I let each purchaser have the privilege to change them if they wish to do so.

You can have them at your own price.

I write Song's and Stories and Poetry and book's.

Please let me hear from you, if I shall sent them to you?

Most Respectfully.

For transportation of higher quality than could otherwise be enjoyed—

good used cars

IF you checked up motor cars wherever professional and business men congregate it would not be surprising to find that quite a number were used cars when purchased.

And why should this not be so? For consider the exceptional—in fact unique—advantages the good used car offers.

Granted that the transaction is with an established merchant with a reputation to conserve, the buyer can count upon good transportation for many thousands of miles.

This transportation is of a higher quality than the buyer would enjoy if he spent the same amount of money for a new car. In many instances, he could not buy any new car for the price he pays.

The fact that he is driving a used car in no way detracts from the impressive character of his higher-quality transportation.

There remains a word of caution for anyone contemplating the purchase of a used car.

Give careful consideration to the man from whom the used car is bought. Pick a reliable dealer who conducts an established business, sells a standard line of new cars, and has the good will of his community because he has earned it.

Men to whom Cadillac-La Salle franchises have been entrusted are dealers of this character. They are wholeheartedly recommended. Their used car stocks are varied and reasonably priced. Before you make a decision, regarding a used car, see what the nearest Cadillac-La Salle dealer has to offer.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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New Communities Advertising

Campaigns Launched for the First Time During the Past Year

BY DON E. MOWRY

COMMUNITY advertising, little known throughout the country ten years ago, except, perhaps, on the Pacific Coast, mounted to a figure approximating six million dollars during 1929 for the entire country.

In 1929 a number of communities launched out for the first time with definite campaigns. These communities have profited from the experiences of other communities and are applying their advertising wisely and soundly.

In Arizona, the Chandler Improvement Association has an estimated appropriation of $40,000 to develop residents and tourists for that section. In California, the Azusa Chamber of Commerce has a fund of nearly $9,000 which is being used in a regional campaign in southern California to attract residents. In the same state, the Orange County Coast Association has a small appropriation for promotion of the beach resorts.

During the year just closed, the Colorado Association was formed in Denver. The budget calls for more than $350,000 to be expended in twelve months. This association was formed on the plan originally adopted by the Californians, Inc., and is state-wide in its scope. This new activity in Denver supplants the former Denver campaign which included some communities but not all of those in the state. The statement has been made in earlier issues of HARPER'S that the theme of the Denver campaigns was "Come Up to Colorado," and this thought has been carried out in the new organization which has been formed.

In Massachusetts, the New England Hotel Association and the Western Massachusetts Advertising Company (of Springfield) initiated campaigns in 1929 aggregating nearly $30,000. Both of these campaigns are regional in scope, for the aim is to secure tourist business.

The Chamber of Commerce of Tarrytown, New York, launched a campaign of about $7,000 in the New York metropolitan district to secure residents.

The Charleston, South Carolina, Chamber of Commerce initiated a small campaign for industrial and vacation business.

Galveston, Texas, has an appropriation of nearly $50,000, sponsored by the Municipal Advertising Committee and the Galveston Chamber of Commerce. This campaign is tax-supported and is for the purpose of attracting tourists and obtaining industries and new residents. For 1930, the sum set aside is $55,000.

Campaigns of community advertising that have been in progress for two years include those of New Orleans, Louisville, Dallas, Roanoke, Idaho Falls, and Miami, and a number of localized campaigns.

It will be noted that several of these new campaigns have been limited from a financial point of view, but a definite beginning has been made with only one or two objectives at the outset. In the case of the larger campaigns that have been determined upon, earlier and preliminary work was done in a local way and the communities were thus convinced of the value of constructive promotional effort.

An examination of the magazines used for community and industrial efforts during 1929 indicates that in some cases the entire appropriation for advertising was allocated to magazines. In general, however, there is a wide variance, depending upon the objectives determined upon.

In the case of Hawaii, over seventy per cent of the budget is used in magazines. Atlanta uses about fifty per cent. Communities in California, the larger ones, use more than fifty per cent.

The final answer to the question: "What media shall we employ?" cannot be determined without thorough consideration of the budget allotment for advertising purposes and the objectives sought. But any community which begins campaign work in 1930 will have as a basis for answering this question the accumulated experience of an increasing number of communities which choose their media only after the most careful analysis.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Fixing Investment Value

By PAUL TOMLINSON

INVESTORS are being urged more strongly nowadays than ever before to pay strict attention to value when they are considering the purchase of securities. Brokers, bankers, investment bankers, everyone who is called upon to aid investors in the solution of their investment problems—all are stressing this factor of value above everything else. Value is what counts, they tell investors; buy value and be free from worry. This, of course, is as it should be.

AS a matter of fact, wise investment counsel has always stressed value, and has always tried to impress its importance upon the minds of our people. Those who have listened have fared well, but unfortunately there have been many who have exchanged their money for stocks and bonds which they did not take the trouble to investigate, and too frequently the results have been anything but happy. It is curious the way some people buy securities; they will work hard, deny themselves, and scrimp and save until they have accumulated a few hundred dollars and then, without half appreciating what they are about, trade their hard earned cash for some stock or bond about which they know nothing at all. If it were a question of "easy come, easy go," it would be understandable, but as a general rule it is the man who can least afford to lose who buys most blindly. People don't buy motor cars that way: they consider price, they consult people who own similar makes to discover what their experience has been, and they investigate the whole field thoroughly to assure themselves that they will get full value for their money. If and when they are perfectly satisfied, they buy. They don't buy houses blindly, or suits of clothes, or ice-boxes, or anything, for that matter, except securities. Why is it that they don't exercise more caution in selecting investments?

PEOPLE, many of them, seem to think that a lack of knowledge about investment matters is a reflection upon their social standing. It is possible that the rather sumptuous quarters usually occupied by bankers and investment bankers have the effect, sometimes,

When Robert Bruce *"Sealed His Vow"*

To give *authenticity and binding power* to a promise, agreement or a document, the *seal* has been used all through the ages. One of the most impressive examples of its use is that of Robert Bruce. Before the immortal battle of Bannockburn Robert Bruce made a solemn vow to his army that, when victory came, he would give his country justice and the sound administration of laws.

Victory did come. Bruce was enthroned king. He immediately carried out his promises, passed laws that gave equal justice to rich and poor, and, *to give them binding power, sealed them with his personal seal.*

The *seal* of the General Surety Company, when placed on a document, gives that document absolute, complete and irrevocable *binding power*. You are assured of the absolute and complete fulfillment of the obligation, in entire good faith, without quibbling or technical evasion. It gives you peace of mind—relieves you of all worry and uncertainty.

When placed on a security this *seal* and General Surety Company's endorsement guarantee to you, unconditionally and irrevocably, that interest will be paid to you when due and that the principal is safe. This guarantee is backed by a capital and surplus of $10,000,000.

GUARANTEED GENERAL SURETY COMPANY NEW YORK

Identify Safe Investments by this Seal

An interesting booklet "THE SEAL THAT CERTIFIES SAFETY" tells vital facts that every investor ought to know. A copy is yours for the asking. Send for it to our Home Office, 340 Madison Avenue, New York.

GENERAL SURETY COMPANY

Capital and Surplus $10,000,000

Under the Supervision of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

of overawing potential seekers of advice who have only modest sums to invest. Perhaps investors hesitate to share their financial secrets with their bankers, fearing lest their confidence may be abused; these people should realize that the relationship between banker and customer is as confidential and sacred as that existing between lawyer and client, or doctor and patient. A banker who cannot be trusted to guard information he receives will not be a banker very long. Whatever the reason may be, it is a fact that when a man invests money, only too often he relies upon his own knowledge and judgment instead of seeking the advice of one who can speak with authority. If people would only appreciate that the investing of money is one of the most important acts they perform in life, perhaps they would proceed with more caution; perhaps they would insist in every undertaking of this sort upon receiving full value for their money. Certainly if this were done the world would be a happier place for many of the people in it.

HOW can an investor be certain of value? How many investors can recognize it when they meet it, or, for that matter, know when it is lacking? How many investors are in a position to know what is taking place in the affairs of a given corporation? How many can read a balance sheet or an earnings statement intelligently? Even if they can, the figures may be months old and out of date. How important is the relationship between a corporation's current assets and current liabilities? How large should the figure be at which inventories are carried? What should be the margin between interest earned and interest required? What are the earnings per share of stock? What is the equity per share? Is the corporation's capital structure sound? What about

"She saw the point . . .

and her investments still bring her in a sure income, year after year"

M. T. GILMORE, President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, tells how he diagnosed a family's financial needs . . . and how they profited by it.

"Mrs. J's predicament was one which bothers a lot of us"

MRS. J's predicament was one which bothers lots of us," said Mr. Gilmore with a smile. "Her income, she told me, just didn't go far enough!

"Mrs. J was not a widow. Her husband had a moderate salary. But with three children . . . now and then a sickness . . . the dentist . . . the old car getting wheezy . . . even when you added the small independent income Mrs. J herself possessed, the money didn't seem to keep pace with things.

"She came in to talk to me one day some years ago. She said many of her friends were making investments which 'doubled their money'. She wanted some such magic solution for *her* problem.

"'But that isn't the way for you to invest, Mrs. J,' I told her. 'You need to have a definite amount coming in—that you can *count* on. And you really can't afford to risk losing your principal, can you?'

"I analyzed her situation for her and showed her ways in which she could increase her income and yet safeguard her principal.

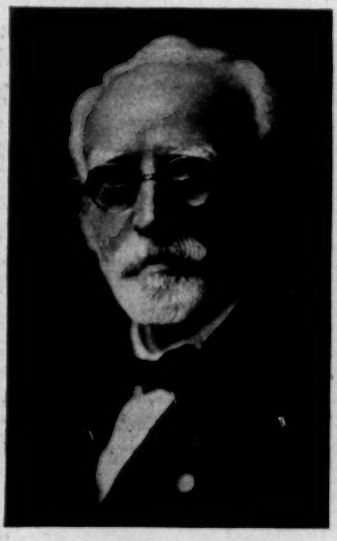
"'Well selected bonds are the best thing for you,' I told her.

"She saw the point—and that little family has balanced its outgo with its income without resorting to speculation—which *for them* would certainly have been a dangerous game.

"All but one child is now through school—and Mrs. J's increased income, coming in regularly every month, is now giving to her husband and herself a lot of the little luxuries they've always wanted."

Year after year, in every type of community, investors will find able and trustworthy friends in their bankers. Bankers feel a deep responsibility toward depositors who come to them for guidance, and advise investing in securities where safety for both principal and interest is considered above everything else.

In all sections of the country, over 900 bankers choose from Straus offerings for recommendation to their customers and for their own investment needs. These include real estate, railroad, municipal, public utility and foreign bonds.



M. T. GILMORE, *President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, has long occupied a place of leadership in the affairs of this prosperous California city. For many years he has been identified with its civic as well as its industrial development.*

Send for this booklet. . "How to Invest Money" explains all the popular types of investment securities, in easy-to-understand terms. Every serious investor should own a copy. Simply send the coupon below.

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Name .....
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its management? How have earnings averaged over a period of years? What competing corporations are there in the same field? Can many investors provide answers to these questions? They are important, and have a direct bearing upon the value of an investment.

NOW when people are sick they consult a doctor; when they have a legal problem to solve they seek the advice of a lawyer; a man who had been only a passenger in an airplane would scarcely attempt to pilot a plane all by himself. This is an age of specialization and of specialists; more and more we are becoming accustomed to call upon experts in almost every field of knowledge and endeavor. We each have our own special work; others have theirs. When people want knowledge of our particular specialty they come to us; when we need information that they possess we go to them for it, and we don't act without their sanction. There is too much knowledge in the world for any one person to possess more than an infinitesimal portion of it, but few of us seem to feel greatly chagrined over this fact. If we want information about a certain thing we seek out the man who possesses that information. Why not be thoroughly consistent and take our investment problems to an investment banker?

ONE hears the complaint made that investment bankers always recommend some investment in which their firm has a special interest, something that will bring them a profit personally, and that there is no point in seeking advice from them because it is prejudiced. Probably the advice of investment bankers is prejudiced, but that does not mean there is no point in seeking it. Investment bankers are in business to

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of the Stock and Bond Market

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THE Brussels Bourse. In Brussels, as well as five other cities in Europe, including London and Paris, the Guaranty Trust Company maintains complete banking offices. It also affords the facilities of its correspondents, which are leading institutions throughout the world.

Contributing to the Growth of Business

THROUGHOUT ninety years of commercial banking activity, this Bank has coöperated in the development of its customers' business at home and abroad. It supplies the experience, contacts, organization, and resources adequate to the fullest requirements of modern industry. We invite executives to discuss their domestic or international banking needs with us.

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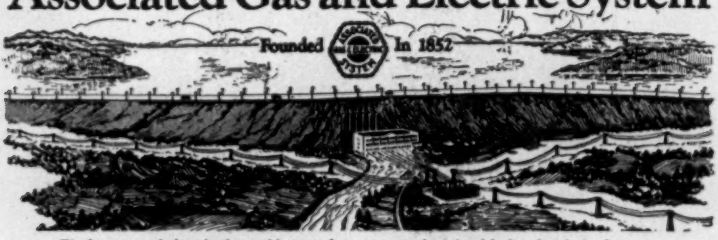
make money just like all the other business men in the world, and it would be very strange indeed if they made no effort to accomplish their purpose. Would you expect an agent for a certain make of automobile to recommend that you buy the car sold by his rival down the street rather than the one he handles? You would not. You would think a man making such a recommendation probably was crazy, and what is more, you would immediately become suspicious. Investment bankers have their own particular securities to sell, securities which they have perhaps underwritten or purchased for resale, and naturally they wish to dispose of them.

FEW people, however, realize how careful good investment banking houses are about the securities they sponsor. They cannot afford to sell worthless securities any more than investors can afford to buy them. One bad issue of bonds or stock will give an investment banking house a black eye that may take years to cure; it will be felt in their dealings with the public for a long, long time, and make it doubly hard for them to market future issues no matter how sound and desirable they may be. Obviously, too, a mistake of this sort will cost an investment banking house a great deal of money. It is clear, therefore, that from selfish motives, if from no other, an investment banker is not going to recommend any investment that he does not feel morally certain is sound.

GO to an investment banking house and try to get them to underwrite an issue of stock or bonds; the way they will investigate your business and its standing will convince you that if it is humanly preventable they are not going to sponsor investments that they have

Associated Gas and Electric System



The largest earth dam in the world, part of an extensive Associated hydro-electric development, near Columbia, South Carolina, as it will appear when completed this year.

Record of Achievement

Years of service	78
Total customers	1,270,000
*Gross income	$99,883,505
Increase over previous year	10.6%
*Net earnings	$50,140,602
Increase over previous year	16.8%
Total assets	$1,000,000,000

*All properties 12 months ended November 30, 1929.

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1922 . . .	763,000
1923 . . .	997,000
1924 . .	1,141,000
1925 . .	1,188,000
1926 . .	1,313,000
1927 . .	1,445,000
1928 . .	1,567,877

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any doubts about. A corporation seeking money must always submit to the most rigid and searching examination; all of its secrets must be bared, and if the corps of bankers, lawyers, and engineers who conduct the investigation are not satisfied as to every detail of the business and its management the money will not be forthcoming. But when an investment banking house has made an intelligent and thorough investigation of a business, and is so satisfied with it that it is willing to loan that business its own money, can the house be accused of prejudice if it recommends the resulting securities to its customers? Some investment bankers are wholesalers, some are retailers, some are both, and they conduct their affairs like other wholesale or retail merchants. They stock their shelves with goods which they believe have value, and then they recommend these goods to their customers and try to sell them at a profit.

INVESTMENT banking houses are not restricted in their dealings to securities on which they make an underwriting profit, however. Any stock or bond, listed or unlisted, can be purchased through an investment banker; and what is most important, the banker is in a position to secure full information about it, and give a sound opinion as to its value. No layman can do that for himself. A statistical department is an integral part of every investment banking organization; such a department exists for the purpose of investigation and research and its findings are available to all the house's customers. The information gathered by a statistical department is kept constantly up to date and is constantly being checked for its accuracy; records are kept extending back over a period of years, and there is scarcely anything more important than past performance upon which to base an opinion

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of future value. Industrial and financial information, both domestic and foreign, is available, and the men who are in charge of the affairs of investment banking houses know how to interpret all this information for the benefit of their customers. Information in itself may not mean so much, but properly interpreted it is worth a great deal. All of these facilities are at the disposal of the investor, large or small, and there is no reason why anyone nowadays should purchase securities about which he has not complete and intelligent knowledge.

ASIDE from the facts pertaining to a particular investment there are always other considerations affecting the value of securities. The price of money, the country's supply of money, the banking and credit situation, economic conditions generally—all of these things have influence in determining the value of investments. It is the investment banker's business to be in touch with all these various factors, and to know what influence they are exerting upon the value of securities. Sometimes pools operate in various stocks, and the price of these issues is influenced by their operations. Under such conditions who can know better the relation of price to value, the layman or the investment banker?

FURTHER, as everyone knows, the investment situation has undergone drastic readjustment in recent months; new standards are necessary, new meth-

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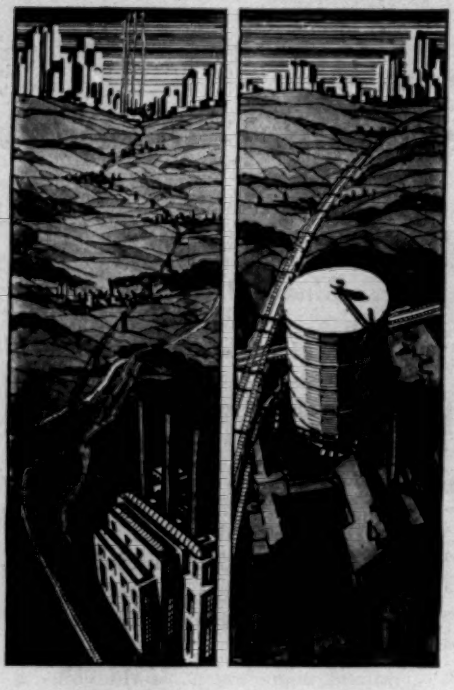

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ods of judging security values, a new approach to investment problems. Now as seldom before the layman needs an experienced hand to guide him; he needs facts and someone capable of interpreting those facts if he is to secure value in the investments he buys. The investment situation is always changing, for that matter; every day something happens to enhance or lessen the value of securities; there is good news for some and bad news for others; but there is always news of some sort, and it commands attention. Investments should not only be selected with care, but carefully watched. Sometimes there is an opportunity to trade one for another, of equal value and lower price. Sometimes it may be advisable to sell at a loss in order to avoid a greater loss. Perhaps it may be desirable to sell and keep the proceeds in a bank, in the expectation of favorable opportunities for reinvestment. The ramifications of sound investment policy are endless, but the layman doesn't know them, and can't know them. How can he be sure that his securities represent value unless he has the assurance of an expert that that is so?

THEN aside from the value of individual securities there is their value in relation to the other securities held. Have they been selected in accordance with some sound, well-worked-out plan? Are bonds and stocks held in proper proportions? Are the investments properly diversified? What is the average yield? What are the yields in relation to selling price? Are the investments, or a sufficient percentage of them, readily mar-

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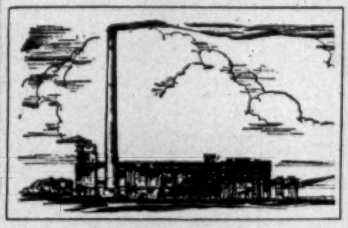

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ketable? Are they of the sort that any bank would accept as collateral for a loan? There are so many things to be considered, so many questions to be asked and answered, so many problems to be faced, that any layman has courage indeed to attempt to handle his investment business all by himself. Yet every investor wants as much value as he can get for his money; he wants his investments to turn out profitably; all of them are unanimous in these desires. What better or more sensible method of procedure is there than to call upon the services of an investment banker?

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